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TO

MR. S. CAUSLEY,

AN AUTHORITY UPON THE SUBJECT OF

MR. THACKERAY'S LIFE AND WRITINGS, THIS VOLUME,

AS A SLIGHT TOKEN OF THANKFULNESS FOR

MUCH VALUABLE INFORMATION,

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED, BY

WALTER THOMAS SPENCER.

Mr. Thackeray's Writings in "The National Standard," and "The Constitutional."

ONLY 500 COPIES PRINTED.

W. M. Thackeray

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PREFACE.

THE many admirers of Mr. Thackeray will be glad of this opportunity of acquiring the present volume; which, for the first time assembles in a convenient form, and at a moderate price, a large number of his earliest writings in two old periodicals, not hitherto reprinted even by the Americans, who love the author, if possible, better than his compatriots do.

To obtain them all in their original form would be most difficult, entailing great expense and endless labour; while the outcome would be disappointing and unsightly as a collection, from the total absence of uniformity in appearance.

They were originally printed in folio and quarto journals, as "*column matter;*" but are now presented apart from all extraneous matter, in a shape which, it is hoped, will be found much more agreeable to the eye; while no effort has been spared to give an exact reproduction of the text, *verbatim et literatim*, and a precise facsimile of each illustration introduced.

W. T. S.

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With special Portrait taken from the Bust in Westminster Abbey (by Permission of the Very Reverend the Dean

COPY OF THE ORIGINAL TITLE PAGE

"THE

NATIONAL STANDARD

OF

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MUSIC,

THEATRICALS,

AND THE FINE ARTS.

VOLUME I.

London:
THOMAS HURST, 65, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH YARD,
1833."

[First Number: January 5th, 1833; Last Number: February 1st, 1834;—*i.e.*, a run of 56 weekly Numbers.]

NOTE.—Doctor John Brown (author o. "Horæ Subsecivæ," "Rab and his Friends," &c.) in a characteristic article upon "Thackeray" ("North British Review," February, 1864), speaking of the "National Standard," and Thackeray's connection therewith, says:—"Thackeray's editorial reign began about the 19th Number, after which he seems to have done a good deal of work—reviews, letters, criticisms, and verses."

He then proceeds to give a brief notice of several of the early contributions, and mentions some of the woodcut illustrations, not however stating that the latter were also from the hand of the writer of the text.

The omission must have occurred through pure oversight, as the Doctor cannot but have been fully cognisant of such a well-ascertained fact, by virtue of his personal friendship with Mr. Thackeray. In the immediately following pages will be presented (with one indicated exception) every line of writing, and a facsimile of every drawing that can, up to the present, be positively asserted to have proceeded from the pen or from the pencil of Mr. Thackeray, which appeared in the columns of the "National Standard."

THE

NATIONAL STANDARD,

And Journal of Literature, Science, Music, Theatricals, and the Fine Arts.

No. 18. SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1833. Price 2d.

This Journal is Edited by F. W. N. Bayley, Esq. the late Editor and Originator of "The National Omnibus," the first of the cheap Publications; assisted by the most eminent Literary Men of the Day.

LOUIS PHILIPPE.

Here is Louis Philippe, the great Roi des Français,
(Roi de France, is no longer the phrase of the day :)
His air just as noble, his mien as complete,
His face as majestic, his breeches as neat ;
His hat just so furnished with badge tri-colour,

Sometimes worn on the side, sometimes sported before,
But wherever 'tis placed, much in shape and in size,
Like an overgrown pancake "saluting men's eyes."
From hat down to boots, from his pouch to umbrella,
He here stands before you, a right royal fellow.
Like "the king in the parlour" he's fumbling his money,
Like "the queen in the kitchen," his speech is all honey,
Except when he talks it, like Emperor Nap,
Of his wonderful feats at Fleurus and Jemappe;
But, alas! all his zeal for the multitude's gone,
And of no numbers thinking, except number one!
No huzzas greet his coming, no patriot-club licks
The hand of "the best of created republics."
He stands in París as you see him before ye,
Little more than a snob—There's an end of the story.

[Vol. i., p. 275.]

NOTE.—No. 18 was the last number of the periodical which appeared under the editorship of Mr. Bayley. [See Heading.] The woodcut and verses are both by Thackeray, and together constitute, as far as is yet known, his earliest contribution to this paper.

THE
NATIONAL STANDARD,
And Journal of Literature, Science, Music, Theatricals, and the Fine Arts.
No. 19. SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1833. Price 2d.

ADDRESS.

UNDER *the "heading" of this* NATIONAL STANDARD *of ours there originally appeared the following:*

"Edited by F. W. N. BAYLEY, Esq. the late Editor and Originator of 'The National Omnibus,' the first of the cheap Publications; assisted by the most eminent Literary Men of the Day."

Now we have changé tout cela: *no, not exactly* tout *cela; for we still retain the assistance of a host of literary talent, but Frederick William Naylor Bayley has gone. We have got free of the Old Bailey, and changed the Governor. Let it not be imagined for a moment that we talk in the slightest disparagement of our predecessor in office; on the contrary, we shall always continue to think him a clever fellow, and wish him all kinds of success in the war he is carrying on against Baron Dimsdale. He apparently has exchanged the pen for the sword.*

Having the fear of the fate of Sir John Cam Hobhouse before our eyes, we give no pledges, expressed or understood, as to the career which it is our intention to run. We intend to be as free as the air. The world of books is all before us where to choose our course. Others boast that they are perfectly independent of all considerations extraneous to the sheet in which they write, but none that we know of reduce that boast to practice: we therefore boast not at all. We promise nothing, and, if our readers expect nothing more, they will assuredly not be disappointed.

They must be a little patient, however, for a while. We cannot run a race with our elder rivals, who, in consequence of their age, —strange as it may seem to pedestrians, must beat their juniors in swiftness. To drop metaphor, we are not yet snfficiently in favour with those magnates of literature, the publishers to get, what in the

trade is called "the early copies;" and therefore we have it not in our power to review a book before it is published. Whether those who trust to such criticism are likely to form a just judgment of the books so reviewed, is another question, which we should be inclined to answer in the negative. To speak plainly: the critics are as much the property of the booksellers as the books themselves, and the oracles speak by the inspiration of those who own them. We shall, however, mend even in that particular in due course of time; and when our arrangements are duly matured, (which we hope will be next week,) we trust that we shall present our readers with "a superior article," at what we are sure may safely be called "an encouraging price."

In the meantime we shall tell a story. One of the results of the manner in which our poor-laws are administered, is a system of forced marriages. A parish, anxious to get rid of a young woman who is pressing on its resources, often advances her a portion, if she can find a husband. The sum given is not very magnificent, seldom amounting to more than five pounds. A very pretty girl in a parish, of which we, like Cervantes, in the beginning of Don Quixote, do not choose to recollect the name, obtained one of these splendid dowries, and was married accordingly. A lady, who patronised the bride, shortly after the marriage saw the bridegroom, who by no means equalled Adonis in beauty. "Good Heavens!" said she to the girl, "how could you marry such a fright as that?" "Why, ma'am," was the reply, "he certainly is not very handsome, but what sort of a husband can one expect for five pounds?"

We leave the moral to the reader, as well as its application to us. But we shall prove to them, nevertheless, that the sort of Paper we shall give them for twopence is not to be despised.

MR. BRAHAM.

SONNET.—BY W. WORDSWORTH.

SAY not that Judah's harp hath lost its tone,
Or that no bard hath found it where it hung,
Broken and lonely, voiceless and unstrung,
Beside the sluggish streams of Babylon;
Sloman! * repeats the strain his fathers sung,

* It is needless to speak of this eminent vocalist and improvisatore. He nightly delights a numerous and respectable audience at the Cider-cellar; and while on this subject, I cannot refrain from mentioning the kindness of Mr. Evans, the worthy proprietor of that establishment. N.B. A table d'hôte every Friday.—*W. Wordsworth.*

And Judah's burning lyre is Braham's own!
Behold him here. Here view the wondrous man,
Majestical and lovely as when first
In music on a wondering world he burst,
And charmed the ravished ears of sov'reign Anne! †
Mark well the form, O! reader, nor deride
The sacred symbol—Jew's harp glorified—
Which circled with a blooming wreath is seen
Of verdant bays; and thus are typified
The pleasant music and the baize of green,
Whence issues out at eve, Braham with front serene!

[Vol. i., p. 291.]

NOTE.—The editorial change had now taken place; and while the woodcut and lines of verse are *known* to be by Thackeray, it is a very great probability that the "Address" was also from his pen; when the statement of Dr. Brown, that "*his editorial reign began about the 19th Number*" is remembered.

† Mr. Braham made his first appearance in England in the reign of Queen Anne.—*W. W.*

N. M. ROTHSCHILD, Esq.

HERE's the pillar of 'Change! Nathan Rothschild himself,
With whose fame every bourse through the universe rings;
The first* Baron Juif; by the grace of his pelf,
Not "the king of the Jews," but "the Jew of the kings."

* Some years ago, shortly after the elevation (by the emperor of Austria) of one of the Rothschilds to the rank of Baron, he was present at a soirée in Paris, which he entered about the same time as the Duc de Montmorenci. "Ah!" said Talleyrand, "voici le premier baron Chretien, et le premier baron Juif." The Montmorencies boast, and we believe justly, that they are the first Christian barons. We all know that the Rothschilds may make the same claim of precedence among the Jews.

The great incarnation of cents and consols,
Of eighths, halves, and quarters, scrip, options, and shares;
Who plays with new kings as young Misses with dolls;
The monarch undoubted of bulls and of bears!

O, Plutus! your graces are queerly bestowed!
Else sure we should think you behaved *infra dig.*
When with favours surpassing, it joys you to load
A greasy faced compound of donkey and pig.

Here, just as he stands with his head pointed thus,
At full-length, gentle reader, we lay him before ye;
And we then leave the Jew (what we wish he'd leave us,
But we fear to no purpose,) *a lone* in his glory.

[Vol. i., p. 307.]

WE cannot afford rhymes to the hero whom we have above depicted; he is decidedly a subject for the pedestrian Muse of prose. He is No. 1. of our London Characters: as Shakspeare, or somebody else, advises us to catch the ideas as they fly, we fix the idea-bearer as he runs.

It was impossible to refrain from taking him (graphically, we mean, for we do not belong to the police, "whether it be new or old,") as we saw him scudding along with the rapidity of a hare, at the Coldbath-fields meeting of last week, which of course we attended. "Britons, be firm!" spoke the valorous placard *on* the breast. "Let this particular and

individual Briton run for his life!" spoke the more discreet monitor *within* the breast. There was no delay in making the decision—the motion was carried, and a very rapid motion it was. The poor National Convention was run away with in a van; the new constitution, and the members of it, were equally knocked on the head: and why should our friend the bill-sticker have pasted himself against the wall merely to be torn down by the police? If his placard was stationary, it was no reason that *he* should be so.

On the whole, the world of politics might take a useful lesson from the bill-stickers. They are beyond question the most active agents in disseminating among the public the political or literary opinions of all sides, and yet they never quarrel. It was truly refreshing, during the angry contest between Sir John Cam Hobhouse, Colonel Evans, and Mr. Bickham Escott, to see their ambulatory agents mixing at street-corners, and other places where placardmen do congregate, with the most harmonious cordiality. They did their duty, but they never suffered it to interfere with their private friendships. It is highly probable that few of them read Ariosto, at least with critical eye, but their conduct much reminded us of the panegyrics in Orlando Furioso on the mutual courtesy of the ancient knights towards each other. We murmured to ourselves,

O gran bontà de' cavalièri antichi,

and so forth; and rejoiced to find that glorious characteristic of the chivalry of the Round table revived under our own eyes by the corporation of placard-bearers. All around in Covent-garden, every thing was indignation; the very cabbages and turnip-tops were moved; orators spoke on the hustings and off the hustings in all the fervour of excited zeal; the eyes of the market, the town, the county, the kingdom, the continent, the world, turned with anxious glare on the result of the contest; and there, meanwhile, "in the

hot-press and tumult of the hour," the very men whose hats and bosoms, and sides and bellies, were stuck with the most impassioned cries and watchwords of their respective parties, whose hands uplifted the banners which waved above the conflict as the guide-stars of the current of war, walked about with all the coolness of the peripatetic school, to which they unquestionably belong. It was something truly cheering to those who wish for the banishment of the angry passions from the human breast, to witness the philosophical air of abstraction which these sages exhibited; they were *in* politics, but not *of* them: like the *Public Ledger*, they were open to all parties, but influenced by none; and evidently being of opinion with Swift, that party is the madness of the many for the gain of the few, suffered not their minds to be disheartened by any such insanity, meditated upon their own gains, and thought only on their *shilling a day and their board*.

Interesting race! We here consign one of the fraternity to wood. What to him was Lee? no more than governor Le of Canton; and, as for the eminent chairman, Mr. Mee, our running friend would willingly have quoted Virgil, had he happened to have known him; and exclaiming to the police, "MEE, MEE—in MEE convertite telum," left the National Convention to its fate, with the sole regret that he did not insist on his shillings *before* operations commenced.

[Vol. i., p. 323.]

NOTE.—This article refers at the commencement to the woodcut as "No. 1 of our London Characters." The intended series does not appear to have been proceeded with any further.

A. BUNN.

I.

WHAT gallant cavalier is seen
So dainty set before the queen,
  Between a pair of candles?
Who looks as smiling and as bright,
As oily, and as full of light,
  As is the wax he handles?

II.

Dressed out as gorgeous as a lord,
Stuck to his side a shining sword,
A-murmuring loyal speeches,
The gentleman who's coming on
Is Mr. Manager A. Bunn,
All in his velvet breeches.

III.

He moves, our gracious queen to greet,
And guide her to her proper seat,
(A bag-wigged cicerone.)
O Adelaide! you will not see,
'Mong all the German com-pa-ny,
A figure half so droll as he,
Or half so worth your money.

[Vol. i., p. 345.]

LOVE IN FETTERS.

A TOTTENHAM-COURT-ROAD DITTY,

Showing how dangerous it is for a Gentleman to fall in love with an "Officer's Daughter."

AN OWER TRUE TALE.

I.

I FELL in love, three days ago,
With a fair maid as bright as snow,
  Whose cheeks would beat the rose;
The raven tresses of her hair
In blackness could with night compare,
  Like Venus's her nose:
Her eyes, of lustre passing rare,
  Bright as the diamond glowed,

If you would know, you may go see,
If you won't go, pray credit me;
'Twas at the back
Of the Tabernác,
In Tottenham Court Road.

2.

The street in which my beauty shone
Is named, in compliment to John;
Her house is nigh to where
A massy hand all gilt with gold,
A thundering hammer doth uphold,
High lifted in the air:
What house it is you shall be told
Before I end my ode.
If you would know, go there and see,
If you won't go, then credit me;
'Twas at the back
Of the Tabernác,
In Tottenham Court Road.

3.

Smitten with love, at once I wrote
A neat triangular tender note,
All full of darts and flame;
Said I, "Sweet star,"—but you may guess
How lovingly I did express
My passion for the dame;
I signed my name and true address,
But she served me like a toad.
If you would know, pray come and see,
If you won't come, then credit me;
'Twas at the back
Of the Tabernác,
In Tottenham Court Road.

4.

Next morn, 'tis true, an answer came,
I started when I heard my name,
As I in bed did lie;
Says a soft voice, "Are you the cove
Wot wrote a letter full of love?"
"Yes, yes," I cried, "'tis I:"
"An answer's sent," said he—O Jove!
What a sad note he showed.
If you would know, pray come and see,
If you will not, then credit me;
'Twas at the back
Of the Tabernác,
In Tottenham Court Road.

5.

By a parchment slip I could discern
That by me stood a bailiff stern,
My Rosamunda's sire!
I served the daughter with verse and wit,
And the father served me with a writ,
An exchange I don't admire:
So here in iron bars I sit,
In quod securely stowed,
Being captivated by a she,
Whose papa captivated me:
All at the back
Of the Tabernác,
In Tottenham Court Road.

[Vol. i., p. 362.]

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

On Wednesday, this theatre closed for the season, unless it should be the pleasure of the great double lessee to open it for a night or two, as the fashion now is. Mr. Cooper delivered an address, with which we cannot encumber our pages, seeing what we have already done for King Bunn. Mr. Cooper announced that he was to be stage manager—and the audience applauded; he talked about *foreign artists*—and they hissed: (that is good.) He told them that Mr. Bunn had taken the two theatres solely to oblige them—and they held their peace. Whereupon Mr. Cooper bowed, and all was over.

COVENT GARDEN.

[*By a Friend.*]

One night last week we stretched ourselves along three empty benches in Covent-garden theatre, to hear the horrid parody—the disgusting burlesque, which goes under the name of "Zauberflötte." We must do justice to Messrs. Dobler and Hertz, as well as to Madame Schröeder, by saying that they sustained their parts most ably; but for the rest—for the company of hideous screech-owls, which Bunn, or some other gentleman of equally good taste, has collected at Covent-garden—the quaverings of a cracked ballad singer, the screams of Miss Pearson herself, are melody to the howls of these high-Dutch monsters.

After an overture, tolerably ill played, the curtain rose, and Herr Haitzinger, wrapped in a red table-cloth, came rushing over the stage, flying from a serpent or dragon, or some such thing, which wriggled and writhed on a most manifest rope, with felonious intent to frighten and devour Prince Tamino, enacted by Haitzinger aforesaid. Prince Haitzinger, fatigued by his running, squeaked out a melancholy recitative, and

sank on a grassy plank, prepared to receive him. Scarcely was he silent, when three women—monsters in black bombazeen, each holding a tin spear, and representing the maiden attendants of the Queen of Night, entered, and gave vent to a series of strains, such as—but comparison is out of the question: we never heard such before, and devoutly hope we never may again. The opening chorus of the Zauberflötte, the most divine music of the divine Mozart, was mangled—burked—murdered, in such a manner by these German impostors, that the three men, who, with ourselves, were in the pit, very nearly fainted; however, as we were on duty, we made a point of not indulging our feelings, and resolutely listened on. Speaking with all deference to Bunn's elegant and well-known taste, and with the most tender and compassionate feeling for the fair sex, we had no idea that mothers could have conceived three such beings as these German Graces; the first, with a licentious giggle,—with a chin moreover as long as her mouth, and a mouth as long as the three-foot spear which she waved, made herself especially conspicuous by the freedom of her manners, the undeviating suavity of her smile, and the enormous thickness of her Allemannian ancles. The music was murder; the spirit of Mozart was desecrated; the audience were made to eat dirt, as Hajji Baba says: only, luckily, there were not many sufferers.

After these ladies had concluded their manœuvres, Madame Stoll Böhm appeared: she went through a variety of musical evolutions impossible to describe: (reader, be thankful you did not hear them!) among other feats, she executed a shake of a quarter of an hour's length, at which the solitary man in the gallery gave a faint and hollow clap, which sadly reverberated through the almost empty house.

For the drama, it is utterly indescribable. The *new* scenery has appeared in half a dozen Easter pieces. The *new* dresses have figured in the Israelites in Egypt. The whole opera

was mangled, garbled, and distorted, agreeing in this with the music.

Papageno omitted his songs, (for which we were sorry, for he sung and acted very well:) would to heaven Papagena had done the same! Madame Meissinger is a nuisance so intolerable, that positively she ought to be indicted. She is not, however, paid above fifty pounds a-week, so that we have not much reason to complain. The three boys, who advise and instruct, and lead Tamino in his wanderings, and who, whenever he is in doubt or fear, inspire him by their presence, and console him with their sweet minstrelsy, were enacted by a round-faced old woman and two Jewesses—Behold their likenesses!

They stuttered under their songs, and staggered under the weight of their enormous palm-branches, vying in discord with the "attendants of the Queen of Night." For the rest, the house was nearly empty; and if, as was the fact, the discord was horrible, there were very few to be affected by it.

GAMMA.

The above criticism has been sent us by a gentleman whose opinion we asked with regard to the opera. Having attended ourselves at Covent-garden, we are compelled to say that we fully agree with our correspondent, though we should not have spoken quite so freely regarding the personal defects of the ladies of the chorus. Bunn "Maximus" must resort to some other method of filling his benches and his treasury.

ADELPHI.

We have likewise (i.e. ourself *in propria persona*, not our friend Gamma) paid a visit to the English Opera. We found the house full, and the performances very tolerable. O. Smith's monster, in "Frankenstein," is a good and undeniable monster, —well nigh equal to T. P. Cooke's.

OLYMPIC.

On Monday evening, a new opera, called "The Bridal Promise," was produced at this theatre; the music by Herold. The story is as follows.

Zampa, a pirate, kidnaps an old gentleman, Lugano by name, on his daughter's wedding-day, and makes it an indispensable condition of his safety, that the young lady should forsake her intended husband, and bestow her fair hand on himself. While the negotiation is going on, Zampa introduces his companions into Lugano's castle, and, in the exuberance of his jollity, puts a ring upon the finger of a statue erected in the great hall to the memory of a lady, to whom he had formerly behaved with great impropriety, declaring that he will redeem his violated promise with her, if she will meet him next day at the church-door. The statue, which it seems is no statue, but a living woman, takes him at his word; when the pirate, who is a man of honour, notwithstanding his profession, (there is honour among thieves,) performs his promise, and abandons Lugano's daughter to

her old lover, who turns out (somewhat in the "Critic" style,) to be the pirate's younger brother. The lady is thus preserved within the family.

Such is the plot, which, it will be seen, is sufficiently absurd; but the music is good. Mr. Wilson and Miss Shirreff sang with great taste and skill, and the opera was successful.

"The Wife," is as attractive as ever: she is at once a fashionable and a domestic matron, for she is "at home" every evening, and her *soirées* are constantly crowded. Yet there are some persons still so brutally stupid, or such incorrigible lovers of lying, as to tell us that the legitimate drama does not attract. Opera and spectacle would not attract, if performed upon Salisbury Plain. Let the public be able to see and hear, and the regular drama will be found a manager's best card.

ROYAL VICTORIA.

This house (the old Coburg) will open on the 1st of July. The theatre is the very best in the metropolis, but the neighbourhood is unfortunately one of the worst. The new proprietors must calculate, therefore, upon drawing their audiences from a distance; they will have also to struggle against the evil reputation into which the house has fallen through the mountebank tricks of its late manager. We do not, however, think their difficulties insurmountable. Honoured with the highest patronage, supported by the good wishes of all lovers of the drama, and possessed of a house which approaches nearer to a perfect theatre than perhaps any other in Europe, the managers must succeed. Their heroine, we understand, is to be Miss Jarman,—not Miss Jarman, of the "Parson's Daughter," but the clever and lady-like girl who performed so successfully, a few years ago, at Covent Garden.

KING BUNN'S PROCLAMATION.

We last week informed our readers that the great potentate who now rules the theatrical world, had issued a proclamation, setting forth his gracious intentions as to the future fortunes of the drama and its professors. Being anxious to promote that distinguished person's views, by giving all possible publicity to this important state paper, we reprint it, with a commentary of our own; which, we hope, the great man will approve.

Thus then inditeth the illustrious double lessee.

"The new and *doubly* responsible situation in which I am placed, as lessee of both the patent theatres, renders it, I presume, neither egotistical nor supererogatory on my part to inform the two companies and the profession at large, of the course I mean to adopt, at this unprecedentedly critical period of dramatic history."

The double responsibility of which the great little manager speaks, applies to his engagements with the *lessors* of the respective theatres. We have thought it necessary to state this, lest anybody should be so foolish as to suppose that the sovereign of the stage thought himself at all responsible to the public, of whose amusements he has obtained a monopoly. Alfred Bunn cares no more for the public than did that famous count who was a friend of Jonathan Wild, and who, after blustering about his duty to the public requiring him to prosecute some persons who had robbed him, upon a proposal to return his property, makes use of a very contemptuous expression with regard to the said public, as that vulgar dog Fielding relates. It is gratifying to find that his theatrical majesty feels all the dignity of his situation. He is evidently a person of vast importance in his own eyes, as well as in those of the scene-shifters. His manifesto is addressed not only to his own performers, but to "the profession at large." "I am Sir Oracle—when I speak, let no dog bark."

"All parties will admit that the theatrical times have long been 'out of joint;' for, within a very recent period, Covent Garden Theatre was not only prematurely closed, but the scenery, dresses, and properties, were actually advertized for sale; and, although the theatre was afterwards re-opened, it was effected by public subscription, and by the creditors' consent to take a composition for their claims. It will also be recollected that, during the whole of the previous ten years' management, it had but one profitable season."

[Vol. i., pp. 380-381.]

NOTE.—On p. 377, vol. i. of the "National Standard" occurs a Review, respecting which Dr. Brown says:—

"There is a yet more characteristic touch in the review of Montgomery's 'Woman the Angel of Life,' winding up with a quotation of some dozen lines, the order of which he says has been reversed by the printer, but as they read quite as well the one way as the other, he does not think it worth while to correct the mistake."

As the quoted passages from Robert Montgomery's poem are lengthy, and the one brief critical remark of Thackeray is embodied in the above quotation from the "North British," it has been thought unnecessary to include the article here.

It may, however, be interesting to note that Mr. Yellowplush played the same mischievous trick in reviewing Bulwer's "Sea Captain."

WHO sits in London's civic chair,
With owlish look and buzzard air,
The wise and worshipful Lord Mayor?
Sir Peter!

Who, spectacle astride on nose,
Pours forth a flood of bright bon-mots,
As brilliant and as old as Joe's?
Sir Peter!

Who, sworn to let thieves thrive no longer,
Shows to the rogues that law is stronger,
And proves himself a *costermonger?*
Sir Peter!

Who, fairly *saddled* in his seat,
Affords the Queen a *bit* to eat,
And *bridles* up before the great ?
Sir Peter !

O happy be your glorious *rein*,
And may its *traces* long remain,
To *check* and *curb* the rogues in grain !
Sir Peter !

And when to *leatherary* ease
Returned, you give up London's keys,
May luck thy patent-axles grease,
Sir Peter !

[Vol. i., p. 395.]

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

PARIS, *Saturday, June* 22.

THIS is a most unfavourable moment for commencing a Parisian correspondence. All the world is gone into the country, with the exception of the deputies, who are occupied in voting supplies; an occupation necessary, but not romantic, and uninteresting to the half million of Englishmen who peruse the "National Standard." However, in all this dearth of political and literary news, the people of France are always rich enough in absurdities to occupy and amuse an English looker-on. I had intended, after crossing the Channel to Boulogne, to have staid there for a while, and to have made some profound remarks on the natives of that town, but of these, I believe, few exist; they have been driven out by the English settlers, one of whom I had the good fortune to see. He did not speak much, but swore loudly; he was dressed in a jacket and a pair of maritime inexpressibles, which showed off his lower man to much advantage. This animal, on being questioned, informed me that the town was d— pretty, the society d— pleasant, balls delightful and cookery excellent. On this hint, having become famished during a long and stormy voyage, I requested the waiter of the hotel to procure some of the delicacies mentioned by the settler. In an hour he returned with breakfast: the coffee was thin, the butter bad, the bread sour, the delicacies, mutton-chops. This was too much for human patience. I bade adieu to the settler, and set off for Paris forthwith.

I was surprised and delighted with the great progress made by the Parisians since last year. Talk of the "march of mind" in England, La jeune France completely distances us: all creeds, political, literary, and religious, have undergone equal revolutions, and met with equal contempt. Churches, theatres, painters, booksellers, kings, and poets,

have all bowed before this awful spirit of improvement, this tremendous "zeitgeist." In poetry and works of fiction, this change is most remarkable. I have collected one or two specimens, which I assure you are taken from works universally read and admired. I have, however, been obliged to confine ourselves to the terrific; the tender parts are much too tender for English readers. In England it was scarcely permitted in former days to speak of such a book, as the Memoirs of the celebrated M. de Faublas; in France it was only "a book of the boudoir," taken in private by ladies, like their cherry-brandy; now the book is public property. It is read by the children, and acted at the theatres; and for Faublas himself, he is an absolute Joseph, compared to the Satanico-Byronico heroes of the present school of romance. As for murders, &c., mere Newgate-Calendar crimes, they are absolute drugs in the literary market. Young France requires something infinitely more piquant than an ordinary hanging matter, or a common-place *crim. con.* To succeed, to gain a reputation, and to satisfy La jeune France, you must accurately represent all the anatomical peculiarities attending the murder, or crime in question: you must dilate on the clotted blood, rejoice over the scattered brains, particularise the sores and bruises, the quivering muscles, and the gaping wounds; the more faithful, the more natural; the more natural, the more creditable to the author, and the more agreeable to La jeune France.

I have before me a pleasing work with the following delectable title: "Champavert: Immoral Tales. By Petrus Borel the Lycanthrope!" After having perused this pretty little book, I give the following summary of it, for the benefit of English readers.

Tale 1. "M. de L'Argentiere," contains a rape, a murder, an execution.

Tale 2. "Jacques Barraon," concludes thus:

"Immediately he seized him by the throat—the blood

gushed out, and Juan screamed aloud, falling on one knee and seizing Barraon by the thigh; who, in turn, fastened on his hair, and struck him on the loins, while, with a back-stroke, *il lui étripe le ventre*. (The manœuvre is extraordinary, and the language utterly untranslateable.) They rolled on the ground: now Juan is uppermost, now Jaquez—they roar and writhe!

"Juan lifted his arm, and broke his dagger against the wall. Jaquez nailed his in Juan's throat! Covered with wounds and blood, uttering horrid screams, they seemed a mere mass of blood flowing and curdling! Thousands of obscene flies and beetles might be seen hovering round their mouths and nostrils, and buzzing round the sores of their wounds.

"Towards night a man stumbled over the corpses. 'They are only negroes,' said he; and went his way."

It is, as the reader will see, quite impossible to translate properly this elegant passage; it displays a force, originality, and good taste, which can never be transferred to our language.

Tale 3. "Andrea Vesalius." Three adulteries, four murders. The victims are a wife and her three lovers, murdered first, and dissected afterwards, by Andrea Vesalius.

Tale 4. "Three-fingered Jack." Contains only one suicide, and the death of Jack in fair fight.

Tale 5. "Dina." One rape, one murder, one suicide.

Tale 6. "Passereau." Two murders, and some intrigues —very prettily described.

Tale 7. "Champavert." This is the history of the Lycanthrope himself. He was an extraordinary and melancholy young man, remarkable for a strong poetical genius and a long beard, both of which he had manifested from the age of seventeen. This history contains a couple of seductions, a child murder, and two suicides. Whether Champavert were a fictitious or real personage, I know not; there is, however, a long circumstantial account of his suicide here

given; and I trust, for the honour of France, that the Lycanthrope actually lived and died in the manner described in the book.

My dear young ladies, who are partial to Lord Byron, and read Don Juan slily in the evening; who admire French fashions, and dishes, and romances,—it is for your profit and amusement that this summary has been made. You will see by it how far this great nation excels us in genius and imagination, even though Bulwer and D'Israeli still live and write.

The costume of Jeune France is as extraordinary as its literature. I have sent a specimen, which I discovered the other day in the Tuilleries. It had just been reading the *Tribune*, and was leaning poetically against a tree; it had on a red neckcloth and a black flowing mane; a stick or club, intended for ornament as well as use; and a pair of large though innocent spurs, which had never injured any thing except the pantaloons of the individual who wore them. Near it was sitting an old gentleman, who is generally to be seen of a sunny day in the Tuilleries, reading his Crebillon or his prayer-book: a living illustration of times past,—a strange contrast with times present!

[Vol. i., pp. 412-413.]

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

PARIS, *Saturday, June* 29.

THERE is no doubt that the "National Standard," though the best conducted Journal in the world, has a most senseless, impotent, and unmeaning title: National Standard; what does it signify? It may be a newspaper, or a measure for brandy; a banner for King William, or a flag for King Cobbett: you should take advice by the papers of this country, and fix on a name more striking. These observations have been inspired by the title of a journal which is about to appear here, "Le Necrologe: Journal des Morts;" a pretty romantic and melancholy title, printed on a sentimental paper, handsomely edged with black, and bearing an urn for a frontispiece. O death! O life! O *jeune France*, what a triumph of art and taste is here! Fancy "*The Mourning Advertiser; the Sexton's Miscellany; the Raw Head and Bloody Bones; the Undertaker's Manual; the Pickaxe, or Gravedigger's Vade Vecum*," published every morning for breakfast, and treating of all the most fashionable deaths, murders, suicides, and executions in Europe. What a pleasing study for melancholy young men and tender young ladies! Then one has the advantage of swallowing sentiment and history at the same time, and, (as *Figaro* says,) while living, one is a subscriber to it; when dead, an article. The November suicides in England used to be a staple article of French satire; they used to think that London-bridge was built for the mere convenience of throwing one's self from it into the Thames, and that our lamp-posts were only cast-iron substitutes for gibbets: in regard to lamp-posts, however, we borrowed our learning from them; and, as to suicides, the advantage is now decidedly on the French side. Half-a-dozen fellows "asphyxient" themselves every morning, and servant-maids with low spirits and wages, generally adopt this means of retirement, as one easy, expeditious, and certain.

I heard just now of a young gentleman who had arrived at the mature age of sixteen, and of another more venerable by a couple of years, who some time ago brought their lives to a conclusion in charcoal. They had, together, written a drama, which was represented at the Porte St. Martin, and succeeded; it procured for them, no doubt, a few dozen francs, and an eternity of half-a-dozen nights, which seemed entirely to answer their hopes and satisfy their ambition. Their enjoyment was complete, their cup of fame was full; and they determined, like young sages as they were, to retire from the world before their happiness should fade, or their glory tarnish, thinking no doubt that their death, their last and noblest action, would establish beyond all question their spiritual immortality.

So they purchased the means of their death (it is very cheap, twopenny-worth will kill half a thousand young poets;) they retired to their *sixième*, they shut out the world, and closed up the windows; and when, some hours after, the door of their apartment was forced open, their spirits and the charcoal-smoke flew out together, leaving only the two corpses to be admired by the public, and buried by the same. In France they dropped tears on their bodies; they would have employed stakes, instead of tears, in our less romantic country. However, peace be to their ashes! they are now, no doubt, comfortably situated in that heaven where they will find Cato and Addison, and Eustace Budgell, and all the suicidal philosophers; and, some day or other, Liston, Talma, and all the great tragedians.

I asked my informer the names of these young unfortunates, and the title of their tragedy. He had forgotten both! So much for their reputation.

The theatres are in a flourishing condition: they have all at this moment some piece of peculiar attraction. At the *Ambigu Comique* is an edifying representation of "Belshazzar's Feast." The second act discovers a number of melancholy

Israelites sitting round the waters of Babylon, with their harps on the willows! A Babylonian says to the leader of the chorus, "Sing us one of the songs of Zion;" the chorus answers, "How can we sing in a strange land?" and so on: the whole piece is a scandalous parody of the Scripture, made up with French sentiment and French decency. A large family of children were behind me, looking, with much interest and edification, at the Queen rising from her bath! This piece concludes with a superb imitation of Martin's picture of Belshazzar. Another piece at the *Porte St. Martin*, called "Bergami," vivifies Hayter's picture of the House of Lords at Queen Caroline's trial. There was a report this morning that a courier had arrived from England, for the express purpose of forbidding this piece; and supposing, from that circumstance, that it must contain something very terrible, I sallied to the *Porte St. Martin* to see it; but I was sadly disappointed: for there was nothing in it but a little Platonic dialogue between Bergami, who is an angel, and the queen, who is an injured woman. Bergami appears first in the character of a post-boy, and makes such delightful remarks on the weather, the scenery, and Italian politics, that the warm-hearted queen is subdued at once, and makes him forthwith her equerry. The first act ends, and the queen gets into a carriage. In the second, she gets into a packet, (that unlucky packet!) in the third she gets into a balcony; in the fourth she gets into a passion, as well she may, since Bergami is assassinated by Lord Ashley, (on which fact we beg to congratulate his lordship;) and, accordingly, she goes to the House of Lords to make her complaint against him for this act of unpoliteness: here the scene is very animated, (it is taken from the picture.) *Sir* Brougham makes a speech about injured women, patriotism, and so forth; Lord Eldon replies, the Ministerial bench cheers, the Opposition jeers, and the Queen comes in majestically, bowing right and left, and uttering the noblest

sentiments. Presently a row is heard in the streets: the mob is in arms for the queen! Lord Eldon motions the Minister of War; he rushes out to quell the disturbance, the queen follows him, but the attempts of both are in-

See p. 36.

effectual; windows are broken, stones are flung, Lord Eldon disappears, *Sir* Brougham bolts, and Lord Liverpool, (a stout man in a white waistcoat, with a large tin star,) falls to the earth, struck violently in the stomach with a leather

brick-bat, and the curtain, of course, drops with the Prime Minister. The French nation was exalted by this exhibition to a pitch of immoderate enthusiasm, and called stoutly for the *Marseillaise.* I did not see the fifth act, in which the queen is poisoned, (Lord Ashley again!) but returned home to give an account of this strange tragedy. There is a third play, of much more importance than the two former, of which I had wished to give some account, "Les Enfans d'Edouard," by M. Casimir Delavigne, one of the best acted tragedies I had ever the good fortune to see; but I have made this letter so long, that I must reserve this for some future day. I could not, however, refrain from sending a little sketch of Ligier, who performs the part of *Richard,* in this play, in a manner, I think, which Kean never equalled.

Beside Ligier is the admirable Mademoiselle Mars, and that most charming, gay, graceful, *naïve* actress, Madame Anais Aubert. It would be worth an English actor's while to come to Paris, and study the excellent manner of the French comedians; even Cooper might profit by it, and Diddear go away from the study a wiser and better man. Here is too much about theatres, you will say; but, after all, is not this subject as serious as any other?

[Vol. ii., pp. 10, 11.]

THE CHARRUAS.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

PARIS; *June* 5.

THE wondering reader may fancy that the scene here given was designed in the wilds of America, rather than in this gay city of Paris, but he will see, if he takes the trouble of reading the following article (from the pen of M. Jules Janin,) how the figures above represent three unfortunate Charruas Indians, who have quitted South America to shiver under the cold Parisian sun.

"Allons! let us go and see the savages; they are lodged in the Champs Elysées, in one of those half-built houses, those ruins of yesterday, the view of which is sad without being

solemn. Here are the heroes of our drama, not taller than the brave Agamemnons and Alexanders of the Theatre Français, but well-built and active, bold cavaliers, and gallant horse-tamers. They are perfidious, idle, revengeful, cruel-cannibals, some of them; perfect dramatic characters, in fact. In truth, they possess all the qualities requisite for the modern drama; they can ride, fight, betray, revenge, assassinate, and eat raw flesh; it is true that they don't know a word of French; but what of that? it is all the better for the theatre now-a-days.

"When I saw them huddled together in their court, I declare I thought that I was looking at some modern tragedy: these brave savages wore costumes hideous and fanciful; they were all three seated in different solemn attitudes. First, the cacique, with hair uncombed, and fierce and heavy looks; he would have made a capital tyrant for a melo-drama: the next, a lean, livid animal, with a sidelong look, and an indefinable smile, reminded me of Cooper's *Magna;* the third was gay, careless, and merry enough: and then came the timid and gentle Guynuya. She sate alone in a corner of the court, with her head on her bosom, bending under the weight of her captivity, like a princess of Ilium of old. This woman is truly sublime: it is true she is fickle and faithless, that she loves pleasure and change, that she has not our ideas of conjugal fidelity; but she has more passion and love than all the heroines of our tragedy; and, above all, she has the passion of grief. I was much touched by this woman and her sorrows; her arms are all scarred over with wounds, and each of these wounds is the history of a sorrow. They were inflicted by herself: there is a scar for each friend she has lost; for every child of which she has been deprived there is a finger gone; she has lost two fingers, and there are near eighty scars on her arm: and this woman is not yet eighteen years old!

"Have you, in all the range of your drama, such an

heroine as this? Have you, in all your poetry, so profound a grief as hers? And, for heroes, here is one whose shoulder has been laid open by a hatchet; and who, for the last miserable white Frenchwoman, who blunders through your ballets and your chorusses, would go gladly to the Bois de Boulogne, and defy a dozen gentlemen at once! You call your heroes cruel, and your heroines tender! Here is a hero who poisons his own arrows, and a woman who gashes her arms with a wicked knife with as much ease as you would flourish a fan. Poor dramatists? See how utterly you are beaten off your ground by the first arrival from the plains of Paraguay. Thus, in fact, it is: as soon as one quits the poetical drama for that of the heart, and literary truth for common truth, one must expect to be vanquished by the first matter-of-fact competitor, whether savage or not; by all which I mean to say, as Lord Byron has said before, that truth is stranger than fiction.

"Now, these heroes of the Champs Elysées are as poetic as the heroes of Homer. Vaimaca Peru is a great chief, a veritable cacique, a specimen, in fact, of vagabond royalty, no more called on to uncover his head than are other vagabond royalties. Senaqué is the devoted friend of his chief, a subject faithful and sorrowful, more sorrowful indeed than his destitute master; and this is a common case about ruined thrones. The next, the young man, is careless and brave; and, although conquered, happy still, because he is young, and looks to the future. The woman Guynuya is truly the epic heroine, resigned to her fate; her very smile is full of tears, her sufferings are consoled by her weaknesses. Do you know that these savages have come from the extremity of Southern America? that they were made prisoners after long and bloody battles; that they have come hither to Paris, as a last asylum; and that this is the St. Helena of the vanquished cacique? For a long time they fought under Ribera; a year ago their tribe was destroyed, and they fled into the

desert, bearing with them, not their harps, like the Hebrews, but the skulls of their enemies, the ornaments of their cabins. And now, vanquished prisoners, fugitives, they have come so far to find an asylum, and to receive the visit of that amateur of monsters, M. Geoffroy St. Hilaire.

"How times are changed! Formerly, when the grand kingdom of France was a Christian kingdom, the arrival of these savages would have caused a sensation amidst all the catholicism of Paris. There would have been a tender solicitude evinced for the welfare of their immortal souls. They would have found, most likely, the king's mistress for a godmother, and the king's brother for a godfather; they would have been the objects of infinite dissertations, philosophical and religious: Jansenists and Jesuits would have disputed over these four souls with a ferocity altogether ecclesiastical. Our savages meanwhile would have been baptised, fêted and amused, and sent back to their country loaded with presents and honours. At present, what is their fate, poor monarchs of the deserts? They have been received by the Academy of Sciences; and next, they will go to St. Cloud, and see the king, that is, if the master of the ceremonies permits it. The director of the opera will give them a box some night when all the boxes are empty; then they will go to the Porte St. Martin, then to Franconi's, and then to some cabaret of the lower order, where the grisette, come out for her Sunday, will scarcely deign to look at them, seeing that she prefers her quadrille to all the savages in the world. Poor fellows! they will be lucky enough if they do not, like their brethren of the North,* die in the hospital, with a sister of charity on each side of them.

"I did not forget to caress the ostrich which gallops about in the court; he is a careless and gentle ostrich, who much pleased me: having nothing to give him, I offered him a

* The Osages, who were exhibited at Paris some years ago, and died there.

piece of money, which he did me the honour of accepting, and which he swallowed and pocketed with the grace of a civilised individual. JULES JANIN."

I have curtailed this article of M. Janin's, which is, I think, a tolerable specimen of the French style of periodical writing. It concludes with a long paragraph, expressing the writer's joy at escaping from the savages into the Champs Elysées; and some remarks on the civilised world in general. The paragraph proves that M. Janin was in a fright, and no wonder; three cannibals with knives and poisoned arrows are no pleasant companions even for a bravo Frenchman. In the sketch given above, the stout man is the chief; the lady Guynuya has her back turned, a piece of unpoliteness in which she persisted during the whole of my visit. They play cards all day, laugh, eat raw beef, and drink all they can get.

[Vol. ii., pp. 28, 29.]

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

PARIS; *July* 13.

THE figure above is a copy of the statue which shortly is to decorate the column in the Place Vendôme. It is, as every body knows, to be elevated about the 29th of the month; but his majesty the king of the French, being averse to *émeutes*

d'épenses of all kinds, has determined that it shall be erected privily in the night season, and shall have no needless extravagance or unnecessary publicity to accompany its elevation.

The statue has been cast of bronze, or brass made of Austrian cannon, (the victories of Napoleon are, luckily, not all used up,) and represents, as the reader beholds, the little corporal in his habit of war. The column, up to 1814, was surmounted with a representation of the Emperor Napoleon, with robes and sceptre imperial; it bore on its base the following sonorous inscription :

Neapolio. Imp. Aug.
Monumentum Belli Germanici
anno. MDCCCV.
Trimestre spatio profligati
ex ære capto
Gloriæ exercitus maximi dicavit.

In 1814 the inscription was removed, the statue torn down, and a dirty white flag replaced it. It seemed a lame and impotent conclusion to the series of victories which are carved on the column itself, and wind from the base to the summit, as if these battles had been fought and won for the sole purpose of re-establishing the white flag aforesaid.

Next week, however, Napoleon will make his second appearance on the column. He certainly ought to make a short speech on the occasion, which, we should think, would run something in this manner.

The emperor, after having raised his bronze spy-glass to his brazen eye, and regarded the multitude who are waiting to hear his oration, begins

" Ladies and gentlemen ! (Tremendous applause.)

" Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking, and overpowered by feelings of the deepest and tenderest nature, you may readily fancy my inability to address you with the eloquence demanded by your presence, and by this occasion.

"Ladies and gentlemen: This is the proudest moment of my life! (Bravo, and cheers.)

"I thank you for having placed me in a situation so safe, so commanding, and so salubrious: from this elevation I can look on most parts of your city. I see the churches empty, the prisons crowded, the gambling houses overflowing: who, with such sights before him as these, gentlemen, and *you*, would not be proud of the name of Frenchmen. (Great cheers.)

"The tricolor waves over the Tuilleries as it used in my time. It must be satisfactory to Frenchmen to have re-established their glorious standard, and to have banished for ever the old white flag; and, though I confess myself that I cannot perceive any other benefit you have wrought by your resistance to a late family, you of course can. (Applause, mingled with some unseemly groans from the police.)

"I apprehend that the fat man* with the umbrella, whom I see walking in the gardens of the Tuilleries, is the present proprietor. May I ask what he has done to deserve such a reward from you? Does he found his claim on his own merits, or on those of his father? (A tremendous row in the crowd: the police proceed to *empoigner* several hundred individuals.) "Go your ways, (said the statue, who was what is vulgarly called a dab at an impromptu;) go your ways, happy Frenchmen! You have fought, you have struggled, you have conquered: for whom? for the fat man with the umbrella!

"I need not explain what were my intentions and prospects if I had had the good fortune to remain among you. You were yourselves pleased to receive them with some favour. The rest of Europe, however, did not look on them

* Napoleon here makes an irreverent and personal allusion to King Louis Philip. His stoutness and his umbrella were depicted some two months ago, in our Paper.

in the same light, and expressed its opinion so strongly, that we, out of mere politeness, were obliged to give up our own.

"I confess myself that I was somewhat arbitrary and tyrannical; but what is our fat friend below? Is it not better to be awed by a hero than to be subdued by a money-lender? to be conquered by a sword than to be knocked down by an umbrella? (Here there was an immense cry of 'A bas les Parapluies!' Some further arrests took place.)

"Perhaps, if it be not a bore, (go on,) you will allow me to say a word concerning those persons who so strongly voted my own removal, and the re-establishment of the white cloth, now folded up for ever.

"The Russians are occupied in strangling, murdering, and banishing; I could not possibly have chosen for them a better occupation.

"The English, with their £800,000,000 of debt, have destroyed their old institutions, and have as yet fixed on no new ones. (Here a further crowd were marched off by the police.) I congratulate you. Gentlemen, *they* too have policemen.*

"The Portuguese are fighting about two brothers, both of whom they detest. Heaven preserve the right whichever he may be.

"From Italy there are delightful accounts of revolts, and deaths thereon consequent.

"The Germans are arresting students for want of a better employment. The Spaniards are amusing themselves with sham fights. What a pity they cannot be indulged with real ones!

"And the family! for whom about five hundred thousand lives were sacrificed,—where are they? The king is doting, and the dauphin is mad in a chateau in Germany; and the duchess must divide her attentions between her son and her daughter!

* This struck us as rather a vulgar allusion on the part of the statue.

"And yourselves, gentlemen, you have freedom of the press,—but your papers are seized every morning, as in my time. You have a republic, but beware how you speak of the king! as in my time also. You are free; but you have seventeen forts to keep you in order. I don't recollect anything of the sort in my time.

"Altogether, there is a most satisfactory quantity of bullying, banishing, murdering, taxing, and hanging, throughout Europe. I perceive by your silence"——Here the emperor stopped: the fact was, there was not a single person left in the Place Vendôme; they had all been carried off by the police!

[Vol. ii., pp. 42, 43.]

THE HISTORY OF THE FISH.

*From the Sanscrit Poem, "The Mahabarata."**

1. The Son of the Sun was a king among men, a great sage, in splendour like to Pradjapati.

2. By his power, his riches, his fortune, and, above all, his penitence, Manou surpassed both his father and grandfather.

3. Standing on one foot, with his arms uplifted, this sovereign of men, this great saint, supported for a long time this painful attitude.

4. With his head bowed down, and his eyes fixed and immoveable, this mighty penitent practised austerities for long years.

5. A fish having approached the penitent of long and moist locks, on the banks of the Warini, thus addressed him:

6. O blessed one! I am a small and weak fish, who fear the fishes great and strong; save me, therefore, thou who acceptest the vows of mortals!

* The Mahabarata is an epic poem of more than 250,000 verses; a part of it has been translated by Wilkins and Schlegel. The date of it is very uncertain; but Mr. Wilkins supposes it to have been written two thousand years before the Christian era. The translation is almost literal, and is taken from the Berlin edition of 1827.

7. For the great fishes eat always the little fishes, such being our eternal fate.

8. Save me, therefore, from these great monsters, who fill me with dread, and I will be grateful for the action that thou doest unto me.

9. Then Manou, Son of the Sun, having heard the discourse of the fish, was moved with pity, and took the fish into his hand.

10. And having carried it to the border of the stream, Manou, the Son of the Sun, cast it into a vase, which shone like the rays of the moon.

11. Then the fish grew under the care of Manou, who watched it even as though it were his son.

12. But, after a long time, the fish waxed so great, that the vase would no more hold it.

13. Then it said to Manou, O blessed one! carry me to a new dwelling.

14. And the blessed Manou took it from the basin, and carried it unto a great lake.

15. And Manou cast it into the lake, where for many years it lived, and grew mightily.

16. Now the lake was fifteen miles in length, and five miles in breadth, but it could contain the fish no more.

17. Nor could the fish move in the lake; but when it saw Manou, it spoke to him, and said:

18. Bear me, O blessed one! unto the spouse of the ocean, even to the river Ganges, where I may dwell; nevertheless, be it as thou wilt:

19. For it befitteth me to dwell in the place that thou shall ordain, since I have come to this greatness by thy care, O sinless one!

20. Thus being called, the blessed Manou took the fish, and he carried it to the river Ganges, and cast it into the stream thereof.

21. And the fish grew yet for a certain time; and, seeing Manou, spoke to him, and said,

22. I cannot move myself in the Ganges, being so great; bear me, therefore, I pray thee, to the ocean: be favourable to me, O blessed one!

23. So Manou took the fish from the river, and cast it into the sea.

24. And the fish carried by Manou had become very great; and, being touched with the hand, it sent forth pleasant odours.

25. And when the fish was thrown into the sea, it smiled on Manou, and said:

26. O blessed one! thou hast procured for me a life eternal; learn, therefore, what thou must do in the time to come.

27. Soon, O blessed one! all that is moveable and immoveable on earth shall be dissolved, and there shall be a general deluge.

28. And this temporary deluge is at hand; therefore I announce it unto thee, that thou mayest know what to do when the time cometh.

29. For, for that which liveth and that which liveth not, a dreadful time cometh.

30. Now, thou must make a ship, firm and solid, and with thy seven richis (sages) thou must enter it.

31. And thou shalt bear unto the ship all manner of seed, even as it was sown of old times by the men twice born: (*the Brahmins, so called, because, in receiving the Brahminical cord, they were said to receive a second birth.*)

32. And being in the ship, O thou beloved of the saints! thou shalt perceive my coming; and I shall approach thee, and I shall have on my head a horn, by which thou shalt know me, O penitent!

33. Now, knowest thou what thou shalt do; and I bid thee farewell, and I go my way; for, without me, the great waters cannot be raised.

34. But doubt not of my words, O exalted one! And Manou answered, and said, I will do even as thou biddest.

35. And having saluted each other, they went each their way.

36. And Manou gathered together all the seeds after their kind, and committed himself to the waves in a fair ship, even as the fish had commanded him.

37. And Manou thought of the fish; and the fish, knowing his thoughts, appeared on a sudden with his horn.

38. And Manou, when he saw the fish swimming in the waves of the ocean, bearing a horn, even as it had been predicted to him;

39. Then Manou fixed a cord on the horn of the fish.

40. And having fixed it, the fish bore him with great swiftness over the waters.

41. The king of men in his ship thus traversed the ocean, which was as though it danced with its lifted waves, and as though it groaned with its waters.

42. And the winds blew the ship, and the waves beat it, and it tumbled in the sea like a drunken woman.

43. And there was nothing to be seen, neither the heaven nor the earth, nor the space between them.

44. And thus, in the midst of the deluged world, was left Manou and his seven sages.

45. And thus for many years the fish carried the ship amidst the multitude of waters.

46. At last it carried the ship to the highest part of Himavân.

47. Then the fish smiled, and said to the richis, Fasten the ship to the peak of the mountain.

48. And they fastened it when they heard the words of the fish.

49. Therefore this summit was called Naubandhanam, which, being interpreted, is the 'binding of the ship.'

50. Then the fish, the gracious one of immoveable looks, spoke thus to the richis:

51. Having taken the likeness of a fish, I have come among you to save you from the terrors of death.

52. Henceforth from Manou shall all creatures come, gods and demons, and men.

53. He shall create again all worlds, all that is moveable and immoveable; and by prayer and fasting shall he do this.

54. But by my favour the creation shall not fall again into disorder.

55. And having spoken thus, the fish departed from among them.

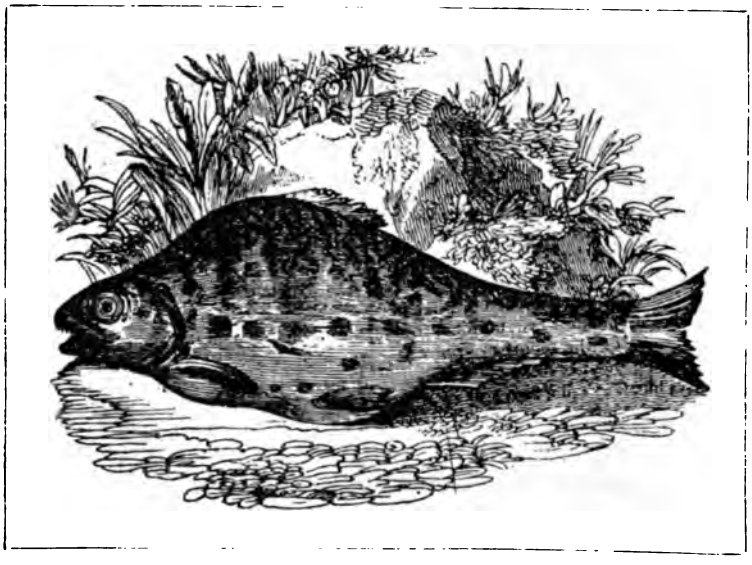
Here endeth the history of the fish.

G. PAUTHIER,

Member de la Soc. Asiatique.

[Vol. ii., pp. 56-57.]

NOTE.—To "The History of the Fish":—Thackeray is known to have given the illustration; but that the French version by M. Pauthier was rendered into English by our author is not positively certain, although it seems that there are here and there touches of his style; for instance, in verses 3, 7, 35, 42, 47. In the cut we can see the engaging "smile" of the fish.



[Vol. ii., p. 61.]

NOTE.—Woodcut of "The Hog-backed Trout of Plinlimmon," illustrating a Natural History article extracted from the "Cambrian and Caledonian Quarterly." The cut only by Thackeray.

MR. CROCKFORD.

Good readers, great Crockford you here may behold,
The fishmonger famous, whose fishes are gold;
His eye of a whiting, and mouth of a cod,
Give a touch of his old fishy trade to his looks,
But they know, who can tell you a wink from a nod,
That he now sticks to poultry, to pigeons, and rooks.
Yet he still makes a cast, and not seldom a haul,
Still angles for flats, and still nets what he can;
And shows, every night, 'mid his shoal great and small,
The trick how a gudgeon is made of a man.

L. E. U.

[Vol. ii., p. 74.]

NOTE.—"Mr. Crockford"; woodcut known to be by Thackeray; and although the verses have the initials "L. E. U." appended, they are so probably also by him, that they could not be left out.

THE DEVIL'S WAGER.

It was the hour of the night when there be none stirring save churchyard ghosts—when all doors are closed except the gates of graves, and all eyes shut but the eyes of wicked men.

When there is no sound on the earth except the ticking of the grasshopper, or the croaking of obscene frogs in the poole.

And no light except that of the blinking starres, and the wicked and devilish wills'-o'-the-wisp, as they gambol among the marshes, and lead good men astraye.

When there is nothing moving in heaven except the owle, as he flappeth along lazily; or the magician, as he rides on his infernal broomsticke, whistling through the aire like the arrowes of a Yorkshire archere.

It was at this houre, (namely, at twelve o'clock of the night,) that two beings went winging through the black clouds, and holding converse with each other.

Now the first was Mercurius, the messenger, not of gods, (as the heathen feigned,) but of the devil; and the second, with whom he held company, was the soul of Sir Roger de Rollo, lord of the manors of Bicton, Wigton, and Sowerby; earle of Ottery, and baron of Bumstead, in the county of Devon.

And Mercurius, in order to keep fast the soul, his companion, had bound him round the neck with his tail; which, when the soul was stubborn, he would draw so tight as to strangle him well nigh, sticking in to him the barbed point thereof; whereat the poor soul, Sir Rollo, would groan and roar lustily.

Now they two had come together from the gates of purgatorie, being bound to those regions of fire and flame where poor sinners fry and roast in sæcula sæculorum.

"It is hard," said the poor Sir Rollo, as they went gliding through the clouds, "that I should thus be condemned for ever, and all for want of a single ave."

"How, Sir Soul," said the dæmon, "you were on earth so wicked, that not one, or a million of aves, could suffice to keep from hell-flame a creature like thee; but, cheer up and be merry; thou wilt be but a subject of our lord the Devil, as am I; and perhaps thou wilt be advanced to posts of honour, as am I also;" and to shew his authoritie, he lashed with his tail the ribbes of the wretched Rollo.

"Nevertheless, sinner as I am, one more ave would have saved me; for my sister, who was abbess of St. Mary Ottery, did so prevail, by her prayer and good works, for my lost and wretched soul, that every day I felt the pains of purgatory decrease; the pitchforks which, on my first entry, had never ceased to vex and torment my poor carcass, were now not applied above once a week; the roasting had ceased, the

boiling had discontinued; only a certain warmth was kept up, to remind me of my situation."

"A gentle stewe," said the dæmon.

"Yes, truly, I was but in a stew, and all from the effects of the prayers of my blessed sister. But yesterday, he who watched me in purgatory told me that yet another prayer from my sister, and my bonds should be unloosed, and I, who am now a devil, should have been a blessed angel."

"And the other ave?" said the dæmon.

"She died, sir—my sister died—death choked her in the middle of the prayer." And hereat the wretched spirit began to weepe and whine piteously; his salt tears falling over his beard, and scalding the tail of Mercurius the devil.

"It is, in truth, a hard case," said the dæmon; "but I know of no remedy save patience, and for that you will have an excellent opportunity in your lodgings below."

"But I have relations," said the earl; "my kinsman Randall, who has inherited my lands, will he not say a prayer for his uncle?"

"Thou did'st hate and oppress him when living."

"It is true; but an ave is not much; his sister, my niece, Matilda—"

"You shut her in a convent, and hanged her lover."

"Had I not reason? besides, has she not others?"

"A dozen, without doubt."

"And my brother, the prior?"

"A liege subject of my lord the devil; he never opens his mouth except to utter an oath, or to swallow a cup of wine."

"And yet, if but one of these would but say an ave for me, I should be saved."

"Aves with them are raræ aves," replied Mercurius waggishly; "and, what is more, I will lay thee any wager that not one of these will say a prayer to save thee."

"I would wager willingly," responded he of Bicton, "but what has a poor soul like me to stake?"

"Every evening, after the day's roasting, my Lord Satan giveth a cup of cold water to his servants; I will bet thee thy water for a year, that none of the three will pray for thee."

"Done!" said Rollo.

"Done!" said the dæmon; "and here, if I mistake not, is thy castle of Bicton."

Indeed, it was true. The soul, on looking down, perceived the tall towers, the courts, the stables, and the fair gardens of Bicton Castle. Although it was past midnight, there was a blaze of light in the banquetting-hall, and a lamp burning in the open window of the Lady Matilda.

"With whom shall we begin?" said the dæmon, "with the baron or the lady?"

"With the lady, if you will."

"Be it so; her window is open, let us enter."

So they descended, and entered silently into Matilda's chamber.

* * * *

The young lady's eyes were fixed so intently on a little clock, that it was no wonder that she did not perceive the entrance of her two visitors. Her fair cheek rested on her white arm, and her white arm on the cushion of a great chair, in which she sat, pleasantly supported by sweet thoughts and swansdown: a lute was at her side, and a book of prayers lay under the table, (for piety is always modest.) Like the amorous Alexander, she sighed and looked (at the clock)—and sighed for ten minutes or more, when she softly breathed the word Edward!

At this the soul of the baron was wroth. "The jade is at her old pranks," said he to the devil; and then, addressing Matilda: "I pray thee, sweet niece, turn thy thoughts for a moment from that villanous page, Edward, and give them thine affectionate uncle."

When she heard the voice, and saw the awful apparition

of her uncle, (for a year's sojourn in purgatory had not increased the comeliness of his appearance,) she started, screamed, and of course fainted.

But the devil Mercurius soon restored her to herself. "What's o'clock?" said she, as soon as she had recovered from her fit: "is he come?"

"Not thy lover, Maude, but thine uncle,—that is, his soul. For the love of heaven, listen to me; I have been frying in purgatory for a year past, and should have been in heaven but for the want of a single ave."

"I will say it for thee to-morrow, uncle."

"To-night, or never."

"Well, to-night be it:" and she requested the devil Mercurius to give her the prayer-book from under the table; but he had no sooner touched the holy book than he dropped it with a shriek and a yell. "It was hotter," he said, "than his master, Sir Lucifer's, own particular pitchfork." And the lady was forced to begin her ave without the aid of her missal.

At the commencement of her devotions the dæmon retired, and carried with him the anxious soul of poor Sir Roger de Rollo.

The lady knelt down — she sighed deeply; she looked again at the clock, and began—

"Ave Maria."

When a lute was heard under the window, and a sweet voice singing—

"Hark!" said Matilda.

Now the toils of day are over,
  And the sun hath sunk to rest,
Seeking, like a fiery lover,
  The bosom of the blushing West—
The faithful night keeps watch and ward,
  Raising the moon, her silver shield,
And summoning the stars, to guard
  The slumbers of my fair Mathilde!

"For mercy's sake!" said Sir Rollo, "the ave first, and next the song."

So Matilda again dutifully betook her to her devotions, and began—

"Ave Maria, Gratiâ Plena!" but the music began again, and the prayer ceased of course.

The faithful night! now all things lie
Hid by her mantle dark and dim,
In pious hope I hither hie,
And humbly chaunt mine evening hymn.
Thou art my prayer, my God, my shrine,
For never holy pilgrim kneeled,
Or wept at feet more pure than thine,
My virgin saint! my sweet Mathilde!

"Virgin saint!" said the baron; "upon my soul, this is too bad:" and he thought of the lady's lover whom he had caused to be hanged.

But *she* only thought of him who stood singing at her window.

"Niece Matilda!" cried Sir Roger, agonizedly, "wilt thou listen to the lies of an impudent page, whilst thine uncle is waiting but a dozen words to make him happy?"

At this Matilda grew angry: "Edward is neither impudent or a liar, Sir Uncle, and I will listen to the end of the song."

"Come away," said Mercurius, "he hath yet got wield, field, sealed, congealed, and a dozen other rhymes beside; and after the song will come the supper."

So the poor soul was obliged to go; while the lady listened, and the page sung away till morning.

To be continued.)

[Vol. ii., pp. 85-86.]

THE DEVIL'S WAGER.

(Concluded from page 86.)

"My virtues have been my ruin," said poor Sir Rollo, as he and Mercurius slunk silently out of the window. "Had I hanged that knave Edward, as I did the page, his predecessor, my niece would have sung mine ave: I should have been by this time an angel in heaven."

"He is reserved for wiser purposes," responded the devil: "he will assassinate your successor, the Lady Mathilde's brother; and, in consequence, will be hanged. In the love of the lady he will be succeeded by a gardener, who will be replaced by a monk, who will give way to an ostler, who will be deposed by a Jew-pedlar, who shall finally yield to a noble earl, the future husband of the fair Mathilde. So that, you see, instead of having one poor soul a-frying, we may now look forward to a goodly harvest for our lord the devil."

The soul of the baron began to think that his companion knew too much for one who would make fair bets; but there was no help for it; he would not, and he could not, cry off: and he prayed inwardly that the brother might be found more pious than the sister.

But there seemed little chance of this. As they crossed the court, lackeys, with smoking dishes and full jugs, passed and repassed continually, although it was long past midnight. On entering the hall, they found Sir Randal at the head of a vast table, surrounded by a fiercer and more motley collection of individuals than had congregated there even in the time of Sir Rollo. The lord of the castle had signified that "it was his royal pleasure to be drunk," and the gentlemen of his train had obsequiously followed their master. Mercurius was delighted with the scene, and relaxed his usually rigid countenance into a bland and benevolent smile, which became him wonderfully.

The entrance of Sir Roger, who had been dead about a

year, and of a person with hoofs, horns, and a tail, rather disturbed the hilarity of the company. Sir Randal dropped his cup of wine; and father Peter, the confessor, incontinently paused in the midst of a profane song, with which he was amusing the society.

"Holy mother!" cried he, "it is Sir Roger."

"Alive!" screamed Sir Randal.

"No, my lord," Mercurius said. "Sir Roger is dead, but cometh on a matter of business; and I have the honour to act as his counsellor and attendant."

"Nephew," said Sir Roger, "the dæmon saith justly; I come on a trifling affair, in which thy service is essential."

"I will do anything, uncle, in my power."

"Thou canst give me life, if thou wilt?" But Sir Randal looked very blank at this proposition. "I mean life spiritual, Randal," said Sir Roger; and thereupon he explained to him the nature of the wager.

Whilst he was telling his story, his companion, Mercurius, was playing all sorts of antics in the hall; and, by his wit and fun, became so popular with this Godless crew, that they lost all the fear which his first appearance had given them. The friar was wonderfully taken with him, and used his utmost eloquence and endeavours to convert the devil; the knights stopped drinking to listen to the argument; the men-at-arms forbore brawling; and the wicked little pages crowded round the two strange disputants to hear their edifying discourse. The ghostly man, however, had little chance in the controversy, and certainly little learning to carry it on. Sir Randal interrupted him. "Father Peter," said he, "our kinsman is condemned for ever for want of a single ave: wilt thou say it for him?" "Willingly, my lord," said he, "with my book;" and, accordingly, he produced his missal to read, without which aid it appeared that the holy father could not read the desired prayer. But the crafty Mercurius had, by his devilish art, inserted a song in the place of the

ave, so that father Peter, instead of chanting an hymn, sang the following irreverend ditty.

Some love the matin-chimes which tell
The hour of prayer to sinner,
But better far 's the mid-day bell,
Which speaks the hour of dinner;
For when I see a smoking fish,
Or capon, drowned in gravy,
Or noble haunch on silver dish,
Full glad I sing mine ave.

My pulpit is an alehouse bench,
Whereon I sit so jolly;
A smiling rosy countrywench
My saint and patron holy.
I kiss her cheek so red and sleek,
I press her ringlets wavy,
And in her willing ear I speak
A most religious ave.

And if I'm blind, yet heaven is kind,
And holy saints forgiving,
For sure he leads a right good life
Who thus admires good living;
Above, they say, our flesh is air,
Our blood celestial ichor,
O grant! 'mid all the changes there,
They may not change our liquor!

And with this pious wish the holy confessor tumbled under the table in an agony of devout drunkenness. Whilst the knights, the men-at-arms, and the wicked little pages, rang out the last verse with a most melodious and emphatic glee.

"I am sorry, fair uncle," hiccupped Sir Randal, "that, in the matter of the ave, we could not oblige thee in a more orthodox manner; but the holy father has failed, and there is not another man in the hall who hath an idea of a prayer."

"It is my own fault," said Sir Rollo, "for I hanged the last confessor." And he wished his nephew a surly good-night, as he prepared to quit the room.

"Au revoir, gentlemen," said the devil Mercurius: and once more fixed his tail round the neck of his disappointed companion.

* * * * *

The spirit of poor Rollo was sadly cast down; the devil, on the contrary, was in high good humour. He wagged his tail with the most satisfied air in the world, and cut a hundred jokes at the expense of his poor associate. On they sped, cleaving swiftly through the cold night-winds, frightening the birds that were roosting in Bicton woods, and the owls who were watching in the towers. At last they arrived at St. Mary's, and went their way through passage and cloister, until they reached the door of the prior's cell.

Now the prior of St. Mary's Ottery was a wicked and malignant sorcerer; his time was spent in confessing devils and doing wicked deeds, instead of fasting, scourging, and singing holy psalms: this Mercurius knew, and he therefore was fully at ease as to the final result of his wager with poor Sir Roger.

"You seem to be well acquainted with the road," said the knight.

"I have reason," answered Mercurius; "having, for a long period, had the acquaintance of his reverence, your brother; but you have little chance with him."

"And why?" said Sir Rollo.

"He is under a bond to my master, never to say a prayer, or else his soul and his body are forfeited at once."

"Why, thou false and traitorous devil," said the enraged knight, "and thou knewest this when we made our wager."

"Undoubtedly: do you suppose I would have done so, had there been any chance of losing?"

And with this they arrived at father Ignatius's door.

"Thy cursed presence threw a spell on my niece, and stopped the tongue of my nephew's chaplain; I do believe that had I seen either of them alone, my wager had been won."

"Certainly; therefore I took good care to go with thee: however, thou mayest see the prior alone, if thou wilt; and lo! his door his open. I will stand without for five minutes, when it will be time to commence our journey."

It was the poor baron's last chance: and he entered his brother's room more for the five minutes' respite than from any hope of success.

Father Ignatius, the prior, was absorbed in magic calculations: he stood in the middle of a circle of skulls, with no garment except his long white beard, which reached to his knees; he was waving a silver rod, and muttering imprecations in some horrible tongue. It seemed that he was aware of the approach of some strange and inexplicable spirit; and he began addressing it in a wild doggrel strain.

I know full well
The spirits of hell,
And the spirits of air, and earth, and flame;
I know them by feature, I know them by name;
But who is he that hovereth near,
Spirit dark, spirit appear,
Appear!

Accordingly, Sir Rollo came forward. "I cannot address thee in rhymes, brother," said he; "but I will talk to thee in reason. I am the shade of thy brother, Roga de Rollo; and have come, from pure brotherly love, to warn thee of thy fate."

"Whence camest thou?"

"From the abode of the blessed in Paradise," replied Sir Roger, who was inspired with a sudden thought; "it was but five minutes ago that St. Mary Ottery, the patron of thy church, told me of thy danger, and of thy wicked compact with the fiend. Go, said he, to thy miserable brother, and tell him that there is but one way by which he may escape from paying the awful forfeit of his bond."

"And how may that be?" said the prior; "the false fiend hath deceived me; I have given him my soul, but have received no worldly benefit in return; brother! dear brother! how may I escape?"

"I will tell thee. As soon as I heard the voices of blessed St. Mary Ottery (the worthy earl had at a pinch coined the name of a saint,) I left the clouds, where, with other angels, I was seated, and sped hither to save thee. 'Thy brother,' said the saint, 'hath but one day more to live, when he will become for all eternity the subject of Satan; if he would escape, he must boldly break his bond, by saying an ave.'"

"It is the express condition of the agreement," said the unhappy monk; "I must say no prayer, or that instant I become Satan's body and soul."

"It is the express condition of the saint," answered Roger fiercely; "pray, brother, pray, or thou art lost for ever."

So the foolish monk knelt down, and devoutly sung out an ave. "Amen!" said Sir Roger devoutly.

"Amen!" said Mercurius, as, suddenly coming behind, he seized Ignatius by his long beard, and flew up with him to the top of the church-steeple.

The monk roared, and screamed, and swore against his brother; but it was of no avail. Sir Roger smiled kindly on him, and said, "do not fret, brother, it must have come to this in a year or two."

And he flew alongside of Mercurius to the steeple-top: *but*

this time the devil had not his tail round his neck. "I will let thee off thy bet," said he to the dæmon, for he could afford now to be generous.

"I believe, my lord," said the dæmon politely, that our ways separate here. Sir Roger sailed gaily upwards, while Mercurius, having bound the miserable monk faster than ever, he sunk downwards to earth, and perhaps lower. Ignatius was heard roaring and screaming as the devil dashed him against the iron spikes and buttresses of the church.

* * * * *

The moral of this story will be given in several successive numbers.

[Vol. ii., pp. 121, 122.]

NOTE.—"The Devil's Wager" was afterwards reprinted in "The Paris Sketch-Book;" where, however, the concluding lines concerning the "Moral" are promised for "the Second Edition," instead of in "Severa Successive Numbers."

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

A TALE OF WONDER.

ONCE upon a time there was an old woman who lived in a village not far off, and who went to market to buy a sack of beans. Now she had to walk back ten miles over a dreary common; a long step at most times, but a terrible pull when one has a sack of beans on one's back. It was night before she got half way, and the moon was hid, and the snow was falling, and the old woman was ready to drop; she was tired and hungry: so she was right glad when she came to a house, which, though an ugly looking place at the best, she thought quite good enough for her to rest in.

She took out a penny, and asked for a bed, and the woman of the house let her go into a loft, where she slept on her sack of beans.

Now the house belonged to thieves; and this was one of their wives who let in the woman with her sack.

But, though the old woman was so tired, she could not sleep, but lay tossing about on her straw quite uneasy: presently she saw a light in the room below, and two men, each with a knife and a lantern.

And she felt desperately frightened, as you may fancy, for she thought they might want to murder her, and then eat her, which was often done in those days, when there were a great many ogres and giants.

Well, the two men with the knives went on till they came to a bed where a gentleman was sleeping, who had been overtaken like the old woman, and who had got with him a large portmanteau; there he lay as sound as possible, snoring away in a manner quite pleasant to hear. As soon as the two rogues saw how fast asleep he was, the biggest took hold of his legs, and the little one took out his knife and cut the gentleman's throat, slick! at one slash!

As soon as they had stuck him they left him there all bloody, took the portmanteau, and went away again downstairs: the old woman with the sack became mighty uneasy, thinking that it was to be her turn next, and that it was all over with her for certain; whereas heaven had sent her there on purpose to detect and punish these wicked men. As soon as they got downstairs, the woman must have told them of the poor old creature in the loft, for presently up they came again, knives and lanterns and all.

The poor old body was terribly frightened, as you may think, especially when the big man took hold of her legs, (as he had done below stairs,) and the little one came up to her head, with his lantern and his long knife!

However she did not move a muscle, only she snored to make believe she was asleep.

"Let's leave her," says the big man, "she's asleep, and can tell no tales."

"Let's *kill her*," says the little one, "she'll do to feed the pigs!"

All this while the old woman lay as still as a stone; and, at last, as they did not suspect that she was awake, they let her off, and went downstairs. So she escaped like a brave old woman as she was! She saw them wrap up the dead man below in his sheet, and carry him to the courtyard: presently they called the pigs, and out they came, grunting and snuffling round the trough, which was the coffin that these wicked monsters gave the poor murdered gentleman.

You may suppose that she did not sleep much that night; but the next morning, as soon as it was light, she thanked the woman of the house, took up her sack, and set off home as though nothing had happened; trudging over the common as fast as her poor legs would carry her, though that was not very fast, she trembled so. Now the little man (he that had stuck the gentleman) suspected that all was not right, and he followed her, and came up with her before she had got

a mile on the road: as soon as she saw him coming, the bold old lady puts down her sack, and sits waiting for him on a stone.

"What's the matter, misses?" says he. "Why my sack is heavy, and my old legs is rather week; I wish some honest man would give me an arm, and help me on my road a bit."

So the little fellow gave her his arm; and there they went across the common, talking about beans and the weather, and what not, as if they had been two angels; he saw her almost home; and you may be sure that when she got there she fell down on her knees and said her prayers; as well she might, after getting off so well.

While she was in the middle of her prayers in comes her husband; and, as soon as she'd done, he asked for a bit of bacon and some of the beans; so she cut a large piece, and plenty of beans. While it was boiling she told her husband of all she had seen the night before. "I must go to the Justice," says she, "and tell him the whole story." "Go to the Justice, go to the devil," says he; "as for the gentleman, it is all over with him now, and some of these rogues' comrades will kill us if we peach."

With that he stuck his fork into the saucepan, to catch hold of a bit of the bacon; well, as sure as I'm a-sitting here, instead of pulling out a bit of pork, what does he find at the end of his fork but a man's head!

"It's the gentleman's head," said the wife. "But what can we do?" says her husband, who was rather flustered.

"You can revenge me!" says the head. "Last night I was wickedly murdered, and eaten by pigs, as your wife can swear to: I shall have no rest till I see those robbers at the gallows; and, what's more, I'll never leave you till then!"

So the farmer told the Justice, and the thieves were hanged; and all the pigs drowned who had eaten the gentleman's body.

"And the head?"

Why it was buried in the field where the farmer sowed the beans, and there was never such crops known as came from that field.

"And the brave old woman?"

Why, though she was seventy years old, she had a son, and lived happy ever after.

[Vol. ii., pp. 228, 229.]

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

[A Correspondent has sent us the following strange and fantastic story, from the German of Hoffmann. The humour is perhaps a little strained, and the language too simple; but if our readers are of the same opinion as ourselves, they will not regret the space it occupies in our columns.]

The History of Crakatuk.

FROM THE GERMAN OF E. A. T. HOFFMANN.

"Perlipat's mother was the wife of a king—that is, a queen; and, in consequence, Perlipat, the moment she was born, was a princess by birth. The king was beside himself for joy as he saw his beautiful little daughter lying in her cradle; he danced about, and hopped on one leg, and sung out, 'Was anything ever so beautiful as my Perlipatikin?' Then all the ministers, presidents, generals, and staff-officers, hopped likewise on one leg, and cried out, 'No, never!' However, the real fact is, that it is quite impossible, as long as the world lasts, that a princess should be born more beautiful than Perlipat. Her little face looked like a web of the most beautiful lilies and roses, her eyes were the brightest blue, and her hair was like curling threads of shining gold. Besides all this, Perlipat came into the world with two rows of pearly teeth, with which, two hours after her birth, she bit the lord chancellor's thumb so hard that he cried out, 'O gemini!' Some say he cried out, O dear! but on this subject people's opinions are very much divided even to the present day. In short, Perlipat bit the lord chancellor on the thumb, and all the kingdom immediately declared that she was the wittiest, sharpest, cleverest little girl, as well as the most beautiful. Now everybody was delighted except the queen—she was anxious and dispirited, and nobody knew the reason; everybody was puzzled to know why she caused Perlipat's

cradle to be so strictly guarded. Besides having guards at the door, two nurses always sat close by the cradle, and six other nurses sat every night round the room; and, what was most extraordinary, each of these six nurses was obliged to sit with a great tom-cat in her lap, and keep stroking him all night, to amuse him, and keep him awake.

"Now, my dear little children, it is quite impossible that *you* should know why Perlipat's mother took all these precautions; but *I* know, and will tell you all about it. It happened that, once on a time, a great many excellent kings and agreeable princesses were assembled at the court of Perlipat's father, and their arrival was celebrated by all sorts of tournaments, and plays, and balls. The king, in order to show how rich he was, determined to treat them with a feast which should astonish them. So he privately sent for the upper court-cookmaster, and ordered him to order the upper court-astronomer to fix the time for a general pig-killing, and a universal sausage-making: then he jumped into his carriage, and called, himself, on all the kings and queens; but he only asked them to eat a bit of mutton with him, in order to enjoy their surprize at the delightful entertainment he had prepared for them. Then he went to the queen, and said, 'You already know, my love, the partiality I entertain for sausages.' Now the queen knew perfectly well what he was going to say, which was that she herself (as indeed she had often done before,) should undertake to superintend the sausage-making. So the first lord of the treasury was obliged to hand out the golden sausage-pot and the silver saucepans: a large fire was made of sandal-wood; the queen put on her damask kitchen pinafore; and soon after the sausage-soup was steaming and boiling in the kettle. The delicious smell penetrated as far as the privy-council-chamber; the king was seized with such extreme delight, that he could not stand it any longer. 'With your leave,' said he, 'my lords and gentlemen,'— jumped over the table, ran down into the kitchen, gave the

queen a kiss, stirred about the sausage-brew with his golden sceptre, and then returned back to the privy-council-chamber in an easy and contented state of mind. The queen had now come to the point in the sausage-making, when the bacon was cut into little bits and roasted on little silver spits. The ladies of honour retired from the kitchen; for the queen, with a proper confidence in herself, and consideration for her royal husband, performed *alone* this important operation. But just when the bacon began to roast, a little whispering voice was heard, 'Sister, I am a queen as well as you, give me some roasted bacon too:' then the queen knew it was Mrs. Mouserinks who was talking. Now Mrs. Mouserinks had lived a long time in the palace; she declared she was a relation of the king's, and a queen into the bargain, and she had a great number of attendants and courtiers underground. The queen was a mild good-natured woman; and, although she neither acknowledged Mrs. Mouserinks for a queen or for a relation, yet she could not, on such a holiday as this, grudge her a little bit of bacon. So she said, Come out, Mrs. Mouserinks, and eat as much as you please of my bacon. Out hops Mrs. Mouserinks as merry as you please, jumped on the table, stretched out her pretty little paw, and ate one piece of bacon after the other, until, at last, the queen got quite tired of her. But then came out all Mrs. Mouserink's relations, and her seven sons, ugly little fellows, and nibbled all over the bacon; while the poor queen was so frightened that she could not drive them away. Luckily, however, when there still remained a little bacon, the first lady of the bedchamber happened to come in; she drove all the mice away, and sent for the court mathematician, who divided the little that was left as equally as possible among all the sausages. Now sounded the drums and the trumpets: the princes and potentates who were invited rode forth in glittering garments, some under white canopies, others in magnificent coaches, to the sausage-feast. The king received them with hearty friendship and elegant

politeness; then, as master of the land, with his sceptre and crown, sat down at the head of the table. The first course was polonies. Even then it was remarked that the king grew paler and paler; his eyes were raised to heaven, his breast heaved with sighs; in fact, he seemed to be agitated by some deep and inward sorrow. But when the blood-puddings came on, he fell back in his chair, groaning and moaning, sighing and crying. Everybody rose from table: the physician in ordinary in vain endeavoured to feel the king's pulse: a deep and unknown grief had taken possession of him.

"At last—at last, after several attempts had been made, several violent remedies applied, such as burning feathers under his nose, and the like, the king came to himself, and almost inaudibly gasped out the words, 'Too little bacon!' Then the queen threw herself in despair at his feet: 'O my poor unlucky royal husband,' said she, 'what sorrows have you had to endure! But see here the guilty one at your feet: strike—strike, and spare not. Mrs. Mouserinks and her seven sons, and all her relations, ate up the bacon, and—and—' Here the queen tumbled backwards in a fainting fit! But the king arose in a violent passion; and, said he, 'My lady of the bedchamber, explain this matter.' The lady of the bedchamber explained as far as she knew, and the king swore vengeance on Mrs. Mouserinks and her family for having eaten up the bacon which was destined for the sausages.

"The lord chancellor was called upon to institute a suit against Mrs. Mouserinks, and to confiscate the whole of her property; but as the king thought that this would not prevent her from eating his bacon, the whole affair was entrusted to the court watch and machine maker. This man promised, by a peculiar and extraordinary operation, to expel Mrs. Mouserinks and all her family from the palace for ever. He invented curious machines, in which pieces of roasted bacon were hung on little threads, and which he set round about the dwelling of Mrs. Mouserinks. But Mrs. Mouserinks was far

too cunning not to perceive the artifices of the court watch and machine maker; still all her warnings, all her cautions, were vain: her seven sons and a great number of her relations, deluded by the sweet smell of the bacon, entered the watch-maker's machines, where, as soon as they bit at the bacon, a trap fell on them, and then they were quickly sent to judgment and execution in the kitchen. Mrs. Mouserinks, with the small remnants of her court, left the place of sorrow, doubt, and astonishment. The court was rejoiced; but the queen alone was sorrowful, for she knew well Mrs. Mouserinks' disposition, and that she would never allow the murder of her sons and relations to go unrevenged. It happened as she expected. One day, while she was cooking some tripe for the king, a dish to which he was particularly partial, appeared Mrs. Mouserinks, and said, 'You have murdered my sons, you have killed my cousins and relations, take good care that the mouse, queen, do not bite your little princess in two. Take care.' After saying this she disappeared; but the queen was so frightened, that she dropped the tripe into the fire, and thus for a second time Mrs. Mouserinks spoiled the dish the king liked best; and of course he was very angry. And now you know why the queen took such extraordinary care of princess Perlipatikin: was not she right to fear that Mrs. Mouserinks would fulfil her threat, come back, and bite the princess to death?

"The machines of the machine-maker were not of the slightest use against the clever and cunning Mrs. Mouserinks; but the court astronomer, who was also upper astrologer and star-gazer, discovered that only the Tomcat family could keep Mrs. Mouserinks from the princess's cradle: for this reason each of the nurses carried one of the sons of this family on her lap, and, by continually stroking him down the back, managed to render the otherwise unpleasant court-service less intolerable.

"It was once at midnight, as one of the two chief nurses,

who sat close by the cradle, awoke as it were from a deep sleep: every thing around lay in profound repose; no purring, but the stillness of death; but how astonished was the chief nurse when she saw close before her a great ugly mouse, who stood up on his hind legs, and already had laid his hideous head on the face of the princess. With a shriek of anguish she sprung up; everybody awoke; but Mrs. Mouserinks (for she it was who had been in Perlipat's cradle,) jumped down, and ran into the corner of the room. The tom-cats went after, but too late: she had escaped through a hole in the floor. Perlipat awoke with the noise, and wept aloud. 'Thank heaven,' said the nurses, 'she lives!' But what was their horror, when, on looking at the before beautiful child, they saw the change which had taken place in her. Instead of the lovely white and red cheeks which she had had before, and the shining golden hair, there was now a great deformed head on a little withered body; the blue eyes had changed into a pair of great green gogglers, and the mouth had stretched from ear to ear. The queen was almost mad with grief and vexation, and the walls of the king's study were obliged to be wadded, because he was always dashing his head against them for sorrow, and crying out, 'O luckless monarch!' He might have seen now that it would have been better to have eaten the sausage without bacon, and to have allowed Mrs. Mouserinks quietly to stay underground. Upon this subject, however, Perlipat's royal father did not think at all, but he laid all the blame on the court watch-maker, Christian Elias Drosselmeier, of Nuremberg. He therefore issued this wise order, that Drosselmeier should before four weeks restore the princess to her former state, or at least find out a certain and infallible means for so doing; or, in failure thereof, should suffer a shameful death under the axe of the executioner.

"Drosselmeier was terribly frightened; but, trusting to his learning and good fortune, he immediately performed the

first operation which seemed necessary to him. He carefully took princess Perlipat to pieces, took off her hands and feet, and thus was able to see the inward structure; but there, alas! he found that the princess would grow uglier as she grew older, and he had no remedy for it. He put the princess neatly together again, and sunk down in despair at her cradle, which he never was permitted to leave.

"The fourth week had begun,—yes, it was Wednesday! when the king, with eyes flashing with indignation, entered the room of the princess, and, waving about his sceptre, he cried out, 'Christian Elias Drosselmeier, cure the princess, or die!' Drosselmeier began to cry bitterly, but little princess Perlipat coolly went on cracking her nuts. Then first was the court watchmaker struck with the princess's extraordinary partiality for nuts, and the circumstance of her having come into the world with teeth. In fact, she had cried incessantly since her metamorphosis, until some one by chance gave her a nut; she immediately cracked it, ate the kernel, and was quiet. From that time the nurses found nothing so effectual as to bring her nuts. 'O, holy instinct of nature, eternal and unchangeable sympathy of all beings! thou shewest me the door to the secret. I will knock, and thou wilt open it.' He then asked permission to speak with the court astronomer, and was led out to him under a strong guard. These two gentlemen embraced with many tears, for they were great friends: they then entered into a secret cabinet, where they looked over a great number of books which treated of instincts, sympathies, and antipathies, and other deep subjects. The night came; the court astronomer looked to the stars, and made the horoscope of the princess, with the assistance of Drosselmeier, who was also very clever in this science. It was a troublesome business, for the lines were always wandering this way and that: at last, however, what was their joy to find that the princess Perlipat, in order to be freed from the enchantment which made her so ugly, and to be-

come beautiful again, had only to eat the sweet kernel of the nut Krakatuk.

Now the nut Krakatuk had such a hard shell, that an eight-and-forty-pound cannon could drive over without breaking it. But this nut was only to be cracked by a man who had never shaved, and never worn boots; he was to break it in the princess's presence, and then to present the kernel to her with his eyes shut; nor was he to open his eyes until he had walked seven steps backwards without stumbling.

"Drosselmeier and the astronomer worked without stopping three days and three nights; and, as the king was at dinner on Saturday, Drosselmeier (who was to have had his head off Sunday morning early,) rushed into the room, and declared he had found the means of restoring princess Perlipat to her former beauty. The king embraced him with fervent affection, promised him a diamond sword, four orders, and two new coats for Sundays. 'We will go to work immediately after dinner,' said the king, in the most friendly manner; 'and thou, dear watchmaker, must see that the young unshaven gentleman in shoes be ready with the nut Krakatuk. Take care too that he drink no wine before, that he may not stumble as he walks his seven steps backwards like a crab: afterwards he may get as tipsy as he pleases.' Drosselmeier was very much frightened at this speech of the king's; and it was not without fear and trembling that he stammered out that it was true that the means were known, but that both the nut Krakatuk, and the young man to crack it, were yet to be sought for; so that it was not impossible that nut and cracker would never be found at all. In tremendous fury the king swung his sceptre over his crowned head, and cried, with a lion's voice, 'Then you must be beheaded, as I said before.'

"It was a lucky thing for the anxious and unfortunate Drosselmeier that the king had found his dinner very good that day, and so was in a disposition to listen to any

reasonable suggestions, which the magnanimous queen, who deplored Drosselmeier's fate, did not fail to bring forward. Drosselmeier took courage to plead that, as he had found out the remedy, and the means whereby the princess might be cured, he was entitled to his life. The king said this was all stupid nonsense; but, after he had drunk a glass of cherry-brandy, concluded that both the watchmaker and astronomer should immediately set off on their journey, and never return, except with the nut Krakatuk in their pocket. The man who was to crack the same was, at the queen's suggestion, to be advertised for in all the newspapers, in the country and out of it.

[*To be continued.*]

[Vol. ii., pp. 342-344.]

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

THE HISTORY OF CRAKATUK.

From the German of E. A. T. Hoffmann.

[*Continued from our last.*]

"Drosselmeier and the court astronomer had been fifteen years on their journey without finding any traces of the nut Krakatuk. The countries in which they were, and the wonderful sights they saw, would take me a month at least to tell of; this, however, I shall not do: all I shall say is, that at last the miserable Drosselmeier felt an irresistible longing to see his native town Nuremberg. This longing came upon him most particularly as he and his friend were sitting together smoking a pipe in the middle of a wood in Asia. O Nuremberg, delightful city! who's not seen thee him I pity! All that beautiful and rare is, in London, Petersburg, or Paris, are nothing when compared to thee! Nuremberg, my own city! As Drosselmeier deplored his fate in this melancholy manner, the astronomer, struck with pity for his friend, began to howl so loudly that it was heard all over Asia. But at last he stopped crying, wiped his eyes, and said, 'Why do we sit here and howl, my worthy colleague? why don't we set off at once for Nuremberg? is it not perfectly the same where and how we seek this horrid nut Krakatuk?' 'You are right,' said Drosselmeier; so they both got up, emptied their pipes, and walked from the wood in the middle of Asia to Nuremberg at a stretch. As soon as they had arrived in Nuremberg, Drosselmeier hastened to the house of a cousin of his, called Christopher Zachariah Drosselmeier, who was a carver and gilder, and whom he had not seen for a long long time. To him the watchmaker related the whole history of princess Perilpat, Mrs. Mouserinks, and the nut Krakatuk; so that Christopher Zachariah clapped his hands for wonder, and said, 'O cousin, cousin,

what extraordinary stories are these!' Drosselmeier then told his cousin of the adventures which befel him on his travels,—how he had visited the grand duke of Almonds, and the king of Walnuts; how he had enquired of the Horticultural Society in Acornshausen; in short, how he had sought everywhere, but in vain, to find some traces of the nut Krakatuk. During this recital, Christopher Zachariah had been snapping his fingers, and opening his eyes, calling out hum, and ha! and oh, and ah! At last he threw his cap and wig up to the ceiling, embraced his cousin, and said, 'Cousin, I'm very much mistaken, *very* much mistaken I say, if I don't myself possess this nut Krakatuk!' He then fetched a little box, out of which he took a gilded nut of a middling size. 'Now,' said he, as he showed his cousin the nut, the history of this nut is this: Several years ago a man came here on Christmas-eve with a sackful of nuts, which he offered to sell cheap. He put the sack just before my booth, to guard it against the nut-sellers of the town, who could not bear that a foreigner should sell nuts in their native city. At that moment a heavy waggon passed over his sack, and cracked every nut in it except one, which the man, laughing in an extraordinary way, offered to sell me for a silver half-crown of the year 1720. This seemed odd to me. I found just such a half-crown in my pocket, bought the nut, and gilded it, not knowing myself why I bought it so dear, and valued it so much. Every doubt with respect to its being the nut which they sought was removed by the astronomer, who, after removing the gilding, found written on the shell, in Chinese characters, the word Krakatuk. The joy of the travellers was excessive, and Drosselmeier's cousin, the gilder, the happiest man under the sun, on being promised a handsome pension, and the gilding of all the gold in the treasury into the bargain. The two gentlemen, the watchmaker and the astronomer, had put on their nightcaps and were going to bed, when the latter (that is the astronomer) said, 'My

worthy friend and colleague, you know one piece of luck follows another, and I believe that we have not only found the nut Krakatuk, but also the young man who shall crack it, and present the kernel of beauty to the princess; this person I conceive to be the son of your cousin! Yes,' continued he, 'I am determined not to sleep until I have cast the youth's horoscope.' With these words he took his nightcap from his head, and instantly commenced his observations. In fact, the gilder's son was a handsome well-grown lad, who had never shaved, and never worn boots.

"At Christmas he used to wear an elegant red coat embroidered with gold, a sword, and a hat under his arm besides having his hair beautifully powdered and curled. In this way he used to stand before his father's booth, and with a gallantry which was born with him, crack the nuts for the young ladies, who, from this peculiar quality of his, had already called him Nut-Crackerkin.

"Next morning the astronomer fell delighted on the neck of the watchmaker, and cried 'We have him,—he is found! but there are two things of which, my dear friend and colleague, we must take particular care: first, we must strengthen the under-jaw of your excellent nephew with a tough piece of wood, and then, on returning home, we must carefully conceal having brought with us the young man who is to bite the nut; for I read by the horoscope, that the king, after several people have broken their teeth in vainly attempting to crack the nut, will promise to him who shall crack it, and restore the princess to her former beauty,—will promise, I say, to this man the princess for a wife, and his kingdom after his death. Of course, the carver and gilder was delighted with the idea of his son marrying the princess Perlipat, and becoming a prince and king; and delivered him over to the two deputies. The wooden jaw which Drosselmeier had fixed in his young and hopeful nephew answered to admiration, so that in cracking the hardest peach-stones he came off with distinguished success.

"As soon as Drosselmeier and his comrade had made known the discovery of the nut, the requisite advertisements were immediately issued; and, as the travellers had returned with the remedy for restoring the princess's beauty, many hundred young men, among whom several princes might be found, trusting to the soundness of their teeth, attempted to remove the enchantment of the princess. The ambassadors were not a little frightened when they saw the princess again. The little body with the wee hands and feet could scarcely support the immense deformed head! The hideousness of the countenance was increased by a woolly beard, which spread over mouth and chin. Everything happened as the astronomer had foretold. One dandy in shoes after another broke teeth and jaws upon the nut Krakatuk, without in the slightest degree helping the princess, and as they were carried away half dead to the dentist (who was always ready) groaned out—that was a hard nut! When now the king in the anguish of his heart had promised his daughter and kingdom to the man who would break the enchantment, the gentle Drosselmeier made himself known, and begged to be allowed the trial. No one had pleased the princess so much as this young man; she laid her little hand on her heart, and sighed inwardly, Ah, if *he* were the person destined to crack Krakatuk, and be my husband! Young Drosselmeier approaching the queen, the king, and the princess Perlipat in the most elegant manner, received from the hands of the chief master of ceremonies the nut Krakatuk, which he immediately put into his mouth,—and crack! crack!—broke the shell in a dozen pieces: he neatly removed the bits of the shell which yet remained on the kernel, and then with a most profound bow presented it to the princess, shut his eyes, and proceeded to step backwards. The princess swallowed the kernel; and oh, wonderful wonder! her ugliness disappeared, and, instead, was seen a form of angel beauty, with a countenance like lilies and roses mingled, the eyes of glancing

azure, and the full locks curling like threads of gold. Drums and trumpets mingled with the rejoicings of the people. The king and the whole court danced upon one leg, as before, at Perlipat's birth, and the queen was obliged to be sprinkled all over with eau de Cologne, since she had fainted with excessive joy. This great tumult did not a little disturb young Drosselmeier, who had yet his seven steps to accomplish: however, he recollected himself, and had just placed his right foot backwards for the seventh step, when Frau. Mouserinks, squeaking in a most hideous manner, raised herself from the floor, so that Drosselmeier, as he put his foot backwards, trod on her, and stumbled,—nay, almost fell down. What a misfortune! The young man became at that moment just as ugly as ever was the princess Perlipat. The body was squeezed together, and could scarcely support the thick deformed head, with the great goggling eyes and wide gaping mouth. Instead of the wooden roof for his mouth, a little wooden mantel hung out from behind his back. The watchmaker and astronomer were beside themselves with horror and astonishment; but they saw how Mrs. Mouserinks was creeping along the floor all bloody. Her wickedness, however, was not unavenged, for Drosselmeier had struck her so hard on the neck with the sharp heel of his shoe, that she was at the point of death; but just as she was in her last agonies, she squeaked out in a most piteous manner, 'O Krakatuk, from thee I die! but Nutcracker dies as well as I; and thou, my son with the seven crowns, revenge thy mother's horrid wounds! kill the man who did attack her, that naughty, ugly, wicked Nutcracker.' Quick with this cry died Mrs. Mouserinks, and was carried off by the royal housemaid. Nobody had taken the least notice of the young Drosselmeier. The princess, however, reminded the king of his promise, and he immediately ordered the young hero to be brought before him. But when that unhappy young man appeared in his deformed state, the princess put her hands before her, and

cried out 'Away with that nasty Nutcracker!' So the court-marshal took him by his little shoulders, and pushed him out of the door. The king was in a terrible fury that anybody should ever think of making a nutcracker his son-in-law: he laid all the blame on the watchmaker and astronomer, and banished them both from his court and kingdom. This had not been seen by the astronomer in casting his horoscope; however, he found, on reading the stars a second time, that young Drosselmeier would so well behave himself in his new station, that, in spite of his ugliness, he would become prince and king. In the meantime, but with the fervent hope of soon seeing the end of these things, Drosselmeier remains as ugly as ever; so much so, that the nutcrackers in Nuremberg have always been made after the exact model of his countenance and figure.

[Vol ii., pp. 360, 361]

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

KING ODO'S WEDDING.

MANY hundred years ago, there lived in the city of Aix-la-Chapelle a young lady, of high birth and wonderful beauty, who was courted by all the nobles of Germany, but who was so cold and proud, that she would listen to none.

Indeed, so haughty was she, that she declared she would wed none but a king, and that, rather than do otherwise, she would retire to a convent, and take the veil. Now Heaven loves not that that should be done from pride which should come from religion and lowliness of spirit, and accordingly it punished this young lady in an awful manner, as you shall hear. The same imperious temper which had turned away so many of her suitors likewise estranged the heart of her parents, and they said that it should happen to her ever as she had said; and that, as she would not marry a mortal man, she should become the spouse of the church; and accordingly she was sent to a convent, where she bitterly bewailed the consequences of her pride, and the loss of the world and its vanities.

A year had passed, and that altar which had received her vows as a novice was now about to accept them as a nun. The bells rung from the convent tower, the altar was decked with flowers, and heaped up with holy relics and vessels of gold and jewels: the priests were in gorgeous clothing, and all the sisters of the convent sate in state in their stalls down the aisle.

And the beautiful lady Adelhaid was led forth to the foot of the altar, dressed for the last time in her worldly attire, with flowers in her coal-black hair, which hung in shining clusters over a neck that was whiter far than the snow.

She came to the altar, and the holy service began: the priests sung the mass, the red-robed choristers swung the censers of gold, and the loud organ pealed through column

and aisle, joining melodiously with the shrill song of the nuns.

Now Odo, king of Nebelland, held his court at that time at Aix-la-Chapelle: he was a man who gave himself up to pleasure and lust, and was hated alike of God and man; and it chanced that he rode by the convent-gate at the moment that the service had begun, and, as he saw the people flocking to the chapel, and heard the loud voice of the singers within, he asked of one near him what was the cause of the festival? And they told him how the beautiful lady Adelhaid was about to take the veil. "I have not been in a church for ten years," said the unbelieving king, "and have a mind to go now, and see what sport there may be there." So he leapt from his golden chariot, and, followed by his knights and warriors, entered the holy chapel. It was strange to see the bold looks of these fierce men as they stalked through the aisle, and the terrified countenances of the modest and pious sisters.

They reached the altar, laughing and talking aloud, just at the moment when the abbess had unloosed the beautiful locks of Adelhaid, and was about to sever them from her head. The devoted nun looked pale and sad, and turned towards Odo with a look of such despair and sorrow, that he could not withstand the expression of her dark and tender eyes.

"Stop!" shouted the king in a voice of thunder as he rushed to the altar, followed by his soldiers. The trembling abbess dropped the fatal scissars, and let fall the long hair, which fell to the ground, covering as with a black veil the wondering and kneeling novice. The priests rushed behind the altar, and the little choristers fled away screaming like a flock of startled birds.

The king had been struck by the rare beauty of the kneeling woman, and thought that he had never in his dreams seen anything so lovely. He lifted her from her knees, and, as she

clung to him as a condemned felon does to his hope for mercy, or a drowning man to a branch or a rope, he spoke in a fierce voice and said, as he pressed her in his arms, "No veil," said he, "shall hide this sweet face, no scissars shall cut these long locks, no hair-cloth shirt tear this fair bosom." And there were none in the church who dare say him nay.

"She is the bride of the church," said the lady abbess, faintly. "She is the bride of King Odo," replied he. "Yes, yours—yours only," whispered Adelhaid, as she clasped her dazzling arm around her new spouse.

The men-at-arms set up a loud shout as they closed round the king and his lady, and marched in triumph from the church, which had thus been witness to an awful sacrilege instead of a holy ceremony.

* * * *

A wild and wicked orgy was held that night in the palace of King Odo. He sate at the head of his table, and by his side was Adelhaid—not pale and desperate as in the morning at the altar, but radiant in her beauty, and burning with fierce desires. The revel continued until midnight, equalling in riot and magnificence the last feast of the Babylonian king, on the night when his kingdom passed away from him, and when he himself was weighed and found wanting!

But at midnight the monarch and his bride retired from the feast, and entered the nuptial chamber, the scene of his riot and wickedness, and the spot where his punishment was to commence. Scarcely where they alone ere a fearful tempest arose, which seemed to shake the tall towers of the castle, and to inspire with awe and terror the trembling bride; but the king laughed her fears to scorn, and strove but in vain to console her.

But he soon beheld a terrible confirmation of her fears, and an awful punishment for his own disbelief. The doors of the chamber opened, and a long procession of white-robed

nuns came mournfully chanting and singing around the marriage-bed.

Odo, who was so bold that he would have out-faced Satan himself, allowed no sign of fear to escape him, but gazed upon the train which poured in the chamber; while far away as he could see, stair and hall, and court-yard, were thronged by the ghostly company.

"Whence come you," said he, "and what seek you?"

And the leader of the train replied, "We seek our sister" —and she laid her fleshless hand on the shoulder of Adelhaid, and bid her arise and follow her.

The woman, who seemed under the influence of an irresistible spell, rose from her bed; and instantly the ghastly regiment of nuns closed round her, as the warriors had done in the morning when they bore her from the chapel, singing with a shrill voice,

Sister, come! thy couch is spread
Yonder in the churchyard dreary;
We will sing around thy bed—
Not a joyful nuptial lay,
Such as greeted you today—
But a mournful miserere.
Sister, rise, thine hour is come,
We will lead thee to thy home.

Pillowed on her husband's breast,
Though she find no slumber now,
Sweetly shall our sister rest
In her quiet couch below.
Come, 'tis softer far than this is—
There the worm on lip and cheek,
And on bosom fair and sleek,
Eagerly will rain his kisses.
Come! the marriage-lamp it burns,
Round the bed the glowworms glister
And death, the lusty bridegroom, yearns
For the coming of our sister.

To this effect was the mournful ditty they sang, as they bore away their victim to the place whence she had come in triumph in the morning.

The king rose from his couch and followed the ghostly train. They came to the convent-gate, and it opened before them: the bells set up a mournful tolling, and the chapel organ pealed forth a solemn dirge, though there was no human hand to lift the bellows or to touch the keys.

As in the morning, the nuns ranged themselves in their stalls down the aisle: in the midst was a great open space, with a black yawning grave below. The victim was led forth, and the service for the dead was sung.

* * * *

And, when they came in the morning, a black stone was found in the midst of the chapel, and none knew how it came thither; nor how the gates had been opened to admit King Odo, who lay dead upon the stone.

[Vol. iii., pp. 11, 12.]

THE DEVIL TO PAY—A SKETCH.

I HAVE just now swallowed my supper, and am looking with vacant eye upon the fire,—the only little rest which my jaded mind has enjoyed for the last twenty-four hours. Hark! I know his foot,—it is the printer's devil come again for "more copy:"—yaw, yaw, yoyaw! What a wonderful system is man's,—no doing without sleep. Never did Satan arise with greater reluctance from his brimstone bed, to quell some riot infernal, than I rise now to furnish my devil with copy. Let's see,—I have not a line composed. Before me stands a pile of MS. which in time will out-top Olympus—it has all been published. As I opened my mouth just now to yawn, the printer's devil looked as if he would jump down my throat for "more copy." "Wait a minute, my boy, while I write something. (*Aside.*) I wish your neck had been broken before you'd reach'd here." Well, I must begin. 'The sun went down behind the dark-waving woods of Burton, amid masses of broken clouds, that roll'd wildly along, like war-steeds broken loose from the starry stables of heaven.' "Here, my boy, take this."—"Is this all, sir? I shall be back again in a minute for more." "Well, take that first, and begone; I shall have more ready ere you return." There, thank God! I've got rid of that urchin once more. What were the ghosts that flitted with shadowy wings around King Richard's tent compared to this substantial devil? He was born with the word "copy" upon his tongue. O for some pious divine to *lay* him, as they *lay* other devils when they arise,—in the Red Sea, or anywhere, so that I never see his demoniacal features in future. O mercy! here he comes again.—"More copy, sir, please!" "The devil copy you! why, you must have lost the other; it never can have been set up in this time."—"O dear, sir, when I got there, two on 'em wanted copy, and it seem'd no more to 'em than a nut would be to a whale for breakfast."—"Where did I leave off, my boy, I have quite forgotten what I was writing."

—"If you please, sir, you left off at heaven, sir."—"Humph! and I must begin again at the other place now you've come; I have no more knowledge as to what I was writing about than this pen. Well, yaw! yaw! yoyaw! the-e-y must have co-o-o-py,—there, I feel all the better for that. Heaven—well:—'In heaven we shall have no crying out for copy, (yaw—yaw!) in heaven we shall never feel sleepy, in heaven we shall have no proofs to correct, no punctuation to study, no silly Tales of the Sea' to review, no tories to attack,—no —no!' Here, my boy, tell the compositor to be particular in the pointing of this, as it's a climax!"—"Yes, sir."

"O, what a blessing I've got rid of this ever-haunting spiri once more: yaw! yaw! yoyaw! yo-o-o-ah! there—hark! What again! I've only had time to place my feet comfortably upon the fender, (which once formed part of the tire of a waggon-wheel,) stretch my arms out three times, gape four, and rub my eyes five, before I again hear the devil upon the stairs. Every step he takes seems to say—cop. copy! cop. copy! but, by his own horns, he shall have none this time—There! good ink—hiss on the fire awhile. Well?" "If you please, sir, they say if you don't send more copy they'll not be able to get the work out, and if you please, they say the last you've sent's nonsense!" —"Indeed!"—"Yes, sir, they do."—"Well, you must fetch me some ink; I've got none."—"Why, if you please, when I come for the last copy you'd nearly a bottleful,—I shined it, sir!"—"Rascal! go along and fetch more, or I'll kick you downstairs! Cop. copy! cop. copy! by Jupiter, he shal have no more cop. copy to-night for his impudence. A villain!—to take notice of my ink. Now, I'll lock my door, creep into bed, and if he cries copy! copy! until his throat's sore, he shall have none until I've taken my rest." T. M.

FATHER GAHAGAN'S EXHORTATION.

"Now there ye are, all of yez, gathered together to hear what I've got to say, an' forward enough ye are all, big an'

little, in comin' round me for a mouthful of advice. But, by my conscience, it's backward enough ye are in comin' forward when the money is to be paid to support your clargy. There is not one of yez cares a pin's point where I am to get a mouthful, an' ye drinking the whishkey, an' makin' bastes of yerselves—Och! my shame on yez! Now then, listen to what I'm goin' to say to yez, an' that's this, that the divil a thing myself will have to say or do wid yez, for yer misdoins. I wash my hands out o' yez altogether; only jist mind one thing —you'll all die, every mother's sowl of yez will die, big an' little, an' then ye'll come to the day of judgment, an' I'll be there, an' St. Patrick, an' all the saints will be there too; an' St. Patrick will say to me, Father Gahagan, sis he, he'll say, Father Gahagan, I say, what kind of a congregation is this you've brought us here, at-all at-all?"

'An then he'll say, Father Gahagan,' sis he, he'll say, 'was there much drinkin', an' swearin', among 'em?' 'Why, no sir,' sis I, 'I'll say not a grate dale of that neither, barrin' of a Sunday or a holyday, or so, when the likes is in a manner allowable, I'll say.' 'But, Father Gahagan,' he'll say, 'Father Gahagan, did they pay you your *chapple* dues regularly? An, och, bad luck to yez, ye graceless set of thieves, what will I be able to say for yez thin, at-all at-all?' (After a pause,) 'So that, ye wiked graceless writches, bad as ye are, ye had better not reduce me to this dilemmy any how, if it was only to avoid bringin' disgrace upon poor ould Ireland, an' that too in the presence of Saint Patrick himself. An' no that ye've all heard what I have got to say, ye know yer rimedy."

[Vol. iii., p. 44.]

NOTE.—"The Devil to Pay" (on p. 44, vol. iii.,) and the "Song" (on p. 45) both have the initials "T. M." as signature; which probably stood for Makepeace Thackeray, and *may* have suggested to him the name of "Titmarsh."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONG.

I MET her in the early month
  Of blossom-laden spring;
When budding trees were lightly rob'd,
  And larks soar'd high to sing.
We wandered where the primrose grew,
  Deep in a silent glade,
And vow'd that nought save death should part
  Me and my village-maid.

When summer came with laughing days,
  And soft blue-hanging skies,
Which threw a gladness all around,
  As did her softer eyes;
Again we sought the twilight woods,
  Where hazels form'd a shade;
The ring-dove and the singing brook
  Pleas'd my sweet village-maid.

When autumn came in solemn gold,
  And yellow leaves were strown;
'Twas then death mark'd my village-maid,
  Alas! to be his own.
I tended her by night and day,
  But when the sportsman stray'd
Along the silent harvest-field,
  Death stole my village-maid.

Now winter's come, with hollow voice,
  I hear the howling wind
Ring through the savage naked woods,
  All gloomy like my mind.
O spring! come not again to me,
  By her I would be laid,
For what are birds or flow'rs to me,
  Without my village-maid.

T. M.

[Vol. iii., p. 45.]

DRAMA.

PLAYS AND PLAY-BILLS.

Il eut l'emploi qui certes n'est pas mince
Et qu a la cour, ou tout se peint en beau,
On appelloit être l'ami du prince;
Mais qu'a la ville, et surtout en province,
Les gens grossiers ont nommé maquereau.

We could not refrain from quoting the above lines after reading the manifestos which Mr. Yates, or the literary gentleman who composes the play-bills for the Adelphi theatre, has published this week.

Every wall in London bears at present the following elegant inscriptions:

IMMENSE SUCCESS!
ADELPHI AMAZONS!
SPLENDID WOMEN!

The other is to this effect:

ADELPHI.
LURLINE.
WOMEN BATHING AND SPORTING!

Mr. Yates's faithful performance of the French blackguard in *Victorine* established for him and his theatre a reputation, on which he appears to have lived for two years past; for, since the production of that excellent play, we do not recollect to have seen a piece at the Adelphi which would bear a second attendance.

He has therefore acted with much acute discretion, in producing a new species of dramatic entertainment, having justly perceived that the ancient order of plays was no longer grateful to the public. Suiting himself philosophically to the spirit of the age, he has treated us, in the first place,

with the amorous intrigues of the interesting Faublas; and now with "Lurline," and the "Splendid Women Bathing and Sporting!" What a keen invention!—what a satire on the age and the drama!—what a delicate inducement for a gentleman to go to the theatre!

We saw *Lurline*, and spoke of it with some praise in our last number: unluckily, we were not aware of the peculiar and decent excitement which the piece is supposed to awaken. We might have suggested one or two improvements for the next posting-bills: thus, for instance, "Lurline:—Splendid Women—for fuller information inquire at the box-office." Or "Women Bathing and Sporting.—The private door is in Maiden-lane." However, all these points must already have been seen by the Management, and will no doubt be remedied before a week is over.

As the Christmas holidays are drawing to an end, we would recommend all parents who have young girls to instruct, or little boys to amuse, to send instantly for boxes, (which are very scarce.) The *Rake and his Pupil* will much remove the ignorant innocence of the daughters, and "The Women Bathing and Sporting," highly interest the ripening and expanding sensibilities of the sons. Θ.

[Vol. iii., p. 62.]

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

THE MINSTREL'S CURSE.

A LONG time ago there stood, in a certain country in Germany, a tall and stately castle. From its towers you might behold seas and kingdoms, while pleasant gardens encircled its foot, and a number of sweet crystal streams ran glittering around it.

Now a king, who was famous for his power and his victories, kept state in this palace: but woe be to him on whom fell the looks of the king! for there was death in his looks, and terror in his thoughts: when he spoke it was murder, and when he wrote it was blood!

It happened that two minstrels passed, on a certain day, on the road to the king's palace: one was old and feeble, and the other youthful with golden locks. The old man, with a harp slung on his back, rode a sorry old horse, but his young and blooming companion tripped merrily by his side. "Be ready, my son," said the old harper, "with the sweetest of your music, and the deepest of your tones; if ever you took heed as to your singing, be cautious now, for stony is the heart which we must melt today."

So they entered the hall where the king sat under a royal canopy, with his queen by his side. The red sun setting in a storm is not so fierce as were the looks of the king, the moonlight sleeping upon a lake is not milder than were the sweet eyes of the lady: she gladly welcomed the two minstrels, and there was a silence in the hall to listen to their singing.

Then the old man took the harp, and he struck it with such skill and sweetness, that the fierce warriors gathered round were melted, and hung silent on the sounds; while the notes of the young man pealed clearly in sweet accordance with the old minstrel's deep voice.

First they sung of love and spring, and of the golden time when worth and freedom, truth and holiness, still dwelt upon

earth: now they raised the thoughts of their hearers to heaven, and now they melted them to tears. The courtiers, who had been jesting, jeered no longer; the stern warriors knelt down and prayed, and the queen, dissolved in a sweet sorrow, took from her bosom a rose, which she threw towards the minstrels.

Now in the midst of their music only the king had been calm; but his wrath rose when he saw the queen's action. "You have charmed away my people," shouted he; "now would you mislead my wife?" And therewith he drew his great sword from his side, and flung it at the breast of the young minstrel. And now the bosom poured out the red blood only, in place of the glorious songs.

The courtiers cowered frightened together, and the poor boy sunk dead into his master's arms. The old man in the meanwhile said no word and uttered no cry; but he bore him out mournfully to the castle-gate, and set him on the steed.

Then he paused for a moment, and he hung up his harp on a pillar by the gate; and, with a voice that made all the hearers tremble, he said:

"Woe unto you, proud halls! never shall minstrel's music echo again in your walls; neither harp nor singing! There shall be no sound here but the noise of sighs and wailing, until the time that my revenge shall be fulfilled.

"Woe unto you, fair gardens! ye gleam now in the spring sun;—I turn towards you the face of the dead, so that your flowers may be turned to ashes, and your shining streams to sand.

"And woe to you, murderer and curse of minstrelhood! In spite of your laurels and your power, your kingdom shall pass away, and your name be forgotten." Thus spake the minstrel; his cry was heard by heaven, and his words fulfilled.

The walls of the palace are now levelled with dust, and

the towers have crumbled to ashes; there stands but one solitary pillar, to mark the spot, and proclaim the ruin.

And all round, there are black marshes instead of pleasant gardens; there is no tree or river near the spot to give a freshness or a shade; for the king, no minstrel sings his deeds, no history of heroes makes mention of him, he is sunk and forgotten. Such was the curse of the minstrel.

[Why did not our correspondent give us a poetical translation of Uhland's excellent ballad, in place of a prose version?—ED.]

ETUDE SUR MIRABEAU.

Par Victor Hugo.

WE have translated from a French paper the following fragments of an essay, by Victor Hugo, on the character and life of Mirabeau. The editor of the journal speaks of M. Hugo's performance as one of the finest specimens of French writing: our readers may judge for themselves of the thoughts at least, if not of the style, of the author of "Nôtre Dame de Paris."

"Mirabeau the writer is something far less than Mirabeau, whether he be occupied in demonstrating to the young American republic the absurdity of its proposed order of Cincinnatus, and the inconsistency of a chivalry of labourers;—whether he torture the philosophic Joseph II., Voltaire's Titus, Madame de Pompadour's Roman and Imperial model;—whether he ferret out, from the false bottoms of the cabinets of Berlin, that history which caused so much indignation in France, that it was publicly burnt; (a foolish blunder, by-the-way, for of these books burnt by the hangman's hands some fiery sparks and particles escape, and, as the wind blows, either settle on the gilded roofs of the European aristocracy, or the coverings of royal palaces, or the heads of hot and angry men;)—whether he abuse in their passage that cartful of quacks which clattered so

loudly on the pavement of the eighteenth century, Necker, Beaumarchais, Lavater, Calonne, Cagliostro;—in fact, whatever may be the work he writes, his thoughts are always sufficient for the subject, but his style is never sufficient for his thoughts. His idea is constantly grand and noble, but, before it can escape from his mind, it seems to bend and diminish under his manner of expression, which seems as if it were a door too narrow for his great thoughts to pass under. Except in his eloquent Letters to Madame de Monnier, where he is all himself, where he seems to speak rather than to write, and which are as much harangues of love as his discourses at the Constituent Assembly were harangues of revolution;—except, we say, in this instance, the style which he found at his writing-table is in general mean, heavy, ill-pointed, low in epithets, poor in images, or only offering, and that very rarely, a few fanciful mosaics of metaphors, possessing no connexion with each other. One feels that the ideas of this man are not, like the ideas of the great men born prose-writers, made of that pliable material which bends itself to all the delicacies of expression,—which insinuates itself, burning and liquid, into all the corners of the mould prepared for it by the writer, and then fixes—first lava, afterwards granite. One feels, in reading him, how many things one would fain know are still in the head of the writer; one knows that one has before one only a 'nearly,'—that genius like his is not formed for expressing itself completely in a book,—that a pen is not the best possible conductor for the fluids gathered in that head of thunder!"

Bravo! Was there ever such a collection of metaphors, such a mixture of sublimity and absurdity, affectation and nature? Here is a column or more of most ingenious similes; and all to prove that Mirabeau's writing was not by any means so good as his speaking. When Mr. Moore

reads the above, he will go raving mad. What a waste of valuable materials! Why, on every one of these similes he could have made a poem, and for every one of his poems he would have received a ten-pound note; it is a clear waste of means, a most riotous and reckless outlay of a hundred pounds at least. In Persia, when the shah is particularly pleased with a poet, he stuffs his mouth with sugar-candy: here the poet seems to be performing the same office by the public; and, to tell the truth, one is almost choked with the sweet food.

But our readers must delay yet a little while, and read the following graphic and fantastic description of Mirabeau the orator:

"Mirabeau the speaker is Mirabeau. Mirabeau the speaker is the water that flows, or the fire that burns, or the bird which flies; it is a thing which makes its own proper sound, a nature which accomplishes its law, a sight ever sweet and sublime!

"Mirabeau at the tribune is himself,—himself entire, himself all-powerful! There, there is no desk or table, no solitary cabinet or silent meditation; but a marble which he may strike, and a stair which he may scale. A tribune is a kind of cage for a wild beast, where he may move at will, where he may pause and breathe, may raise his hand or fold his arms, may paint his words with his actions, or illuminate his thoughts by the glance of his eye!

* * *

"At the tribune everything in Mirabeau was powerful: his gesture, fierce and abrupt, was full of empire; his colossal shoulders moved heavily like the back of an elephant, with its tower armed for war; his voice, when he uttered but a word from his seat, was like the roar of a lion in a menagerie; his hair, when he moved his head, like its mane; his brow, like that of Jupiter,—*cuncta supercilio movens*,—seemed to awe everything; his hands seemed sometimes as if they would

knead the marble; his head was endowed with a magnificent hideousness which at moments was electric and terrible. At first, when nothing was decided as to the fate of royalty,—when the monarchical party seemed as yet the stronger of the two, it happened sometimes that, having obtained some seeming advantage over the ill-guarded and ill-armed republicans,—when royalists were pushing the assault, and crying victory, the monstrous head of Mirabeau appeared at the breach, and petrified the assailants. The genius of the revolution had forged an ægis with the amalgamated doctrines of Voltaire, Helvetius, Bayle, Diderot, Locke, and Montesquieu, and had placed the gorgon head of Mirabeau in the middle of the shield!"

Here our readers have him—a lion, an elephant, a god, and a gorgon! Walk up, ladies and gentlemen; walk up, and see this wonderful animal! Surely such a beast was never before stirred by the poetic pole of so intellectual a showman!

Will our readers follow us through Victor Hugo's opinions on France, its present state, and its future prospects? They will laugh rather at his political belief, which is altogether French, absurd, and unnatural, but which has a dash of sublimity about it that makes it fully worth the reading. The first proposition is delightful.

"Mirabeaus are no longer necessary, therefore they are no longer possible. God does not create such persons when they are useless; he does not throw corn like this to the wind."

Of course, we are to take M. Hugo's word that Mirabeaus are no longer necessary: besides, the argument is backed by a simile, and nothing therefore can be more satisfactory.

"In fact," continues the bard, "what would be the use of a Mirabeau at present? A Mirabeau is a thunderbolt: who is there to destroy? Where, in the political world, are those eminences which may call and attract the thunder? We are not now as in 1789, when in the social system there were so manifest disproportions.

"At present the soil is levelled; everything is flat, settled, united." The whole thing is as clear as the Pons Asinorum: Mirabeau is a thunderbolt; there is no need of thunder at present, therefore there is no need of Mirabeau; that is, he is not necessary, therefore he is impossible. Any person who will swallow the premises can have no possible difficulty in bolting the conclusion.

"We do not mean to say that, because we are no longer in need of Mirabeau, we are not in want of great men. For, on the contrary, much still remains to do; everything is pulled down, nothing is built again.

"There are at present two classes, the men of the revolution, and the men of the progress. The men of the revolution are employed to dig up the old political ground, to form the furrows, and cast the seed; but the men of the progress must watch the seasons in their slow advance, must guard the crop, and gather it: the duty and the hope for these men must now begin.

"We shall find them. France has, in the civilization of the globe, an initiative too important ever to fear a want of special men for special purposes; she is the majestic mother of all ideas amongst all people. One may say, that for two centuries France has nourished the world with the milk of her breast; she is noble in blood, and fruitful of womb; her genius is inexhaustible; her bosom supplies her with all the intelligences of which she hath need; she has men who are always of a measure with events; in her occasion, she neither wanted Mirabeau to commence revolutions, or Napoleon to end them!"

This is a grand piece of oratory, which will apply, however, equally well to Germany, Wapping, or any other country.

"Providence will certainly not refuse to us the great social man, not the mere political character, whom at present we need.

"In waiting his arrival, however, the men who make the

history of the present time are petty indeed. It is true that it is a pity that the great bodies of statesmen at present possess neither general sympathies or enlarged ideas,—that the time which should be devoted to constructing the great constitutional edifice is merely given to trifling,—that men will not remark that general intelligence can be the only cause of general equality,—that the beautiful beginnings of 1789 have only brought with them certain corollaries, such as are the fish's tail to the fair head of the syren, and that the French revolution has had but bungling doctors to assist it in its labour. But nothing that has as yet been done is irreparable; no essential principle has been smothered in its birth; all the ideas which were born in 1788 were strong and healthy, and are each day attaining more strength and growth.

* * *

The present period is open to all kinds of criticism, but it demands at least a benevolent judge.

* * * * *

"We do not doubt that the epoch in which we live is stormy and troublesome. Our statesmen, for the most part, know not what they do: they labour blindly at night, and in the morning, when they wake, they will be surprised at the fruits of their labour,—perhaps pleased, perhaps frightened,—who knows? On no subject have we a definite law; the press, so powerful and so useful formerly, is nothing now but a series of negations. We have no ascertained formula for civilization, no calculated progression for improvement; and yet we have firm confidence and firm hope!

"Who does not feel that, in this tumult and tempest,—in this combat of systems and ambitions, which raises so much cloud and dust around us,—behind this curtain which still hides from sight the great, social, uncompleted statue,—under this cloud of passions, and theories, and chimeras,—in the midst of this Babel of human tongues, which speak all languages by all mouths,—beneath this whirlwind of

things, of men, and ideas, which men call the nineteenth century, some mighty work is in progress?

"But God is calm, and finisheth his work!"

We do not know whether we have succeeded in laying before our readers the vein of misty sublimity, and true poetry, which seem to us to run through M. Hugo's bombastic claptrap; if not, the fault must be in our crude and careless translation; and we must refer those who are curious about Mirabeau, or incredulous concerning Victor Hugo, to the *Journal des Debats* of last week, from which we have extracted the fragments given above.

[Vol. iii., pp. 75, 76].

[Conclusion of Mr. Thackeray's papers published in "The National Standard."]

NOTE.—The reader is desired to recollect that the very frequent misprints, and mistakes in punctuation, are errors of the press as they exist in the original.

"THE CONSTITUTIONAL,
(AND PUBLIC LEDGER):"

LONDON: 1836-1837.

THE "Constitutional" appears to have been the whirlpool which engulphed the principal part of Mr. Thackeray's inheritance. All the following articles were transmitted from Paris, in which city he acted as foreign correspondent of the paper. The whole of the contributions will be found most interesting; and the collector will gladly hail the chance of finding so much of his work, of such an early period; and of such a different character to the later work which won him fame.

"THE CONSTITUTIONAL, &c."

Sept. 19, p. 2. col. 6.—Paris, Sept. 17. In the absence of any matter of actual interest to-day, I send you a long extract from the *Revue des deux Mondes*, which contains a curious passage in the history of two worthy men, who are set to preside over affairs here and of the amiable and disinterested monarch of these realms.

Guizot's political career commenced in 1814, when he was secretary under the abbe Montesquieu, at that time Minister of the Interior. He then published a work in which he set forth that the right of censure was directly proved by the *Charte*, and in various articles inserted in the *Moniteur* he enlarged upon the theme, and showed that the eighth article of the charter (which guarantees the freedom of the press), positively established the censure. You know how he followed the Bourbons to Ghent, and with what a noble patriotic sentiment he hailed the progress of the allies in France, and thanked God for every victory which they won.

M. Mole's debut dates from 1806, when he published a work in which he proved that an absolute monarchy is the only reasonable system of government.

When, after the disasters of Russia, several members of Napoleon's Council hinted at the propriety of a constitution as well as an Emperor in France, M. Mole was consulted as to the punishment which should fall on them for venturing upon such an audacious proposition. "*Qu'on leur coupe la tete*," replied he, quoting Shakspeare, "Off with their heads."

Since this period, Messrs Mole and Guizot have filled half-a-dozen different political employments, and in 1830 especially they were members of the Government of July, then it may be remembered "the best of all possible republics."

It was at this period that M. Frederic Des Georges, the writer in the *Review*, made their acquaintance, and he thus narrates the transactions in which he and they were concerned:—

At the first rumour of the victory of the three days, the Spanish Liberals flocked from all parts of Europe to Paris, in hopes that France would at length be disposed to return to Spain the liberty of which she had deprived that country.

A kind of junta formed of the most celebrated of the Spanish refugees, was then constituted; among them may be mentioned the Count de Toreno, Mendizabal, Isturiz, Angel Saavedra (the Duke de Rivas), Calatrava, Torres, San Miguel, Seoane, and others. This committee had two ends in view—to re-establish communications with their party in Spain, and to enter into alliance with the new French government.

I was charged with the execution of the latter part of their plan; and entered into negociations with the Cabinet of the Palais royal.

The party demanded that Ferdinand and his party should be banished from Spain; and offered in exchange the Spanish crown to the Duke de Nemours. It was further proposed that the Duke should marry Donna Maria, then at Paris, and that the union of Spain and Portugal should be thus effected. The proposition was received with enthusiasm, the Spanish refugees were encouraged, and were allowed every freedom to act. 100,000 francs were drawn from the Royal treasury to aid them in their first movements. *M. Mole (the Foreign Minister) paid this sum into the hands of Gen. Lafayette*, who, in accordance with Mole, determined its employment. 70,000 francs were sent to Bayonne, to be distributed among the refugees collected on the frontier, and 30,000 to Marseilles, to be transmitted to General Torrijos, then preparing at Gibraltar an expedition upon Andalusia.

The second part of my mission was addressed to the Minister's official agents of the government. I presented myself to Guizot, then taking possession of the Ministry of the Interior; and, explaining to him the purpose of my visit, received instantly from him an answer. M. Guizot said, "Tell those who sent you that France committed a

political crime against Spain in 1823; that she owes her a complete and public reparation, and that this reparation shall be made.

The Society "*Aide toi*" formed among its members a Spanish Committee, whose duty it was to employ all the means in their power to revolutionize Spain. Its principal object was to form at the frontier a small army of volunteers, who were to penetrate into Spain, under the guidance of the several refugee generals, and to give to the patriots the signal for rising. Subscriptions were poured in; among the subscribers were M. Sebastiani, Bertin de Vaux, and others; and the emigrants, relying upon their help, and entirely trusting to Guizot's explicit declaration, engaged upon their enterprize.

Casimir Perier authorized his son to form part of the Committee, and thus gave an almost official colour to our proceedings; but Guizot, more than any other, gave us the means of action. Arms and equipments were despatched to the frontiers; places in the public coaches were kept for the sharers in the new expedition, and troops of 50, 100, and 200 men, their officers at their head, marched through France, with drums beating and flags flying, received with the same honours on their way as our own army.

But this revolutionary fever did not long continue; the foreign diplomatists appeared at the Palais Royal with propositions of peace and alliance, and the beautiful dream disappeared; Spain, Italy, and Poland, who had been, if not openly assisted, at least covertly excited to revolution, were left to their fate.

Mina arrived meanwhile at Paris to take the command of the expedition, but he was received in secret by Marshal Gerard; he was dismissed likewise in secret, and was prayed earnestly to delay for a few weeks the proposed movement, to disguise his project, and even to conceal his name, until

France found herself in an assured position before Europe, and free to act for herself.

Mina promised and fatally kept his word; the most precious time was lost, and the reserve of the General caused a distrust on the part of his French partizans, and compromised him deeply with his own countrymen. It was said that he was weak, and even treacherous, that he was sold to England, and averse to aid France in the movement which would have made her supreme in the Peninsula.

In the meantime, French politics changed, the government, desirous to be acknowledged by the Spanish as by other nations, sacrificed altogether the liberal cause. The succours were withdrawn, departures from France were forbidden, and rigorous measures were taken, against the refugees.

Severe orders were addressed to the local authorities, and the miserable men who had sold their very clothes to purchase arms, were deprived of these their last and only property. When after the desperate revolution of Valdes, who passed to Bidassoa rather than disarm, Mina found himself compelled to join him; he determined on a plan of campaign, bold, skilful, decisive perhaps.

On the 20th of October, having entered Spain with a small troop of men, he intended for some days to confine his operations to the Navarrese frontier, being quite sure that all the disposable Royal forces in Arragon, Navarre, and the Basque provinces, would be drawn thither by the sole power of his name. General Placentia, who was in the meantime collecting the refugees scattered on the borders of the Adour, was to penetrate, on the 28th, into Arragon, in which province no troops would be left, and march forward to Sarragossa, where the Liberals of the province were waiting for him. As Mina expected, Llauder collected the Royalist troops of Arragon and Pampeluna, in order to attack the liberals at Vera. But while Mina, resigned to the defeat which he knew must befal him, after incredible danger, escaped the royalist pursuit, and returned, as by miracle,

into France, where he expected to learn the success of his lieutenant, a sub-prefect had seized the arms destined to Placencia's troop, and had rendered the attempt impossible—the failure of a gallant and skilful enterprize. The death of a hundred brave soldiers, and the ruin of the cause of freedom in Spain, were the fruits of this man's conduct. T. T.

Sept. 24, 1836.—Paris, Sept. 22. In speaking of French affairs, it is very difficult not to be personal, and it is not easy to be temperate; for the whole faults of the Government fall on one man, the actual, but irresponsible head of it; and these faults are so glaring, the absence of principle, private and political, so manifest, that it is impossible to consider them calmly. For though the Emperor of Russia may shackle the press at St. Petersburgh according to his will and pleasure, and the Grand Seignior chop off as many heads as suits his inclination, without inspiring any extraordinary degree of hatred and horror, yet in examining the conduct of the present King of the French, in considering the origin whence he drew his successes, and the manner in which he has employed them, a man must feel a degree of angry emotion, a certain thrill of disgust, with which the Czar or the Turk could never inspire him. Herod may slaughter all the children in Bethlehem, and you will not be so angry with him as with Judas, for a single little act of treachery in betraying his Master and giving him up to the police.

I do not mean to compare the King of the French with the traitor Apostle, or to say that he has betrayed his God, the revolution—and given it up to the police, for it would be dangerous in a person, dwelling in his dominions and enjoying the mild benefit of his paternal sway, to utter such an opinion; but I hope there is no danger in hinting that he has altogether forgotten the men and the principles which placed him on the throne.

But it is evident that the turning out of the late ministry was the King's doing; either because he was tired of them,

or because he did not choose to keep a promise which he had made to the Queen of Spain; and therefore the whole blame of the business, the dreadful distress and anarchy in Spain, the disgrace and dishonour to France, for such a sudden change in principles, and such a sudden abandonment of her word, must rest upon the shoulders of the King.

To be sure, his Majesty's shoulders may be quite broad enough to bear them, and his conscience perfectly pure; only if you and I had made the most solemn promises to a friend to aid him in his distress, and were to leave him in the lurch in the moment of his utmost need, we should have but a bad character among our Radical neighbours, and a poor chance of help if it ever came to our turn to ask for it.

But in revenge, if the King has treated foreigners in that scurvy way, it is certain that his own countrymen have received little better treatment at his hands. For as you will see, by the French papers, that the ministry is completed, by the appearance of General Bernard as War Minister, the appointment of M. Franck Carre, and the final adjustment of the functions of M. Martin du Nord.

And a very beautiful ministerial progeny it is, which has appeared after the throes and the labour of five-and-twenty days.

Mole, the imperialist, and Guizot the royalist, and Gasparin, the Prefect of Lyons, in the days of the fearful massacre.

Bernard, who was willing to take office under a ministry of quite a different complexion, and whose claim to public favour is, that he was the advocate of those detached forts, which the King proposed to erect around Paris, in order to cannonade the inhabitants should he and they happen to differ in opinion.

And finally, three lawyers—Persil, Martin, and Franck Carre. These were the favourite ministerial agents in the republican persecutions; and the fiercest and loudest barkers of the government pack. When the soldiers and the police had done their duty at Lyons, St. Mery, and in the fatal

Rue Transnonain, their victims were handed over to the tender mercies of these three: but, as we read of the prisoners in Indian wars, where the warriors have conquered them, the old women of the tribe are let loose upon them, to abuse and torture them at the stake.

In the most careful anxiety to court the general unpopularity Louis Philippe could scarcely have made a better ministerial choice. What will be the course of the new cabinet it is difficult, however, to conjecture; the men composing it are wedded to no particular principle, for they have already supported half a dozen; they commenced with a project ill-disguised, and, as yet, happily abortive, to break through the English alliance, and to acknoweldge Don Carlos as King in Spain.

But there was such a general cry of indignation in France; such a determined attitude taken by your journals and ministers on the other side of the water, that the measure was delayed, if not changed, and an Ambassader sent to Spain, as a proof of the still existing good-will of the French Government, and as a kind of concession to the British Cabinet.

The important disclosures of M. Viardot followed, and it was proved that these very men, who were now desirous to put down the Constitution had been once the most eager to proclaim it; that the King had aided the cause with his own private purse, and that Guizot and counsel had added their contributions and their advice. His Majesty, in return for his loan of 100,000 francs, was to receive a very handsome interest in the shape of a crown for his second son; but the Government all of a sudden gave up their scheme, from better offers, or from threats in other quarters; so that perhaps they may consider their bargain at an end, and that they are perfectly at liberty to make fresh bargains and follow other plans. This would not have been a very brilliant defence, but it would have had the merit of truth; however, the

Government took another line, namely, to deny the whole circumstance, and to swear stoutly that Viardot's statements were false, and that the King and the Government had no concern in the Spanish business.

And when it is proved, on the contrary, that the statement is perfectly correct, and that the Government invented a clumsy falsehood to cover a cowardly treason; that the blood of poor Torrijos, and the fate of hundreds of other brave men was the consequence of the Act, it is not to be wondered at that men cannot write in perfect calmness respecting the Government which perpetrated such a treachery.

The course which has been taken in the affair of the spy, Conseil, is exactly of a piece with the ministerial conduct in the Spanish business; the *Debats* at length produces its defence, and denies altogether the accusations against the Duke of Montebello.

What a monstrous perversion of justice! cries the government organ, to take the word of a worthless spy in a matter which affects a magnificent ambassador! but the accusation is proved as clearly as may be, and, as in the Spanish case, the absurd denial of the government recoils upon itself.

It may be said that these facts are mere personalities, and have little to do with the question of good or evil of existing things in France; but I hope that every popular journal will insist on them, will seek for them, and spread them universally abroad. You said very rightly in your journal, that the establishment of such charges would do more harm than half a million of armed republicans; for as far as I can understand the people here, they are much more ready to support tyranny than dishonour, and the publication of these proceedings has created among them such a feeling of shame and disgust, as will oblige the government to give some aid to the country which it has betrayed and abandoned, and thus to wipe away the national disgrace. T. T.

Sept. 27, 1836, p. 3, col. 2.

PARIS. (From our Own Correspondent.)

Paris, Sept. 25.—I transmitted to you yesterday, the announcement in the *Moniteur*, "that anarchy reigned in Madrid, that insubordination daily increased in the army, and that Mina, in a dying state, was transported from Barcelona to Gracia for change of air.

This is one among the many cowardly blows which the French Government has levelled at the Constitutional cause in Spain; and you will take the news with the reservation, with which we must receive all news from such a source.

There are no accounts which would lead us to suppose that Mina was in so precarious a condition; there are no accounts that anarchy reigns at Madrid, where, on the contrary, money is much more plentiful, and confidence greatly restored. The troops have in some instances been insubordinate, and it is lucky they were so; their insubordination only led them to dismiss the leaders, whose incapacity was known, and whose good faith was doubtful.

More anarchy reigned in Paris when Louis Philippe's "august relative," Charles X., was pulled from his throne; and more insubordination existed in the French army when they dismissed their officers, appointed them from their own body, and won the battles of Valmy and Jemappes. It is hard that a revolutionary government should be ashamed of its parentage, and speak so slightingly of its own blood relations.

I have purposely refrained sending you the absurd reports propagated by the Carlists, and by the government here, and so eagerly seized and magnified by my poetical contemporaries of the *Herald* and the *Post;* or I should have informed you that Valencia had been taken at least half a dozen times, and that the poor Queens had been repeatedly expelled from Madrid.

But, in spite of the success of Gomez and other Carlist leaders, and the multiplied rumours of the confusion and disorganization of the Constitutional army, there is a great obstacle to the triumph of Carlos, which the journals who support him, and the governments who patronize him, take into very little account.

The Carlists in their incursions have obtained successes and booty, but no sympathy. The great cities of Spain and the countries where the Carlists have so mercilessly plundered with a hatred to the Pretender's cause, which no force of arms can possibly quell, and which the few troops which he can collect can never hope to master. If the government of the Queen has been hitherto unhappily found incapable, the nation in revenge is stirring and active; the people round Madrid will afford numerous and energetic defenders to the menaced capital, and it will be the glory of the patriotic societies, which are forming themselves so rapidly, to supply the deficiencies and the weakness of the government.

Thus, out of the very evil which has been oppressing the country, has arisen a great national good—a conviction that, to redress their wrongs, to procure the benefits of peace and liberty, the people must look only to the people; it is not the Queen's fault that the dispute between the contending parties has not been long since amicably arranged; it is not the Queen's act that the Constitution has been established, and her favourite ministry banished and disgraced. The people who have had strength enough to right themselves so far will doubtless be able to carry through their efforts for freedom.

In the meantime Don Carlos could not injure his own cause more effectually than at present he seems disposed to do; he grants no hope of mercy to the nation which he would govern, and lays boldly before their eyes a dreadful prospect of oppression which they yield. The King of the French pays a high compliment to his nation in selecting, at such a moment, such an ally. T. T.

Sept. 29, 1836, p. 3, c. 2. A provincial government newspaper, the *Memorial Bordelais*, has just reached us here, and contains a sad blunder concerning the famous Viardot affair, for it absolutely admits the truth of the whole story.

"Why," says the paper, rallying M. Viardot, "Why rake up old stories of facts which occurred six years ago, *and with which every one is perfectly acquainted?* The repugnance of the ministry for the present order of things in Spain, is as justifiable as the *aid which they gave in* 1830 to the victims of brutal despotism, with a hope of creating for the country a very different condition."

The aid which Ministers gave in 1830 to the Constitutional cause you know already; the king advanced money—the government supplied arms and conveyance, as far as the frontier; but repenting of a sudden, the arms were seized, the men who were to use them were marched back like bands of galley-slaves, and the "brutal despot" of Spain was left in peace.—"A plague of all cowards," say I; "if the French call this backing of their friends, there is no virtue extant."

But the first admission of the *Memorial Bordelais* is even more serious. How is a supporter of the Government to decide? The *Memorial* declares that all the world is acquainted with a fact, which the *Debats* proclaims to be a mere invention of the enemy, an attempt to throw discredit on the Doctrinaire party.

The only plan left for the Bordeaux Journalist is to yield, and thus follow the example of a Paris print, *La Paix*, which after making the same admission. gaily recanted the next morning, and declared that its preceding arricle was a mere piece of fun!

Being upon the subject of jokes, here is another excellent waggery which is taken from the *Gazette de France.*

"At the time we announced that Charles the 5th, Catholic King of Spain, was about proclaiming an amnesty, we had

almost the lie given us. At the time this Prince was speaking in the language of a father, calling on all the *enemies of anarchy* around him to respect the laws of humanity, to maintain order by the laws, he was accused of hiding his latent thoughts.

"But all these doubts are just removed in a manner the most striking.

"Gomez, he who has thrown Madrid into confusion and conquered the first soldiers of the Constitution, has just, after forming a junction with other corps who advanced to meet him, entered by capitulation into a town containing 12,000 souls. His first act has been to proclaim an AMNESTY IN THE NAME OF CHARLES V. The entire town saw him defile, carrying with him Constitutionalist prisoners, and leading by the hand Lopez, whom he had preserved from the fury of the populace; and fearing that his soldiers would not be sufficiently zealous in protecting the lives of the soldiers of the revolution, he charged the *liberal* National Guards with this duty.

"What becomes in the face of these facts of the declamations against *the implacable faction thirsting for vengeance?*

"The clemency of Charles V. is his greatest victory over the revolutionists."

The great point of this joke lies in the fact that Gomez has never taken the town alluded to, Requena, and that in consequence, his Catholic Majesty's proclamations of pardon are rather premature.

I have now to give you a report of a more serious nature, and among the many causes of perplexity which press on the government here, these latter news, should they be true, will aid not slightly to their embarrassment.

It is said that a telegraphic dispatch from Strasburg has brought the news of the serious illness of the King of Prussia, who was seized with a fit, after a morning review at Potsdam.

On his partial recovery from the attack the King's memory was found to be gone, his extremities were perfectly cold, and it was dreaded that the chill might spread to the rest of his body. He has united the Crown Prince of Prussia with himself in the kingly authority, or rather has made an abdication on his own part.

Should the news be correct, the known hostility of the Prince to France, his close alliance with Russia, and his eager desire for military reputation, may cause a change in the march of all European Governments, and may produce perhaps a general war.

Another rumour is that the Emperor of Russia was wounded by a shot, and not by a fall from his carriage, and that there exists in the army a wide-spread conspiracy against him. On these points, however, you will have earlier information than we can hope for in Paris. T. T.

Oct. 1, 1836, p. 2, c. 4.—Paris, Sept. 28. I send you two documents, for which perhaps you may find room; the one relates to the glorious capture of Requena, which the *Debats* and other journals announced; the other is a letter from General CORDOVA in reply to the attacks made against him. He might some months since have made an excellent answer to those attacks by beating the Carlists, but he has thought fit to adopt another line of argument, of which you and your readers can judge.

A great outcry has been raised here and at Bayonne, and a kind of alarm occasioned, because a number of Christino officers who have been expelled from their corps, are making common cause with the Carlists on the frontier, and vowing vengeance against the Constitution and the QUEEN. I think you will agree with me, that these are the very best news for the popular cause. The people have expelled their officers, and are now committing the audacity of fighting on their own account—and what has been the consequence? The discomfiture of GOMEZ at Requena, and his signal

defeat at Villa-Robledo. As for the officers, if they will but serve Don CARLOS as they have served the QUEEN, there is every hope of her MAJESTY'S cause, for during the time that she employed these gentlemen a victory was a thing unknown. T. T.

Oct. 5, p. 2, c. 2.—Paris, Oct. 2. I send you the following summary of an article by M. Viardot which appeared this morning in the *Revue des deux Mondes*. You recollect his terrible revelations concerning the share which the French government took in the last abortive attempt to proclaim the Constitution in Spain. The present article relates to the Basque provinces, and contains much information concerning them, which has hitherto been but little known to the English reader.

M. Viardot commences by stating that the Spanish Carlists, unwilling, from a feeling of pride, to lay down their arms to their own countrymen, would have done so immediately at the appearance of a foreign force; just as in Portugal, when the Miguelites, who would not yield to the Constitutional troops of Don Pedro, instantly yielded to a single Spanish division under Rodil.

After giving a history of the Basque provinces, and of the ancient laws and privileges, M. Viardot goes on to say—

The Basque provinces, from their national institutions and their language, strangers to the metropolis, are equally removed from it by their political customs, and by their interior administration. While Spain, under Charles V., became an absolute monarchy, the three provinces retained their republican forms of government. That of Biscay was a democracy, of Guipuzcoa an oligarchy, and that of Alava between the two. Their little national congresses assembled twice a year in the first province, once in the second, and once in two years in the third. The congress of Alava was held at Vittoria, the Guipuzcoan congress assembled at each of the towns and bourgs of the province by turns, and in

Biscay it assembled in the open air, after the Patriarch's fashion, *under the oak of Guarnica*. Here the deputations of the different communes presented themselves, bearing on their banners the name of *Republic*. The Congresses regulated the taxes, and determined the employment of the public money of the province, which paid its own officers, kept up its own militia, and had its own credit. So high was this, that in 1833, at the epoch of the rise of the provinces, the Three per Cent. debt of Alava was quoted at 83. The provinces further elect a chief officer, called a Deputy General, in whom the executive power is vested, and who treated with the Spanish Government in some sort as equal with equal. There is one Deputy General for Alava and Guipuzcoa, and three for Biscay, when they form a kind of directory. The King of Spain in nowise interferes with them, he only has in each province a commissary, called a *corregidor*.*

Navarre, however, has not a similar form of Government, its independence is not so complete, nor are its privileges so great. It was a kingdom and not a republic, when it was joined to the Crown of Spain; but as its junction was voluntary, and the conditions of the union were stipulated at the time. Navarre has always preserved its *fueros*, has retained its provincial Cortes, and is exempted like the Basque provinces, from the conscriptions, and possesses several commercial privileges.

In proof of this, when Godoy, in 1805, was desirous of

* The system of government mentioned by M. Viardot, as existing in the Basque provinces, still continues in force; four men of the insurgent provinces have, for the last three years, composed the directory—Valdespina for Biscay, Verasteguy for Alava, Lardizabal for Guipuzcoa, and Echeverra for Navarre. They provoked the insurrection, and conducted the war, and have given orders to the chiefs. Zumalacarreguy himself was entirely subservient to them; they have named his successors, have restricted the plans of the campaign, and, preserving the supreme authority over the insurrection, only leave to Don Carlos the empty title of King.

establishing a free port at the village of Albia, opposite Bilboa, and sent 15,000 men, with a royal commissary, in order to execute his plan; the *general deputation* made an appeal to arms, the provinces rose, and the Court was obliged to give up its scheme.

In 1820, at the establishment of the Constitution, the four provinces lost their privileges, and were merged in the Spanish Kingdom; but they recovered their independence upon the French invasion. These two facts explain the cause of the rising of those provinces, the character of the war which they have so obstinately maintained, and the reason why the name of Don Carlos, the absolute King, is inscribed upon the republican banner. When the Constitution of 1812, was re-proclaimed, the constitutional army, without generals and officers, and Gomez at the very gates of Madrid, all the world believed that Don Carlos, perhaps, without striking a blow, would instantly march to the capital. But, in spite of the general expectation, and of the desire of the Carlist leaders to act Monk's part, and carry Don Carlos onward to Madrid, he still remains at Navarre, moving, like a Bedouin chief from one to another of the encampments, which he calls *the royal quarters*—and why? The bands of Gomez, Cabrera, and Basilio, are composed of Valencians, Castillians, or Aragonese. The Biscayans and Navarrese will not budge from their own provinces; their war is a war of defence and not of attack, and they will not allow their king to see so much as the banks of the Ebro.

These are the reasons, and they cannot be too often repeated, of all that passes in Spain at the present day.

M. Viardot then goes on to prove his argument, that the provinces are fighting only for their own independence, and produces various facts from history to prove his point.—In 1794, General Moncey and the French republican troops invaded Spain. Aldamar, Deputy-General of Guipuzcoa, gave them a free pass through that province, *which he considered as a*

neutral territory in no way compromised by the war between France and Spain; Aldemar, in reply to Charles IV., who wished to qualify his act as treasonable, said that Guipuzcoa was not a Spanish province, but a free country, for the interests of which, he, as chief magistrate, was bound to act.

M. Viardot concludes by the rather startling proposition, that those provinces should at once be disunited from Spain; they have never considered themselves as forming a part of that country, they have preserved their nationality, and have fought for three years in order to retain it and the privileges connected with it. It would, therefore, disarm them once for all, were they to be restored to their ancient independence, and was this independence to be recognised by Spain, and guaranteed by France. If after this the provinces, constituted according to their wish into a neuter and separate state, should hesitate to give up the cause of Don Carlos, it would be said—You no longer belong to Spain, you uphold the Pretender, and meddle with the affairs of a country which is foreign to you—the case contemplated by the quadruple alliance is now clearly brought to bear, France, England, and Portugal are bound to intervene, and compel you to desist. The provinces would scarcely venture to resist such an intervention.

Spain, the only one of the contracting parties which could seem to lose by such an arrangement, would really benefit; she receives from these provinces neither men nor money, for they are exempt both from taxes and conscription; the provinces would continue to regulate their finances, to choose their magistrates, and to maintain their army. Spain would be freed from the enormous cost which the submission of the provinces will cause her, from the maintenance of the immense force which is required to keep the provinces in subjection, and the Carlist cause would be ruined for ever, for it has only existed by the aid and protection of the provinces.

England can have no objection to the change; and as

for France, who prides herself upon the establishment of the neutral kingdom of Belgium, more than upon any act of her internal policy, who is wooed from aggression on one side by the neutral Swiss republic, why should she not guard her eastern frontier by the Biscayan confederation? T. T.

October 8, p. 3, c. 3.—Paris, October 6. The ministerial journals at last confess that the griefs of M. de Montebello are not the reasons of the quarrel with Switzerland, but only the pretext for commencing it. The Swiss Radicals are the criminals whom France is desirous to punish, and, unhappily, it appears that Switzerland is altogether given up to the Radical sway.

The venerable *Journal des Debats* cries horror at the name of Radical, and the *Charte*, the last and strongest ministerial fighter who has stepped into the political ring, is furious against the anti-national spirit of some liberal journalists, who hold the Swiss quarrel as a disgrace, and have no stomach for the battle, which the *Doctrinaires* are prepared to give. As for *La Paix*, it belies altogether its gentle appellation, and calls loudly for war.

But such a vulgar appeal to national vanity is no longer likely to meet with success, and the body of the people look with aversion to the prospect of this quarrel, as they do with disgust at the cause of it.

Three years ago the French government only extended its hatred to Republicans; here it has gone a step further, and shows such a horror against Radicals as to be willing to undertake a war to exterminate the odious breed. The ministry seems determined not only to exclude freedom from France, but to deny her even the privilege of seeing it in other countries. The Constitution of Spain becomes with them a reason for breaking their faith, and the Radicalism of Switzerland a pretext for contemplating invasion.

We are luckily too strong to dread much from open hostility, or to be bullied back into Toryism by our neigh-

bour; but if Radicalism be a sin (in their eyes), it exists, thank God, not merely across the Alps, but across the Channel; and who knows, when the junction between France and the Northern Powers of Europe is formally and publicly ratified—who knows whether the French missionaries may not be disposed to come hither and teach us better politics?

In the meantime my Lord Palmerston, in the next King's speech, will, doubtless, inform us that our relations with France are still most cordial and satisfactory; and so they will remain until one or other party think fit to shake off the hollow humbug of an alliance which leads or deceives no one. T. T.

Oct. 11, 1836, p. 3, c. 3.—Paris, Oct. 7. I hope there is some foundation for a report which is very prevalent here, that a general amnesty is to be speedily proclaimed. It is said that an ordonnance is to appear in the *Moniteur*, bearing date the 6th October (the King's birthday), which is to grant pardon to all persons confined for political offences.

The ministers of Charles X. were to have been freed some time since, and the Thiers ministry had prepared the plan for their liberation. The change of government delayed the measure; but the actual cabinet will, it is said, not only confirm the act of its predecessor, but will furthermore extend the amnesty to the republican prisoners. All of them who choose to ask for freedom will be set free; those who refuse to demand it will, nevertheless, benefit by a considerable change in the severity and duration of their captivity.

Perhaps the government considers itself so high placed, and so firmly established, as no longer to dread the hostility of these men; perhaps it is desirous by this act of generosity to cloak the measures which they meditate, and to acquire the popularity which they lack; but we will not stop to ask for their motives, we must only be thankful for the good which they are disposed to do. In one of the early numbers of your journal appeared a letter from a brother of one of

the gentlemen, whom this proposed amnesty might benefit (Mr. Beaumont), in which he repudiated strongly the idea of asking the boon of liberty from the French government. I hope that should an occasion present itself, this opinion will be modified, and that our countryman will no longer remain a prisoner.

I cannot see why a man should hesitate to accept freedom at the hands of an enemy, because the necessary ceremonies (for this demand for liberation is a mere point of punctilio) were not duly fulfilled; I cannot see that his remaining in prison can do any good to the cause of the republic, or that his issuing from it can in the slightest degree affect his own character. If Mr. O'Connell, instead of being an agitator, had been only a martyr, freedom in Ireland and Radicalism in England would never have advanced as they have; if they were beset by too great odds, not Bayard or Duguesclin would hesitate about running away, and I hope that our noble-hearted and unfortunate fellow-countryman will take advantage of this proposed measure to return to a world which he may benefit much more by his exertions than by his sufferings, and where he may be much more usefully employed than in a prison.

Oct. 8.—The *Moniteur* has appeared, but alas, brings no confirmation of the hopes of general pardon which I mentioned to you yesterday. It publishes only an official report, addressed by the Minister of Justice to the King on the 6th inst. (his Majesty's birthday), recommending the extension of the royal mercy to 62 political prisoners, whose names are given in the report. In the case of the whole of the above, the report recommends that the remainder of the term of imprisonment, solitary confinement, hard labour, &c., pronounced against each person, shall be remitted. (The original sentence of one named O'Reilly, from transportation had subsequently been commuted to detention for 10 years.) In this report the Minister sets forth that the general

tranquillity of the country, its moral strength, and the loyal dispositions of a great portion of the state prisoners themselves, at present permit an extensive and impartial application of the King's prerogative of pardon; but not the grant of a general amnesty, which would destroy the effect of judicial sentences already pronounced, and would place on the same footing the unfortunate objects who solicit pardon, and the hardened culprits, who brave and insult the justice of their country. The King has been pleased to approve of the recommendation of the Minister of Justice, with whose name the report is signed.

Many of the persons whose sentences are remitted are Chouans, none of the names are among those of the leaders of the Republican party. However, we must take the measure as it is, and be thankful that sixty poor fellows are restored to freedom to-day. who were in useless captivity yesterday; and I am sure you will agree with me in wishing the King *many more such birth-days*—his signature to such a decree as this looks better than at the bottom of an ordonnance for restricting the press, and will gain him better friends, than he will find in all the Holy Alliance.

As if to make his Majesty a little compliment on the occasion, you will remark that the funds have risen half per cent. this evening.

With regard to the Swiss dispute, there are no further particulars to give you; but I am glad to see that all the Swiss journals express themselves indignantly against any notion of an apology; and that the French are equally angry at the folly and disgrace of the quarrel. Only a few of the papers venture to say a word in favour of the arrogant note of M. Lannes. The *Charte*, which is the paid government organ, and the *Debats*, which will advocate anything—for a consideration.

Radicalism is still the constant theme of these journals, the eternal bug-bear with which they frighten the *epiciers* and the *juste milieu*.

A few Radical agitators have perverted the Swiss Republicans—a few Radical bayonets have overturned Legitimacy in Spain. This is the eternal burden of the song, shouted as loud as ever by the *Debats* only two days ago.

Let us see how the case stands, and whether the establishment of the Constitution is to be considered as a mere freak of some riotous soldiery—an attempt of a trifling party in Spain.

Malaga rose on the 5th July, Cadiz on the 29th, Seville on the 30th; Cordova, Jaen, and Grenada, declared themselves on the 2d of August.

At the other extremity of the Kingdom, Saragossa proclaimed its independence on the 1st of August, and all Arragon followed the example of the capital.

Badajoz and Estremadura pronounced themselves on the 3d of August; Murcia, Carthagena, and Valencia, on the 11th and 12th; Barcelona, on the 13th—all the provinces some days after; the Balearic Isles, on the 21st; and, finally, the Army of the North on the 23d.

Madrid was the last place in Spain which received the Constitution: the Queen and her favourite ministry were hostile to it, and the army obeying them for a while compelled the obedience of the capital.

At length the soldiers joined the citizens, and the Queen, on the 13th of September, publicly swore to the Constitution.

Is this the mere act of a few mutineers, the sudden and successful outbreak of a faction? What a change has the proclamation of the Constitution wrought in a few weeks in Spain; and the energy of the ministry has replenished the empty treasury, and has enabled it to meet the national obligations to the foreign creditor; the energy of the army has driven Gomez from the gates of the capital; except in one fatal affair, in which the enthusiasm of the people was the cause of their defeat, *on every occasion the Carlist attacks have been repulsed;* they have been defeated by Alaix, defeated by

Evans, defeated by Lebeau; it seems as if the name of the Constitution (and surely *The Constitutional* may be proud of it) has awakened the spirit, and restored the courage of the country; it triumphs over the defection of false allies, the forces of the Pretender, and the long imbecillity and inaction of the late ministry and general.

The last affair, in which the Carlists were beaten back from the British lines at St. Sebastian, has been the most sanguinary action of the war. Your correspondent, who had just arrived at Bayonne, has sent you his version of the story; and the accounts received here fully bear out the accuracy of his report.

The loss of the Carlists exceeds 1000 men. Guibellalda, in his dispatch says that he has lost "the flower of Guipuscoa," and accuses the Colonels Ituriza and Ibero of rashness and folly, in proposing a scheme which could only lead to discomfiture. The people of Irun are in consternation. The women of that place, and the neighbourhood, were flocking to the field of battle the day after the action, to recognise the dead. The Carlist commandant, Arana, was killed, and Oroa returned to Irun with an escort of only 40 men.

Don Carlos has been compelled to leave Estella. All accounts agree in representing the men of these unhappy provinces as weary of the war, and of the dreadful exactions of the Pretender and his forces. In spite of the French defection, and of the difficulties under which the Madrid government is labouring, there is every reason to hope that the contest must speedily end. It is impossible for the province to support it; and the incursions of Gomez, and other Carlist chiefs, may create annoyance to the Constitutional cause, but can never establish the sovereignty of the Pretender. T. T.

Oct. 13, p. 3, c. 2.—Paris, Oct. 11. The warlike propensities manifested by the writer of a late article in the

Morning Chronicle, have occasioned an extraordinary sensation here. I had myself the honour of writing a letter to you last week conceived in a similar sanguinary strain.

It may seem absurd at a moment when outward appearances are so peaceable, and when there exists between the two nations the strongest feeling of goodwill, to speak of a speedy rupture of the alliance, and to prophecy a coming quarrel.

But the war, should it take place, will be not a war of nation and nation, so much as of one government against another; or rather, it will be a quarrel of the French Government with the English people; for while with us Government, to a certain extent, represents the public feeling, in France, unfortunately, it is independent of it. The actual French Cabinet being only an expression of the King's opinion, and being, as far as I can judge, strongly opposed to the sentiments of the great body of the nation.

During the existence of the late ministry such a quarrel was impossible. M. Thiers, if his principles were not very pure, or very liberal, was at least prudent enough to maintain the English friendship. An alliance with Russia and Austria, and a consequent adoption of the principles of those Courts, was with him a thing too monstrous and impracticable for a revolutionary government and minister to allow. His old sympathies and connection with the liberal party, his origin as a man of the people, prevented him from giving up so entirely the popular cause, which the King, by changing his Ministry, has forsworn.

He never could have attempted the withdrawal of the auxiliaries from Spain, *which the King alone effected;* he might, from a desire to please the Sovereign, or from a laudable wish to retain his place, have cajoled, and deceived, and delayed; but as long as the promised succours were not absolutely withdrawn, as long as no positive retrograde measure was adopted, the English alliance held good, and the form, or rather the fiction, of a popular government existed still.

But the King dismissed his ministry, quashed at once all hope of co-operation, and declared that the revolutionary spirit then raging in Spain was the reason for withdrawing his aid; in other words, the proclamation of the Constitution was an offence sufficient, in the King's opinion, to cause the sacrifice of his active alliance with Spain. The principles of the Constitution are scarcely more democratical than those of the Charter. The constitutional King of Spain is not more restricted in his authority than the King of England is, or the King of France should be. The alliance between these countries and Portugal was grounded on the wish, or the supposition, that the great Constitutional principle recognized equally by the four countries, should be defended from foreign attack by mutual union; it was intended to act as a counterpoise to a similar union founded upon an opposite principle. Does not the defection of the King of the French from Spain, imply that his friendship with England is likewise at an end, that he withdraws from the alliance which he had joined, and forswears the principles which he formerly held?

In fact, we ought not to count upon the continued friendship of the Doctrinaires, as I hope we do not need it or desire it; our own institutions become daily more liberal, and those of the French Government more absolute; it had the power to menace Switzerland with an invasion, on account of the Swiss radicalism—has it not the will equally to attack the English democracy? It will have just as good a pretext for threatening us should we reform the House of Lords, or curtail the salaries of the Bishops, as it had for deserting the Spanish Constitutionalists; and I think it requires no great wisdom to see that the progress of British reform *will* be attacked—that the same spirit of dictation will be exercised towards us, now that the Holy Alliance is backed by France, and is strong enough to threaten or command us. T. T.

Oct. 14, 1836, p. 3, c. 2.—Paris, Oct. 12. I send you a history of the Swiss dispute, which at present occupies so

much attention here. I have gathered it from the journals for two months past, and chiefly from a long and excellent article in the *Temps* of this morning.

You will see that it is only the ordinary story of injustice and aggression on the stronger side—of honourable resistance shown by the weaker party.

The French Government acted in this instance only as the representative of its faithful allies, Prussia and Austria. The threats which it uttered, and in which it still thinks fit to persist, were doubtless induced by the prior suggestions of those countries, and were backed by their open adhesion. When you couple this with the avowal of the government papers, that Swiss Radicalism is the cause of these threats, and M. de Montebello only the pretext, you will have a proof, stronger than all the protestations which the government can make, of the real tendency of the present cabinet; you will see who are the people whom it considers enemies, who are those it would have for allies.

The actual ministry had an opportunity of allaying the quarrel by attributing the blame of it to the late government. It has preferred, however, to continue the system of its predecessor, and sanction the insolence and the treachery of M. de Montebello. The Swiss, as the weaker party, will doubtless willingly accept the mediation of England; but will the French government receive it likewise? Our government can only decide in favour of the weaker party; they cannot refuse the proofs of the incendiary system which the French have adopted in Switzerland; they cannot authorize the aggression of the French ministry, which desires to dictate the forms and the measures of government of a free country, and demands that a French ambassador (and such an ambassador!) should have a seat and a voice in a Swiss council; for if they admitted the right, the Emperor of Russia might demand the expulsion of all the Poles from England, or General Sebastiani might require to take a seat in the House of Lords.

I hope if our government should be called upon to decide, they will not hesitate to speak the truth; it may not be very palatable to the French ministry, but it will echo the feelings of the French nation, who are sick and ashamed of the infamous transaction.

In the month of June, the Swiss Directory addressed a note to the French government, demanding an assurance that the refugees who had been plotting in Switzerland, and whom it was deemed necessary to dismiss, should receive a safe conduct through the French territory.

A short time after the despatch of this first note, on the opening of the Diet on the 4th July, the Canton of Zurich proposed an act which should regulate and establish the forms to be gone through by those who demand the right of asylum, the manner in which they were to be naturalized, and the means of expulsion which were to be employed, should they be found unworthy of this right.

In the meantime the note was dispatched, and the French Government replied to it by their famous note of the 18th July, in which they were supported by Austria, Prussia, the Grand Duchy of Baden, and Sardinia.

The French, in this document, promised to give the required safe conduct to the refugees, and congratulated the Swiss in having, of their own accord, adopted measures which were necessary for the repose of several of the European states.

Here it was that the griefs of the confederation commenced, for the note proceeded to point out to the Vorort the measures which he ought to employ against the refugees; it threatened the Swiss government that, should these measures be not sufficiently rigorous, the other European governments would not hesitate to adopt their own means, and that France would likewise be obliged to take those measures which her own security demanded.

She thus made herself the mouth-piece of the other powers, and menaced the Swiss government at the very moment

when it was of its own will concerting measures for the general satisfaction and safety.

The note thus conceived, arrived at the moment when the Diet was debating upon the proposition of the Canton of Zurich, and it would seem, from the period at which the note was sent, that the French Government intended to influence by it the deliberations then carried on by the Diet. It was immediately resolved that the debate concerning the French note should be public.

On the next day (the 20th July), when the Diet was about to commence its examination of the proposals of the Canton of Zurich, six and a half of the States which composed the Diet, demanded that the note of the French government should previously be discussed. This minority consisted of the absolutist states, the retrograde party, which, in the course of the dispute, have given their aid to the French Ministry, whilst the reformed and liberal cantons have uniformly opposed it.

The Diet determined that the proposition of Zurich and the French note should be discussed by the commission. This commission assembled on the 25th of July, and made its first report (upon the Zurich proposition) on the 9th of August.

But three days before (on the 5th) the French Ambassador, two hours after receiving despatches from his government, waited on the President of the Directory, and informed him that "if the conclusion adopted by the commission should appear insufficient, if they were not so modified by the Diet, as to render probable a result as important for Switzerland as for the rest of Europe, Switzerland would instantly be placed in a state of blockade."

This threat was followed up by a joint declaration of the Ambassadors of Prussia, Baden, and Austria, who added that, should it be necessary to adopt coercive measures, the Confederation should be compelled to defray the expenses of

the blockade, and to recompence the individuals who should be injured by it.

Besides this menace—which caused such a universal indignation in Switzerland—which proved that the debates of the secret commission had been made known to a foreign ambassador, which showed that the foreign powers ventured to judge a decree of the Diet, before the decree was made public, to threaten the Swiss independence, and to assume the right of dictating to the Diet—besides this, M. de Montebello further thought fit to demand that he should be joined with the commission then occupied in preparing the "conclusum."

These things were going on during the time when the police of the French embassy denounced to the federal Government the spy Conseil, who had been sent by another French police to Switzerland.

On the 11th August the "conclusum" on the expulsion of the refugees was adopted according to the wish of the majority of the commission. It has since passed into a law by a vote of the Diet, and by the ratification of the cantons.

After the adoption of the "conclusum" the commission next proceeded to consider the note of M. de Montebello of the 18th of July, and agreed unanimously to a project of reply presented by M. Mounard. It alluded to the aid which Switzerland had already afforded, and the aid which it was still willing to give; but it added, that no government had a right to dictate to it, and concluded by saying "that Switzerland would never allow any government but her own to arrogate to itself the right of judging the refugees who conspired in Switzerland, and that the Diet rejected, in the strongest manner, such a violation of their federal sovereignty, they carried with them the right of an independent and sovereign state, and the approval of the nation at large."

Then came the affair of Conseil, this man was denounced and arrested on the 10th August, and was found provided with papers which proved,

1. That he had been denounced by the police of the French embassy, as a person who should be placed under surveillance of the cantons, and at the same time had been sent into Switzerland by another French police.

2. That after he had been expelled from the Swiss territories, by the authorities of Berne, on the 22nd July, the Prefect of Besancon furnished him with a second passport, under the false name of Corelli, with which he re-entered Switzerland on the 5th August.

3. That as this precaution did not seem sufficient to guarantee him from the suspicion of the refugees, *the secretary of embassy, at Berne, delivered to him, on the 7th August, a second false passport, under the name of Hermann*, ante-dated a year, with which he was to continue his mission in the other cantons.

A new commission was formed to examine the facts denounced, and to determine the measures to be taken in consequence.

It was agreed *unanimously* that the facts were proved, and it was agreed by a majority, "that the Vorort should be charged to inform the King of the French, and his government, of the real state of the affair, and to add to his communication a certified copy of all the documents relating to it."

This was replied to by the insolent note of M. Mole, of the 27th September, which is already before the readers, demanding an apology, and a disavowal of the statement in the Swiss note. T. T.

Oct. 18, 1836, p. 3, c. 2.—Paris, Oct. 16. I was once unfortunately the instrument of conveying to the British public a false rumour concerning an attempt on Louis Philippe's life at Compeigne, which was brought me by a pale and panting messenger from the Bourse; since that unlucky period I have refrained altogether from giving you an account of the thousand absurdities which are daily circulated here. Then there was a report, duly chronicled by an English journal, that the French government would intervene in Spain should

a demand for aid be officially made by the Cortes; there is another, that Isturiz, Toreno, and Cordova, now gathered together in Paris, are meditating deep plots against the Constitution, and Sir Robert Peel and Lord Lyndhurst engaging with the French ministers in horrid conspiracies for the restoration of the Tories to power. I was informed of a conversation between these two worthies which took place at a dinner-table, and must have either had its origin in a fable or a footman; and likewise received a complete account of a conference between M. Molé and the King, which was held in the gardens of Fontainebleau, *when not a soul was within hearing.*

This careful gathering of small-talk, this chronicling of political small-beer, is not however so dangerous as the system of scandal on a much larger scale which the French government adopts. I hope all your readers will receive with reser vation the daily despatches concerning Spanish affairs which appear in the ministerial prints.

According to these, the career of Gomez has had a particular end in view; he has proposed to march into Portugal, and then to proclaim Don Miguel. It appears to me that the intentions of the Carlist chief are by no means so mysterious; he marches forward simply because he cannot go back; his whole end just now is not attack, but escape, and of this there is but little probability.

The *Siècle*, in speaking of Gomez and his situation, says very well that all the telegraphic dispatches in the world will not be able to save him; a little sooner or later his corps will be destroyed, or obliged to render themselves prisoners at discretion.

We hardly need go so far as our French contemporaries in attributing these blundering manifestos of the French government to absolute falsehood or bad faith; but, certainly, one cannot place much credence for the future in their despatches, which only influence the gamblers in the funds, or the eager credulities of the *Herald* and the *Post*. On the 13th, the

French telegraph brought the news that Sanz was, on the 6th, at six leagues from Oviedo. On the 14th, "Sanz, on the 2d, entered Oviedo;" and on the 10th, it appeared that Sanz attacked Oviedo on the 4th, but met with resistance, and marched to Elgrado.

It may be an interested lie, perhaps it is only a blunder, but the last telegraph romance is of somewhat more serious a nature. Gomez, according to the *Charte* of the 14th, was on the road to Seville, after having passed through Cordova; the *Moniteur* contradicts this on the 15th, stating that the Carlist general had been compelled to march to Baena, where he had been met by the troops of Escalante.

This despatch was received time enough on the evening before to have been inserted in the *Charte* of Friday night; but the Government allowed the bad impression created by the news of the Carlist entry into Cordova to remain uncorrected until next day.

Gomez, it is true, appeared before Cordova, but it is by no means certain that he entered the town, at all events he has been compelled to retreat from it; and most likely at the time we write (if one can apply any ordinary rules to this extraordinary warfare) has been met by forces of four times its number. Baena is about five leagues from Cordova, only seven from Andufar, where Alaix had arrived with his troops.

It is not improbable, however, that the skirmish spoken of by the Government journals as having taken place between Gomez and Escalante, has turned to the advantage of the latter; had Gomez been successful in the slightest degree, we may be sure that the *Charte* would have made it known ere this.

The *Siecle* supposes Gomez to be at Baeza, about 25 leagues from Cordova, and near Ubeda, which neighbourhood Gomez occupied before his march upon Cordova.

At any rate it is easy to see that when the news is un-

favourable to the Queen, the French telegraph most readily transmits it, when favourable to her, it comes accompanied with doubts and modifications. Thus Guibelaldi's late defeat, at St. Sebastian, was simply characterized as an attack without result; Gomez's entry into a suburb of Cordova, was constructed into an actual possession of the town. I hope that those persons in England, who wish well to the Spanish cause, or those less disinterested patriots who only care for the Spanish funds, will receive these telegraphic rumours only with the credit which is due to them—the credit which is due to a clumsy French correspondent at Bayonne, who seizes every occasion to injure the present Government of Spain. T. T.

Oct. 21, 1836, p. 3, c. 2.—Oct. 19. I think we may congratulate ourselves that the Whig Government, in following its present course regarding Spain, is injuring England, in a manner which our bitterest enemies would scarcely desire to alter.

However, they exist only as a ministry of sufferance; a barrier which feebly separates the two great parties in England; a few more months, if I mistake not, will see the bar removed, and the two parties openly battling together.

If the Radicals conquer the foreign system must undergo a total change; if the Tories beat us, they must likewise regulate their diplomatic relations in altogether a different manner. In the latter case, if we may credit my Lord Londonderry and Mr. M'Lean, the succours from the Queen will be withdrawn once for all, and Don Crlos, if not openly aided, at least readily acknowledged as King of Spain; in the former case, I hope that the Queen will be strongly and frankly supported, and that the miseries of this dreadful civil war will be cured at once, by crushing the tyrant who has occasioned it.

Without some aid of this sort, there appears really but little chance that the war should have an end. The enthusiasm

which first attended the proclamation of the Constitution seems wofully to have diminished, and the accounts from Spain for the last two days are bad indeed; there is no fresh triumph of the Carlists to record, or no new disaster of the Constitutional party; but the latter are plunged into such a strange state of anarchy and inaction, that they seem desirous to destroy, by their dis-union, every chance of their ultimate success. Gomez, with a horde of half-armed robbers, pillages successfully from town to town, and the Generals of the Queen, with troops of five times his number, allow him to move unnoticed almost, and content themselves with writing boasting bulletins to the government at Madrid.

I wish to Heaven that while there is still a chance for restoring order and establishing liberty, the British people would look more closely at the Spanish question, and see that their own interests are most deeply affected by the fall or the success of the Constitution of Spain.

If they abandon that country, *they abandon all their allies in Europe;* or they must keep them under the conditions of a Tory ministry at home.

Here is an evident danger which threatens our political institutions as much as our commerce, and affects not our patriotism only, but what is more to the point in England, our pockets. In trade, a frank and open air of the Queen will secure commercial advantages to us, which the half assistance which we give her can never obtain for us, which the success of Don Carlos would take from us altogether; in politics, the loss of her cause will be the signal for the French government at once to desert us, and to join the northern powers; it will make of Carlist Spain our determined enemy; it will probably drive our ally, the Queen of Portugal, from her kingdom, and restore Don Miguel, whom our efforts and our co-operation mainly tended to cast from his throne.

And when we can no longer, as now, *command* the markets of Spain and Portugal—when we have thrown our commerce

into the hands of France, which is only too jealous and too ready to seize it—when, by our cowardly and impolitic delay, we have destroyed our trade in the south and by our nerveless and useless liberalism have destroyed our alliances with the north, our island may sink into the insignificance which its enemies prophesy and desire; and the great continental system of exclusion, which Napoleon vainly attempted, be brought about by the union of all Europe, equally eager to cripple our commerce, equally hostile to the liberty of which we boast so often and so vainly.

I repeat that the people in England ought no longer to consider the succession in Spain as a foreign question, but as a national cause; they should endeavour by every means of publicity, by meetings and petitions, to press the measure of effective co-operation upon the ministry and the House of Commons; our commercial interests entirely depend upon it, and our professions and principles, as a free people, equally demand it. T. T.

Oct. 22, 1836, p. 3, c. 3.—Paris, Oct. 20. In the absence of other news I send you a part of an article in the *Journal des Debats* of this morning; such honesty and such argument seldom fall in the way of an admiring public. The best writers of the English press must give way to the French journalist; and when you recollect that the *Debats* is only the mouth-piece of the French ministry, always ready at their bidding to attack or defend, to falsify other people's words or to eat its own, you will have a notion of the employée and his agent—a most flattering picture of master and man.

The subject of the present performance, I need not say, is Spain—Spain, her poverty and her disasters, her vain struggles against tyranny, her bootless sacrifices for freedom. The ill news which has lately arrived from that country is hailed by the government prints with a howl of savage exultation; there has been no symptom of disorder in Spain which these papers have not endeavoured to aggravate and

foment; no bloody reverse on which they did not comment with delight. The non-payment of the last dividend was too favourable an occasion to let slip; and accordingly the *Journal des Debats* has thought fit to issue the following opinions concerning it.

"The Spanish revolution has just acquired a new trait of resemblance with those revolutions whose doctrines it has followed, whose excesses it has imitated, but whose courage it could not equal. *It has become bankrupt*—this want of faith will ruin the remaining credit which Spain possessed, will accumulate her financial difficulties at home and abroad, and will bring her to the point of a complete bankruptcy; for up to the present time, it is only by fresh loans that the Spanish financiers have been able to pay their dividends."

It is no novelty to see a revolution generating a bankruptcy; but there is something new or unusual at least in the process adopted to notify this bankruptcy to the parties interested. There is something inexplicable in the sudden rise which took place in the Spanish funds a few hours before the fatal news was made public; and we have a right to ask gavernment and society, if this speculation and *agiotage* should be permitted to continue, whether it be exercised for the profit of simple speculators, or *whether governments go partners in the gain?* With what a grace does this diatribe against revolutions come from the supporters of a government which owes its origin to a revolution! With what a careful malice are sneers and slanders, truth and falsehood, mingled together. A few weeks since, when the Queen's successes had filled her friends with hope, the *Debats* was only too anxious to rank among them. "We have been accused," said the journal, "of being her enemies, whereas we were only impartial observers, registering her reverses or her good fortune with the same unbiassed truth." I think that this last disaster has been a touchstone fnr the sincerity of the *Debats*, and, what is worse, of *the Ministry which pays that journal.*

Regarding the present poverty of the Spanish Government,

the *Debats* unluckily speaks the truth; but it utters a falsehood in charging the country with *bad faith*. A man is not a rogue, because he cannot pay, or because he gives all he can to discharge this debt—a man is a rogue, if you please, who makes use of a friend in his time of need, who pledges his word to aid his friend in a like necessity, and *then breaks his word*—a man is a rogue who is prodigal with his promises of assistance, and eager with his professions of sympathy; but who uses the whole of his great influence to paralyse the exertions, and to blacken the character of him, whom he pretends to aid; and this is what the Government journals have done for Spain, who has only had in these last days of her distress, the character to awaken sympathy, and her exertions to secure freedom. There is no bad faith on the part of Spain, there is bad faith *elsewhere* among those who desert her, as the French Government has done, and slander her, as this journal is doing every day.

When the French withdrew their troops from Spain, the *Debats* declared the measure was perfectly just and honourable; when the French Ambassador forged passports for the spy Conseil, the *Debats* said not a word about bad faith or good; but when the Spanish Government, weakened by the defection of false friends, by inward dissension, and by the efforts of the robber Carlos and his allies, proposes its only means for satisfying its public creditor—the *Debats* falls down in a fit of horrified virtue, and swears that the Spaniards are are dishonest because they happen to be poor.

If poverty be a fault, God help the wicked! It will speedily be a honour to be called a rogue by the *Debats*.

Another position of the *Debats* is, "that the revolution is the cause of the bankruptcy in Spain." If you are robbed on the highway, is it your fault or the thief's? If Don Carlos has succeeded in ruining the Spanish trade, if he has carried off the wealth from the cities, and the very corn from the fields, is the revolution to incur all the blame?

You see that the journal stops at nothing—it not only proves that the Spaniards are rogues because they are poor, but that they are guilty because others rob them; and finally, it concludes by hinting that the Madrid government is causing false rumours to be spread in Paris, raising the Spanish funds in the most iniquitous manner, and robbing poor people of their gains. The telegraphs, the *apropos* dispatches, the foul speculating in the funds have never as yet been charged to the Spanish Government; if there has been trickery and delusion, why did not the Debats look at home? T. T.

Oct. 29, 1836, p. 3, c. 3.—Paris, Oct. 27. I can only account for the system which the French ministers are at present adopting towards Spain, by supposing that *they are only seeking a pretext for a quarrel*, when they will withdraw their ambassador and cease all relations with the country.

There has been no possible insult which the ministers and ministerial press have spared to this unhappy country. The traitorous withdrawal of the Legion, the daring assertion that Latour-Maubourg's mission was to the Queen, and not to the country, the scoundrelly article of the *Debats* the other day, which charged the country with bankruptcy, and stigmatized the revolution as the cause of it; and the cowardly and lying malice with which all events in Spain have been blackened and distorted by the ministerial press here, must, at least strongly support my statement, if they do not absolutely prove it.

The French papers have at last got hold of the story of the spy Cazes, which I sent to you a week since. The man has been kicked out of the place for the third time, and poor M. de Maubourg is deprived of the benefit of his advice and society.

He has likewise been put to another very severe discomfiture; he was the bearer of private letters to the Queen, from her august uncle, and demanded a private audiance in order to deliver them; but the Spanish ministry have acted

with a good deal of proper energy, and have absolutely refused him the desired interview.

We cannot trust your Excellency, said or intimated the President of the Council; what you have to say must be said openly before us, from whom the Queen of Spain should have no secrets. So the ambassador was obliged to be content with his public audience, of which you already have an account.

He remains, after this second rebuff, in a sulky and reserved neutrality; but is there not some reason in presuming that the path which he has followed must have been chalked out for him by his employers; and that the ill-will with which he has been received is only the successful result of a plan previously arranged by them?

It is first announced that he is to be only a family envoy to the Queen; and when the Spanish people are duly acquainted with the fact, he arrives, in the company of a disgraced and detected spy, who acts as his secretary of embassy; this second fact is not much more agreeable than the first: the Spanish people insult the Ambassador in the person of his servant; they next refuse him a private audience, and thus place the loyalty of his intentions in doubt; here are two injuries excellently arranged; and I have no doubt that the *Debats*, or some other Government journal, will seize upon the occasion for venting fresh abuse, and will demand vengeance for the injuries which have been inflicted by the Spanish people on an Ambassador of France.

In the meantime nothing, according to the *Journal des Debats*, can be more friendly than the conduct of the French Government to Spain; witness a touching proof of it in the following paragraph:—

"The sum of 250,000 francs, which has lately been paid to the Foreign Legion in Spain, was sent to Bayonne by the ministry of M. Isturitz, to accelerate the formation and provide for the first wants of the new Auxiliary Corps which

was being organized on the frontier at the beginning of August. The President of the Council has obtained the consent of M. Calatrava that this sum should be appropriated to the pay of the Foreign Legion, which was very much in arrear. This fact alone is an answer to the suspicions which have been entertained as to a misunderstanding between the two governments, *and proves that the ministry of the 6th of September has not ceased to take the greatest interest in the triumph of the constitutional cause in Spain.*

Can the force of impudence go any further? To this precious argument the *Debats* solemnly dedicates a leader this morning, and attempts to prove that because the French ministry paid back to the Spanish government *a sum which the latter had placed in their hands*, the French still take the greatest interest in the triumph of the constitutional cause.

In the same journal is another paragraph, which may doubtless be considered as another proof of the French solicitude in Spanish affairs.

The *Journal des Debats* gives an extract of a letter from Malaga, dated the 7th inst., saying that the French Consul had declared that he had applied to the government for a ship of war to be stationed at Malaga, in order to protect the French residents in case the town should be assaulted, but that his application had not been complied with. At the same time the British Consul had applied for a similar support for the British subjects, and although there was only one brig of war at Gibraltar, that ship had been immediately sent.

I only ask you to read the two paragraphs and judge for yourselves, as to the sincerity of the French Government regarding Spain. T. T.

Oct. 31. 1836. p. 3, c. 3.—Paris, Oct. 29. A singular genius, who signs his political effusion with the initials J. A., has just made a rude attack upon certain opinions of yours in a new paper called the *Paris Sun*, of which J. A. is the sole editor and director.

J. A. has the most extraordinary political creed in the world; his paper is a medly of French and English politics; as a Briton he professes himself a downright Radical; as a Frenchman he is a most ardent admirer of things as they are; but he does not care much, I take it, what may be the party uppermost, whether Thiers or Guizot govern this happy country; but he swears that the ministry is the best of ministries, and that his Majesty Louis Philippe is the pink of all the princes in Christendom.

Accordingly, since its first outbreak, about six weeks ago, the *Paris Sun*, totally unlike the opposition luminary in heaven, which shines upon all alike, has enveloped the King of the French in such a blaze of light as must make his royal eyes wink; but has denied the benefit of its beams to the Radicals in this country, and has looked with a most especial frown upon those disaffected persons in England, who, like yourself, are somewhat incredulous as to the perfections of the King.

Some of the French journals have seized with delight the appearance of this *Paris Sun*, as an occasion for pointing out to the opposition, what an English Radical is. Take the *Paris Sun* for an example, cries the *Memorial Bordelais*, the *Paris Sun* is a perfect adorer of liberty, and at the same time a strenuous admirer of Louis Philippe; therefore liberty and Louis Philippe are one and the same thing; therefore the real honest English Radicals are filled with sentiments of the tenderest admiration for our institutions and our King.

He is certainly happy in such an eloquent defender; here is a specimen of J. A.'s oratory, which, as it is directed against yourself, may read you a wholesome lesson in politics, and which, if properly studied, may create no small improvement in your style of writing.

"We are bound to view the false accusations and abusive language of the English papers against the King of the French as constituting an imperative claim upon us, as Englishmen, to vindicate the character of our country by exposing and

refuting the vituperations on the character of an aspersed monarch, the ally of our King.

"The *Constitutional*, speaking of the governmental alliance between the two nations, says:—

"'This alliance has only tended to aid the tyrant of France in carrying his attack against French freedom into execution; whilst it has given confidence to the Whigs in resisting radical reform, and coquetting with the Tories.'

"Of the alliance in question we will merely observe that, until it shall be shown that the British Minister has coquetted with the Tories, it is unfair to assume reasons or to assign motives for their doing so. And we might fairly reason, by induction, from the assumption partial to the assumption total. But we leave the illogical for the false.

"The author of the above paragraph asserts:—1. That the King of the French is a tyrant; and 2. That he seeks the destruction of French freedom. Now, it ought not to be disputed—for it is notorious, that Louis Philippe governs by the laws of the land, and that for such laws the legislature is wholly responsible. Is a King who thus rules, a tyrant? We understand otherwise; we consider a tyrant to be 'an absolute monarch governing imperiously,' and we have good authority for our quoted definition of the term."

"You have nothing for it, after this astounding argument, but to eat your own words, and to allow that Louis Philippe is a paragon.

"Is it not notorious that the King rules according to the laws of the land. Is a king who thus rules a tyrant?" You are dumb—you have not a syllable to utter in your defence. The acts of September against the press are the laws of France, and the King deserves no blame for executing or imagining them. It is said to be the law in Turkey, that the Sultan may cut off fourteen heads a day, and of course he is no tyrant as long as he obeys the law. It was once the law in France, that all men suspected of aristocracy should be

put to death: this law was ratified by the French National Assembly, which expressed, or was supposed to express, the notions of the country; therefore, the government at that time cannot be considered as tyrannical in the slightest degree. See how readily a man of common sense can put down you writers of newspapers, with your absurd notions of tyranny, oppression, and so forth.

But the *Paris Sun* reserves for you another and a still bitterer lesson; listen to this—and as you are already silenced by J. A.'s reason, prepare to be scourged by his wit.

"What then becomes of this absurd charge—of this abusive accusation? It may have served its purpose yesterday; well, and its falsehood and injustice having been this day exposed—how close we the account? Alas! we may expect a repetition of the charge to-morrow! Is this honest either in men or politicians—in morals or philosophy? Perhaps not; but it may answer its purpose. *So may the anchor of a driving vessel, with ten fathom of cable in twenty fathom of water. A pig may swim, but it is a very unlikely bird.*"

How do you reply to this, you whose lies and injustice have been just so triumphantly exposed? Is your base purpose answered? Dare you to repeat your infamous accusations? Or are you content to put up with a satire, for which in Swift or Juvenal you can scarcely find a parallel: to be pointed at hereafter by the finger of scorn, as a detected calumniator, "an anchor of a driving vessel," "a pig which *may* swim, *but it is a very unlikely bird!*"

I cannot refrain from giving you another rich specimen of J. A.'s eloquence—another *Paris Sun*-beam. *La France*, a Carlist journal, makes some remarks upon the new obelisk which has just been put up here. It stands upon the spot where the guillotine stood in former days—the spot whence the "Son of St. Louis ascended to heaven." Being a Radical, and therefore without sympathy for the sufferings of kings and good men, you will be charmed with the tone

of graceful badinage with which our friend of the *Paris Sun* treats that ridiculous event, the decapitation of Louis Seize. *La France*, in speaking of the obelisk, reverts not unnaturally to the circumstance, and says—

"There was a crowd assembled to witness the erection of the obelisk in that place which has been so often stained with innocent blood. How many of that crowd might have been addressed in these words? "It was here that your father was assassinated or guillotined:" and others, "It was here that your father or your relations sent my father or my relations to stain the place with their blood." How many might exchange such words? In the feeble bravos which were raised when the monument was erected, there was something which struck the heart to the core. Did not the inflexion of the voices recal to our recollection sounds which formerly made the place re-echo with joy, and the bravos which were then raised around the scaffold? Oh, yes! the scene excited the sad recollections of deeds which disgraced human nature."

But the stern J. A. will have no such nonsensical recollections, and with that same admirable aptness with which he compares you to an anchor, a swimming pig, or an *unlikely* bird; this elegant satirist compares the editor of *La France*, mourning ever his murdered King, *to an old woman crying over a dead tabby*. What folly it is gaily cries J. A. to muse over such trifles as these. "What retentive memories have some people—and especially of things to be sometimes forgotten. They are greatly to be pitied; for greatly do they suffer the penalty imposed upon them by the weakness of their nature. It is lamentable to witness the uniform sadness which pervades their existence, and prejudges and condemns every question within their cognizance. We may pity them—it were inhuman to refuse them commiseration; but if these hypochondriacs take it into their heads, as oft they do, to persuade other people to adopt their lugubrious method of

looking at everything, all we can say is, that they don' deserve to see clearly who allow themselves to be hocussed out of such advantage. These missionaries of misery will talk to you by the hour about a dear dead cat; ah! there never was such a cat!—it was tortoiseshell; and, if it was not a tortoiseshell tom, it was only not so because nature had ruled the impossibility; but it was a sweet cat, and such a mouser! Poor thing, it was so extraordinary a mouser, that no bird was safe within its ken. Ah! poor thing, there never was—there never will be such a cat in all Christendom! And then they diverge from the dead old cat to the living kitten; but we spare the kitten, and our readers. Of this invulnerable class is the editor of *La France*."

* * * * *

This man's raillery would about suit the lips of Jack Ketch: I must apologize to you for having occupied your attention so long with him, but the fellow so eagerly boasts of his character as an English Radical, that the French journals seem half disposed to believe him. I am sure it is time to undeceive them. No English Radical will say that Frenchmen are no more fit for a change of government than a madman is for freedom. No English Radical will lick the dust of Louis Philippe's feet as this J. A. does; you will praise the King if he deserves it, or blame him if he is worthy of blame; but I hardly suspect that, Radical as you are, you will be disposed to be facetious about murders, or cut jokes, like droll J. A., over a King's dead body. T. T.

Nov. 5, 1836, p. 3, c. 3.—Paris, Nov. 3. It is not improbable, I think, that the strange events which have just occurred here may create a considerable change in the Government of the country. The system of resistance must by this time have been found so useless, that the King, a very prudent man, it is said, and no doubt particularly anxious to retain the very exalted and lucrative place which he now holds, will be disposed to alter his system, and to adopt a more liberal line of policy.

Louis Philippe gives daily proofs of a personal kindness and benevolence, which his greatest enemies will not gainsay him; he has a reputation for talent, and a certain *prestige* of private respectability, which all the world allows him—it is astonishing that a man of so much foresight in private, should, in public, be so miserably imprudent as to permit his fair occasions for popularity to slip one by one; I wish he could be persuaded that his interests could not be better consulted than by giving way to those liberal and merciful notions which he paraded so successfully upon his accession to the throne, which gained him at that time so general a popularity, and which he has forgotton so remarkably of late.

He has now tried for six years the system of repression and resistance; from a calculation which does as little credit to his prudence as to his courage; he has swerved entirely from the principles which he professed on assuming the crown, and deserted the people who placed it on his head. It was not courage but cowardice which induced him to adopt those cruel measures towards the people, which might seem to secure his power, but were only undermining his popularity; it was a calculation of interest, and a bad calculation, which led him to cringe to the despots of Europe, and forget his own country; and these dreadful symptoms of revolt and insubordination, this settled and general discontent, are the ruinous results of his policy.

Can there be any stronger proofs of the evil of the system which the King is at present pursuing than the event of which you received an account yesterday, and the news of this second attempt which you received to-day?

There were reports yesterday at the Bourse of other insurrectionary movements, in which it was said that various regiments of the French army, in different parts of the country, had taken a share.

I did not acquaint you with any of these rumours, for I have already been deceived more than once, and have grown,

perhaps, too incredulous as to the news which is daily circulated on the Paris 'Change. You will see, however, by the papers of this morning, that a second insurrection has broken out, or rather, has been crushed before a general movement could take place.

The chief agents of the revolt at Vendôme have been seized, and the head conspirators of Strasburg are likewise in custody; *but where are the men on whom the leaders relied for the ultimate success of their attempt?* In every city and district of France, unpunished and unknown, deprived of their leaders if you will, but still inspired with the same feelings of discontent and hostility, and still ready as ever to seize other and more favourable occasions for revolt.

It is absurd of the government partisans to characterize the late events at Strasburg and Vendôme, as mad attempts, in which the country and the people took no share. Young Buonaparte could not suppose that his mere appearance in his uncle's cocked hat and jack-boots would bring all France to his feet; he must have organized a plan of revolt; he must have long since found persons willing to join him, he must have had intelligence in the army which led him to suppose that the troops would take common cause with him, and agents and supporters throughout the country. A dozen corporals and privates of a regiment of hussars could never have fancied that they could proclaim a republic, unless they knew, or fancied that their comrades would join in the cry.

The conspiracies are discovered; the leaders of them are in the hands of Government; but the danger is only delayed, and not destroyed—the popular discontent exists as strongly as ever, for the causes of it are still the same.

The French Government is the father of this discontent; the men who have just been captured are but the expression of it; and every successive triumph of the Government in the path which it is at present pursuing, serves to aggravate the popular anger, and not to allay it; the King may fancy that

his favourite system of resistance is establishing his power—it is only, if I may use the term, consolidating his ruin.

Thus the cannonading at Lyons may, in the eyes of the French ministers, have brought the insurrection of that city to a triumphant conclusion; but they do not recollect the enduring impression of horror and hatred which has been caused by such an event. The laws of September may have silenced the attacks of the opposition party; but though the people can utter their sentiments no longer, they only feel them the deeper. All the prisons in France may be filled with Republicans, and yet the Government which has overcome them will not be a whit more secure. T. T.

Nov. 9, 1836, p. 3, c. 2.—Nov. 7. The movements of M. Thiers since his return have been objects of a good deal of amusing speculation; every political clique here has its story concerning the intentions of the little ex-Minister. I take it, that the future motions of that illustrious historian are as yet perfectly unknown to the public and to himself; but I have no doubt that his principles will be fixed at the moment when his interests are pretty certain. Thus, according to one great retailer of small-talk, the *Chronique de Paris*, Thiers and Barrot are about to unite, and to thunder in partnership against the present Ministry. According to other stories, M. Thiers has confessed to Molè, that it was his intention to oppose the actual Cabinet, but that the events of the late week had modified his hostility, and that he, Thiers, was determined to rally round the throne.

The latter of these opinions is far from unlikely, and the former of them has also a perfect air of probability; for such is the reputation of the ex-President of the Council, that he is just as likely to follow one party than another. This great man has shown through the course of his life and writings, such an undeviating inconsistency, such a philosophic political atheism, that one would no more wonder to see him a Carlist to-morrow than to find him a Republican.

It is evident, however, that in the present Cabinet there is no place for him; for Molè, the President, follows the same line, and holds precisely the opinions of M. Thiers, or rather those opinions which Thiers *did* hold as long as he was Cabinet Minister; what may be his actual sentiments is a very different matter.

You will have remarked that latterly Molè has had the lead in the Council, much to the disappointment of Guizot and the Doctrinaires, who would fain have continued the pitiless system of government, which they adopted when formerly in power. It was doubtless the King's intention, on the accession of this Ministry, to have changed the plan, but he has found, (and I will take some credit for having prophecied this in my last) that the force of circumstances would compel him to modify his policy, and to liberalize it in some degree. The determination of ministers to judge, by ordinary tribunals, the Strasburg conspirators, is an evident proof of this; although for consistency sake, the Ministerial press altogether denies the charge.

It is a great blessing for the country, and, doubtless, no small reprieve to the Peers that they are not called out to judge in this unhappy affair; I was present in Paris at the periods when those men had to exercise their judicial functions; and I am sure that the effect of their solemn sitting was entirely *manqué;* the common people watched their proceedings with indifference or contempt, and the ministers saw that the whole trumpery apparel of an extra court of justice, an extra show-place to parade their criminalism, and a row of extra judges with sounding titles and court coats made no sort of impression upon the people generally. If these people have done wrong, every one asked, are there not codes and courts sufficient in the country to judge them? Why assemble a hundred old men for the purpose, who have themselves passed through every sta e, and worn every colour of political opinion? What right have these people, who have been Re-

publicans and Imperialists, Bourbonists and Philippists, who have held *all* political creeds, to condemn others for holding *one?* If these poor Republicans have gone astray, it is not for such as the Peers, such old political prostitutes, to be the first to cry scandal and throw stones.

You will say that this is but a poor triumph for the liberal cause, to give men the privilege of being punished in the ordinary way, instead of employing an extraordinary tribunal to judge them; but it is a virtual abrogation of the principle set up by the September laws; and, as such, will lead to further steps and greater liberty. It may be observed, likewise, that, whether from force or interest, the King has begun to look upon the cause of the Queen of Spain with much less hostility. The reason of this does not lie, I think, with the representations of my Lord Granville, or the meek complaints of the Count de Campuzano; but, from a knowledge that the French nation is ashamed of the part that the Sovereign has acted, and that there are men in the nation only too ready to point out his faults *and to take advantage of them.*

Allow me to differ from an eloquent writer in your paper, who has represented Louis Philippe almost as a kind of *amateur* tyrant, who oppresses and imprisons for the pure love of cruelty; I do not think with you that he is naturally cruel or unjust; he may be naturally *cautious* (which is a very polite word, but recollect the place from which I write) and timid; but I think that if you can convince him, that by becoming liberal he will secure his throne, and consult his interest, that respectable monarch will be as liberal as you please. There was a time when (in his hot youth) he erased his titles from the registry-book, and signed himself "*Citizen Francais*"; there was a time when he burst into tears at dinner-time, while feasting with Charles X., and explained this delightful display of sensibility by saying that he was so *overtaken with loyalty* at the moment, that he could not but cry; there was a time—but I will not trouble you with talking further of his

opinions, for my letter would require you to print an extra sheet—all I would intimate, with due reverence, is, that his Majesty will adopt those sentiments which best suit him, and I think that he will find the liberal party to be now the strongest in France. T. T.

Nov. 14, 1836, p. 3, c. 2.—Nov. 12. I enclose you two very important letters from your St. Sebastian and Madrid correspondents, and beg leave to add, although perhaps the subject is treated quite at sufficient length by them, a few comments upon the affairs of the Peninsula. Your paper some days since contained a chivalrous declaration, purporting to come from Evans, and stating that he never would sheathe his sword until Don Carlos was driven from the mountains. It appears from your Bayonne letter that the general's intentions are by no means so magnanimous.

Perhaps, from having resided so long in this country, I have caught the tone of French feeling rather than of English, and may be somewhat prejudiced by the continual clamours of the French journalists and their angry sneers at the Legion. What have these people done, it is asked here, that they should merit double the pay of the regular officers of the Spanish army? Had Evans been conducting a war after the old school, a general of division commanding only a small portion of a regular and powerful force, his conduct might have been perfectly just and proper; but something more was expected from him, than mere obedience to orders and a passive defence of his lines, he could have shown (and he had both the strength and the opportunity to do so) much more vigour and enterprise than he has hitherto displayed. The best troops of the Queen of Spain, might have been better employed than in raising lines and mending fortifications, for which purpose her Majesty might as well have hired a legion of Irish hod-men as a gallant regiment of Irish grenadiers.

It is a fact which in the accounts from St. Sebastian has

been carefully slurred over, that when Evans made a representation to the Queen concerning the injustice which had been done to the force under his command, the Spanish ministers replied to him by stating, that the British Legion had not done the duty which was expected from them, and had not achieved the brilliant services which the government hoped to gain from them.

It is said, and with much justice, that the regular Spanish troops are acting under secret orders, and that the British Legion has likewise its own private and particular line of policy to pursue. I hope and trust that the British troops will not return from St. Sebastian until they have shown themselves at least or more worthy of the name which they bear and the cause which they defend.

You may have read reports, and I send you one among others to-day, of the imposing force under Espartero, which was despatched to raise the siege of Bilboa and menace the columns of Villareal. *I know for a fact*, that when Espartero declared to his government that he was marching against Villareal with fourteen battalions, *he had only* 1,800 *men with him.*

To meet these, the Carlist general withdraws *twelve thousand men* from the besieged town; and yet the only result of his movement has been, the report which I send you to-day: *that Espartero has met and defeated him with a loss of* 400 *men.*

You will, of course, attach but little credit to this rumour; but what will you conclude from the ten thousand monstrous and jarring reports, which are daily afloat concerning the state of Spain, the numbers and condition of the armies, and the movements of the leaders? I think you will agree with me that, excepting the worthy Gomez, who is robbing on his own account, that *neither party is in earnest, and that there is not a single general who honestly conducts the war.*

Evans has a large force, but will not budge from his lines. Villareal has thrice as many troops (according to his own

version) as Espartero, and yet obtains no advantage over him. Alaix, since he has received orders from Rodil, never ventures near the enemy, and Rodil himself keeps carefully at two days' distance from Gomez: you may observe that as soon as a Christino general has obtained the chief command, he invariably follows this line of policy—allow me to offer what appears a very satisfactory solution of it.

Some time back, in a moment of unusual candour, Louis Philippe, conversing with a man deeply interested in Spanish affairs, said to him, "that any present settlement of the Spanish question was impossible; that whatever the government might be, the people would not submit to it; and that they never would be brought to reason and good government *until they had suffered more.*" This is not a mere rumour, but an actual conversation; and explains, better than a hundred letters from correspondents, the cause of the present state of things in Spain.

Until Spain is so weakened by civil war, as no longer to be able to defend herself, or to choose her manner of government, there is no hope for her. Does not this mean, that there shall be no government in Spain, except of Louis Phillipe's choosing?

And here you have the whole key to the war; the French government finds its account so much in the maintenance of the quarrel that it aids both parties; without this covert, foreign interference, the debate would have been decided long ago; and I do not hesitate to say, that whatever may be the lurking intentions of the French government towards Spain, whatever unnatural compromise may be made between the Queen and the Pretender, that the Queen herself is as hollow-hearted in her attachment to the cause of the Constitution as the French government can possibly be, that she has been aware all along of the pending negociations, is willing to secure her daughter's crown upon the terms which may best suit the French government. Her generals have been all along aware of the arrangements, and have chosen their measures

accordingly; Cordova was no honest general of an army; he was a court intriguer, with a particular part to play and an end to gain. He was fighting for the Queen if you please, but certainly not for the nation. Sarsfield, his successor, however capable as a military leader, was found altogether inefficient or unwilling; as a courtier the war under his guidance might have assumed a character of dangerous earnestness, which it was by no means the Queen's interest to permit. The present Commander-in-Chief, however, is evidently acting upon the principles of Cordova, and has his private interests and understandings with the Queen and her allies.

I do not know whether the French government considers that the sufferings of the Spanish people are now complete, but it appears that there is some intention at present on the part of the French to aid the Queen of Spain, and to put an end to the disorders and the miseries under which that country labours. If such be the fact, and the excellent letter of your Madrid correspondent throws much light upon it, there is but little hope that the measure of aid afforded will be of much service to the Spanish nation. The French alliance may possibly prop up the ricketty foundations of the throne of Isabella, or silence the loud claims of Carlos; but the people will have advanced no further than before, and will be neither richer, happier, nor wiser. It is not the maxim of Louis Philippe's government to aid the people in their struggles for freedom; it only takes advantage of revolutions to consolidate its own power. T. T.

Nov. 16, 1836, p. 3, c. 3.—Nov. 14. That amusing little interlude of "The Visit to Strasbourg" has passed off as gaily as any other farce at the Vaudeville, at the Gymnase. You read yesterday how young Buonaparte had passed a night at Paris, and departed the next morning in a chaise and four for L'Orient, on his way to the United States. He is to be conducted on board a government frigate, with all the

state and ceremony which becomes a young prince on his travels.

We have the high authority of the *Journal des Debats* for the following interesting facts, relative to the arrival and the departure of the would-be-Emperor :—

"At half-past two o'clock in the morning two post-chaises entered the court of the Prefecture of Police, the first, with four horses, contained Prince Louis and an officer of the gendarmerie of Strasbourg; in the second were some superior employés of the police. The prince was conducted before the prefect of police, who asked him several questions. A collation was then proposed to him, and the prince *took a glass of champagne.* The prince, at five o'clock, returned to the carriage, accompanied by the same guardians, and departed for L'Orient."

Certainly, except at the theatre, no conspiracy ever ended so merrily as this. The Emperor Napoleon the Second commences and concludes his reign one morning before breakfast, and receives his punishment at supper time. I suppose the prefect pronounced his sentence in a song, and condemned him *to drink a glass of champagne.*

The ministerial journals treat the affair with the utmost gravity, and talk with tender affection of the mercy and magnanimity of the King. The Duke of Enghien is avenged, says one (which, by the way, hinted *that the Constitutional was leagued in the Buonaparte plot!*)—the Duke of Enghien is avenged—the life of a Buonaparte has been spared by a Bourbon! "O Royal clemency," cries this scribe; "O fountain of constitutional mercy!" None but rogues and republicans can after this deny the virtues of the King!

But it is only for men of royal blood to drink at his Majesty's fountain of mercy (which is here simply a poetic name for champagne). If a royal duchess conspires to overthrow the King, and to set the kingdom in a flame—if she encourages robbery, and patronizes murder—she is only acting

according to her undoubted right, and is politely dismissed after the failure of her attempt. If an ambitious young man, with a doubtful title of Prince, corrupts the army by adroitly recalling the recollection of its past glories, and inflames it with hopes of future plunder, he has a frigate at his disposal when he is tired of this scheme, and is punished for his crime by a bottle of champagne; but a poor Radical—God help him!—a man who sees no virtue in the laws of September, or who ventures to think that the government has violated the principles of the revolution, no mercy is shown him, and no punishment is too hard for him.

Was the crime of Louis Buonarparte less great than the crime of Louis Alibaud? Heaven forbid that I should excuse the one, but why not punish the other? The poor, hungry, insane Republican, there was no talk of mercy for him, the law murdered him who would have murdered another; but the law, it appears, is only for poor men, and not for princes, for wretched republicans in ragged shirts, not for royal conspirators plotting and masquerading in an emperor's boots and hat.

And with what sort of grace can the government, after this act of mercy to the leader of the plot, punish the underlings of the conspiracy? It has already prepared the way for their trial, by declaring that young Napoleon was only the tool with which others worked—a weak in-experienced boy, easily led by such deep fellows as Vaudrey and Parquin. But this lad is thirty years of age; he has already been concerned in a similar plot, for the advantage of another,* and undertook the last attempt upon his own special account. Perhaps, according to this new system of justice, the greatest punishment will fall upon those who were to have reaped the smallest profit; and the law like the excellent Thwackum, in "Tom Jones," punishing the conspirators for the crime of

* He proposed to the Duke of Reichstadt to enter France in 1831, and to proclaim him Emperor.

the Prince, will administer a sound flogging to Master Jones, by way of a warning and correction for Master Blifil. You will have remarked another singular circumstance which accompanies this exhibition of mercy on the part of the King. The article in the *Moniteur* which announces the departure of Louis Buonaparte, states that his freedom has been accorded to him *par ordre du Roi*. So that it is to the King only that this merciful act of illegality is to be attributed. There can be little blame attached to him for exercising the best prerogative which he possesses, but why are his merciful dispositions not brought forward for the benefit of all concerned in the plot, as well as for the leader of it? When the question of the fate of the Duchess of Berry was pending, the ministers gave their advice, and the Chamber was solemnly consulted. It would have been as well in the present instance if the fate of the conspirator of Strasbourg had been decided by the same popular tribune, for the King's act of mercy looks more like a piece of politeness towards one of his own rank and caste, than a legitimate exercise of his power to pardon. There will be no such hurry to set free the other sharers of the plot—no such active generosity for the poor republicans who have conspired against him; the supporters of government will cry out that we are never content—that we grumble alike at the King's rigour and his mercy. I wish that he would afford us a *fair trial;* but while the prison gates are only open to criminals of royal blood, they are pitilessly closed to honest and poorer men, whose hostility has been provoked, not by ambition, but by wrong; and who have an excuse for discontent—the excuse of exasperated poverty, fruitless struggles, and deceived hopes. T. T.

Nov. 18, 1836, p. 3, c. 2.—Nov. 16. If you have ever been at Paris you must have remarked a pretty piece of fantastic folly, the Swiss Garden at Trianon; there are rocks and tall poplars, and a number of pretty rustic cottages, gathered round a lake.

The poor old man who is just dead at Goritz, is the last of the family which once occupied the village, the guide who shows it, points out a farm house in the midst of the cluster of cottages, and says, Here dwelt the "Seigneur de Village"; in this "rustic" masquerade Louis the Fifteenth played the poet, and occupied the house of the Seigneur; opposite is a dairy, at which Maria Antoinette milked cows; and round it are other small cottages, in which once dwelt Louis Capet, the farmer, and the gay young Count d'Artois, the miller of the village. The Prince de Conde, another member of the family, occupied another house, and personated some other rustic character.

Fate had hardly ever such dreadful punishments in store, as were reserved for the half-dozen persons who shared in this royal masquerade. The elder of them died of some fearful and unknown disease, the consequence of a life of folly and debauch; the successors to his crown perished on the scaffold; the last of the Conde's was found murdered in his chamber, and the only remaining member of the family group now dies at Goritz, unhonoured and unlamented, and bereaved of the kingly rank and authority which he had inherited, as well as most of the occupiers of this pretty Swiss village at Trianon. Has not Providence read an awful lesson to kings in the fate of this exalted and unhappy Bourbon family?

The death of the ex-King seems to be received here with utter indifference and contempt, as is shown by them all; Louis Philippe abstained from going to the opera on the night when the demise of Charles X. was made known, and here is probably the only ceremony of sorrow which will be paid to his memory.

The poor old man was scarcely cold on his death bed, when the miserable party which goes by his name was quarrelling as to the empty rights of his successor:—the choice lies between the Dauphin, an imbecile, and the Duke of Bordeaux, a sickly boy of doubtful birth.

The jobbers at the Bourse were yesterday very merry regarding the event, and the quarrel occasioned by it; the death of the old man, and the debates as to his successor seemed equally to amuse them. "The Dauphin and the Duke of Bordeaux should try the value of their claim on 'Change," said one fellow, "and see how much they would *fetch in the market!*" There was very little feeling perhaps in this man's remark, but a cruel good sense, which proves in terms which are stronger than all Burke's eloquence, that the age of chivalry is gone; loyalty is only a by-word now, and the affection which attended the name and family of kings is utterly extinct—they no longer inspire love and enthusiasm—they are mere political bargains, and only good *for what they will fetch.*

The man who at present occupies the place of the wretched old exile of Goritz, has climbed so high, perhaps, that he can scarcely perceive from the eminence which he has attained the passions and the movement of the pigmy people beneath him. Louis Philippe has indulged of late years in so many speculations upon his grandeur and the stability of his reign (for he never makes a speech now without some allusions to his "dynasty," some pompous remarks about his "race,") that he seems altogether to forget the people who placed him on the throne, and the tenure by which he holds it. Will the author of the laws of September take a lesson from the author of the ordonnances of July, who dies unhonoured and unregretted, deprived of a rank and authority which at one time were so brilliant, and driven from a throne which once seemed so secure? Will he see that he may form alliances with all the Kings and Emperors of Europe, and that his "dynasty" is still no safer than before; that his son Prince Cælebs may marry a dozen Austrian or Russian Princesses, and multiply his race *ad infinitum*, and for all that, be one day compelled to share the exile of the elder branches of the family? I do not hint at the probability of such an event, which is treason;

but it is possible, and much stranger things have happened to Louis Philippe in his time. He has seen since he has himself been a public character a strange and dreadful fatality pursuing the crimes and follies of his family, if experience can make any man wise it surely ought not to be lost upon him; he has seen, in the fate of the man whose throne he occupies, how useless it is to endeavour to overcome freedom, and may have observed at the scaffold of his father how dangerous it is to affect it. It will bear neither resistance nor compromise, it has grown strong enough to destroy its open enemies, and to trample upon its doubtful supporters. No violent efforts of despotism, no juggling tricks of politics, can long resist or deceive it; there is like danger for the open tyrant who repels liberty, as to the hypocrite who assumes it. T. T.

Nov. 22, 1836, p. 3, c. 3.—Nov. 20. The French ministerial papers have made some droll mistakes regarding the late unsuccessful counter-revolution in Portugal; they were not all of them aware of the manner in which events had turned; and hence the *Debats*, the *Paix*, and other journals, amused themselves in congratulating the Queen on the success of her resistance to the insolent Radical faction attempting to domineer in Portugal. See, said the *Paix*, how nobly England has acted in this case; "she only viewed in the late revolution the charter of Don Pedro outraged, the Queen enslaved, and a young Prince protesting nobly against a criminal violence. She did not hesitate to display her flag on the Tagus, and to cause her soldiers to land upon the Portuguese soil."

I do not pause to ask whether the appearance of British soldiers on such an occasion was an act of firmness, or one of tyrannous treason; whether the Commons in England will impeach the minister who sanctioned such an interference, and punish the ambassador who abetted it, by all the means in their power. Your polititians at home will be able to judge better on this point than we can here, and will be more

readily listened to by the people. I have only to point out to you the singular manner in which the French nation was mystified and misled on this point, and the shameful concealment of the news which the ministers received. The despatch which announced the defeat of the foolish and tyrannous young Queen, is dated on mid-day, the 17th of November. *It was not made known to the public until ten o'clock at night on the 18th.* So that, if the ministers had any end in view, by wilfully misleading the nation, any pitiful juggling in the funds, which they were desirous to work to their advantage, they had six and thirty hours, for assuring the success of their scheme. Some one has said that language was given to men in order to hide their thoughts; it may be said, in like manner, that telegraphs were given to ministers in order to falsify news.

The *Debats* of this morning has a long article upon the Portuguese Revolution, ill dissembling its mortification at the Queen's defeat and disgrace. "We should have considered the counter-revolution (says that journal) as a reasonable and salutary protest against the violence which had been exercised towards the Queen, and which had obliged her to dismiss her ministry, and to restore a forgotten constitution." It is in this doubtful light that the French government journals persist in viewing all the events by which the people have suddenly and strongly asserted and conquered their rights.

The Doctrinaires still consider the proclamation of the Constitution in Spain as the mere success of a mad party; and the establishment of the Charter in Portugal, as a measure only extorted from the fears of the Queen. The Carlists reason in exactly the same fashion; with them the Government of July is equally a surprise, a successful effort of a faction, which the nation disavows.

Of course the *Debats* proceeds to laud the French government, for their wisdom in keeping aloof from all meddling with the affairs of other nations. We will neither meddle with the

Constitution or the Charter in Portugal, says the journalisi, nor with Carlos or Christine in Spain. I need not tell you that this dictum of the *Debats* is false and absurd. The French Ambassador was recalled from Lisbon because he was too favourable to the Constitution. The French ships were in the bay, side by side with the British fleet. Perhaps the French troops did not appear on shore to defend the Queen; it is only for the English diplomatists, the blundering bullies of our own cabinet, to afford an open support, and to come forward publicly to defend the feeble tyranny of the Queen, and the insolent pretentions of the boy her husband. In the same manner the assertion that the French government will not meddle with the government of Spain is equally untrue. When the two claimants to the throne were battling against each other, the French were willing to lend an aid to the Queen; they dispatched Lebeau with the legion, and collected a force in the frontier for her aid; but when the Spanish people had at last fairly asserted their rights and declared that the cause for which they fought was their own, not the cause of the Queen, but of the Constitution, then, faithful to its system, the French cabinet withdrew. They will aid Kings and Queens as much as you please,—they will fight for Royal dynasties and prerogatives, but with popular rights and feelings they will have nothing to do. Our cabinet seems to have adopted the same noble principle; they have a fleet and an army openly to aid the Queen of Portugal—they have only a few steam-boats and a little underhand assistance for the Constitution of Spain. T. T.

Nov. 26, 1836, p. 3, c. 3.—Nov. 24. The Paris papers contain a singular letter by Monsigneur Hyacinthe de Quelen, Archbishop of the Diocese, forbidding all the priests and deacons to perform any service in the churches apropos of the late King's death.

Although the Archbishop declares that no clergyman should meddle with politics, the whole of his letter is a sneaking

Carlist homily. He has not the honesty to express his open regrets, but he implies them in every sentence of his epistle—he strengthens them with passages from the fathers, and quotations from the Vulgate, recommending his curates and pastors, the subaltern Saints of the diocese, to bear their martyrdom with resignation. "Evil are the days," says Monsigneur "which the church of Paris has to deplore." It is natural that the prelate should look back with tenderness to the happy period when King Charles himself marched barefoot, and Marshal Soult walked to church with a white sheet and a candlestick; but, after all, is the condition of the church really so wretched as the worthy prelate fancies it to be? I know of no such persecution, which he or any minor church functionaries undergo. He has no longer a palace in Paris, but he has a very fine house hard by, which once belonged to a Prince, and might surely content a Bishop. To be sure the golden days of the church are gone by, but if the age of chivalry has past, the age of the Inquisition has disappeared likewise. There is no opportunity for showing Christian zeal by burning a Jew or shooting a heretic; but there are plenty of opportunities for true believers to show their faith and exercise their good works. A few months ago, for instance, a piece of the true Cross arrived at Paris: you would hardly believe that, though the Archbishop himself states the times to be evil, and all the world declares that infidelity is sadly general—you would scarcely believe that this piece of blessed wood was carried from station to station in Paris, planted in the various churches, and offered to the faithful, who flocked to it by thousands for the benefit of an embrace. Is not this a consoling sign of a religious reaction?

At the time of Alibaud's attempt, Louis Philippe was very desirous that the churches should offer up some congratulatory prayers on his escape: no devout believer, no true Christian at the holy shrine of a saint, or the sanctified toe of a Pope, could have manifested such an excess of respect, or

have uttered such an exuberance of prayers, as the King did to the Bishop.

Accordingly, Monseigneur deigned to write a letter to his clergymen, requesting them to celebrate a service for the safety of the "Prince who reigns over France," and for the downfall of all Radicals and Levellers; ingeniously hinting that the King was himself among the number, a compliment which, heaven knows, his Majesty little deserves. This letter said, as plainly as words can imply (for the words of priests and bishops occasionally bear more meanings than one), that these prayers were only to be offered up *out of compliment;* that the business was altogether a bad one, and the man shot at little better than the fellow who aimed at his life. By a like ingenious rhetoric this last discourse would seem to say, "We are bullied into silence; we are not allowed to offer up an ordinary tribute of respect for a man whom we loved and admired; we dare not show one symptom of sorrow or loyalty over the tomb of our dead sovereign." In the first of the letters to which I have alluded, he never employs the term of King to Louis Philippe; in the latter missive he employs it half a dozen times. I never read a more impudent piece of impiety than the first letter, or the last—he seems to fancy that his prayers are of some consequence, and will bear a weight in Heaven! He makes scruples about praying and not praying; he mingles his addresses to God with hints of his shuffling and bigoted politics, and sneaking exclamations of discontent. Not even there, where the miserable struggle of all parties should cease—where angry Radical and hot Royalist may learn, in the contemplation of a greater Wisdom and Good, how petty their own systems are, and how insignificant their quarrels—not even in praying will this man forget his pique, and his party, and his discontents. If Louis Philippe has need of prayers (as who has not?), if he has crimes to wipe out, treason to atone for, tyranny or falsehood

to repent of, it is not from the Archbishop of Paris that he should seek absolution.

* * * * *

The approaching session, and the fall or confirmation of the present Ministry, which will be decided by it occupies the attention of most of the French papers.

It is but too probable that the Chamber will vote as readily for Guizot and Molé as they voted for Guizot and Thiers, and for Thiers alone. The French Chamber seems to have no will but that of the ministry; and the ministry blindly follows the will of the King. The welfare of France, the maintenance of her material interests, and the preservation of her honour and good name, have not been, as they should be, the uppermost subjects of attention for the Chamber, the Ministry, or the Monarch. He has adroitly seized all the power of the nation, but his views are not large enough to allow him to exercise for the public benefit the virtual despotism which he possesses; his whole thoughts are turned towards the aggrandizement and interest of his own family. No man has ever shown more clearly than Louis Philippe, that before all other interests he considers his own, and no man has ever pursued his interests so unwisely.

A rage for match-making seems to be his ruling passion; his son has been offered to every marriageable princess in Europe, and not one would accept the parvenu; his daughters have been "trotted out" for the inspection of princes without number, who have left them in like manner. A little time ago, and this was the great triumph of Thiers, it was bruited abroad that the Duke of Orleans was to marry the daughter of Archduke Charles, and the Princess Clementina to espouse the King of Naples: but the negotiation ends in Naples marrying Austria, and the two poor children of Orleans marry nobody.

This mad rage for continuing his dynasty, has made the King consent to lose his rank in Europe; he is only a sup-

pliant in foreign Courts where he might act as a master; he breaks his faith, and destroys his alliances; he gives up the proudest title in the world, to be at the head of the liberty of Europe; he gives up his power abroad, and loses affection at home, that he may find an extra son-in-law, or secure a generation of grand-children.

If Spain were tranquil, if England were his ally, if his own country were contented and free, as he promised it should be, the King of the French would be at the head of such a power in Europe, as would defy all open resistance, and overcome all secret hostility; and if it be settled by fate, that royal princes shall only marry royal princesses, the families who refuse him now, would then only too gladly accept him, for his anger would be dangerous then—it is now only absurd. T. T.

Decr. 1, 1836, p. 3, c. 4.—Nov. 29. The censorship of the press can never again be established, as is satisfactorily shown by the Charte; and the Charte as been, as everybody knows, a *verité* for the last six years, at least we have Louis Philippe's word for it, and Philippe "is an honourable man."

But the world has arrived at such a shameful pitch of incredulity, that it only suffices for Louis Philippe to make a promise in order that all men should doubt it; for it has occasionally happened that his Majesty's words, which are mysterious as his ways, have turned out to bear quite a different meaning to that which the public generally gave them. Thus, when he gave up the stern title and attributes of Censor, people imagined that the press was henceforth to be free. No such thing. The absurd, blundering, thick-headed *canaille* will not see that a sentence can bear two meanings. The King's government allowed, it is true, every book to be printed, but they reserved to themselves the liberty of seizing all the copies. Louis XIII. was called in his rage for private morals, Ludovicus Censor, the present man may take a higher title, and be denominated Ludovicus *Seizer* Augustus.

Everything is seized indiscriminately, the harmless *Almanach National* was seized, because it gave dangerous notions to the common people about the rudiments of history, the brewing of beer, the privileges of working men, and the proper time for planting cabbages. Poor Madame Cochelet's slip-slop *Memoires of Hortense* are seized, and the *Gazette de France* is seized and fined for an article concerning the succession of Charles X. The foolish journalist saluted the foolish dauphin by the title of king; some journals copied the article for its very absurdity, and the whole impressions of the several papers were in consequence seized at the post; but the author of the article was treated with more severity, he was summoned on Saturday before a court of law, and made to answer for the terrible article in question. The following is that part of it which appears to be most especially treasonable.

"Inheritor of his august father, the Dauphin now replaces him in the care and protection of the young Duke de Bordeaux and of MADEMOISELLE. Some days before this terrible catastrophe his Majesty walked twice on foot into the environs of Goritz. M. de Clermont-Tonnerre, formerly Minister of War, had arrived on Thursday night, previous to the *fête* of St. Charles, and was in admiration of the fine old age of the Prince, whom he found to be more robust and in better looks than in 1830, since which time he had not seen his Majesty. It was the day after this *fête* that the fatal illness declared itself which carried off this excellent Prince. The physician of the King, M. Bougon, thought he perceived the symptoms of a putrid fever; but a physician of the town was convinced it was cholera. His opinion is not, however, partaken of by anyone here, as this scourge has never existed at Goritz nor in its environs. The death of his Majesty is attributed to a neglected cold, so dangerous in an advanced age. He had for some time had a bowel complaint, to which he attached no importance.

"*The King and the Queen, and the young Prince and Princess*, putting aside their cruel grief, are in perfect health."

Is there in the above passage anything likely to shake the loyalty of the French or the dynasty of Louis Philippe In my last you saw how the Archbishop of Paris repeatedly spoke of the deceased exile as *the King Charles* X. He was no more King than Antoine, his son; if the title is granted to the one, it belongs of the same right to the other. Why is the poor scribe fined and in prison, and the archbishop at liberty? In the affair at Strasbourg, the head conspirator was called prince by the government and the journals, and in his quality of prince freed from the ordinary process and penalties of justice. If Captain Louis Buonaparte is a prince, being the son of an illegitimate king, and the grandson of a Corsican attorney, Louis Antoine is a king: the loss of his kingdom cannot affect his title—it is his by inheritance and divine right; but the Court did not think so, and the luckless editor of *la France* was imprisonment for three months.

You have already published the letter of young Buonaparte to his mother. It only required a postscript, with a request for half-a-crown and a cake, to render the young gentleman's address quite complete. His Royal Highness has a tenderness of disposition which does honour to his heart, but almost amounts to weakness. Why should he be anxious for the fate of his comrades in misfortune? If they were shot it would be no more than they deserve; if they are imprisoned for life they will only be mercifully dealt by! A young prince may play pranks and excite rebellion—it is his Royal Highness's nature to do so; he is excusable from his rank and royal blood. Nay, there is an actual premium for revolting princes. Are they desirous of supping at Paris, or of travelling gratis to America, carriages and four are ready for their Royal Highnesses and frigates are placed at their disposal: but woe betide to the low-bred ruffians who

attempt to create revolutions! When will the ignorant rabble learn, that the law was made by princes and not for them? When will they see that what is only good sport for their masters is often death to them? T. T.

Dec. 8, 1836, p. 3, c. 4.—Dec. 4. At the time of the inauguration of the Arc de Triomphe, there were the most fearful rumours of conspiracies, which menaced the monarchy and the capital. A band of ruffians, forming a horrid company called the Societé des Familles, was tracking the footsteps of the King, the little Princes and Princesses, and her Royal Highness Madame Adelaide. These villains, bound by tremendous oaths, had spread their secret snares in the hotels of the ministers, ambassadors, and counsellors of state. His Majesty was not safe in the inmost recesses of his palace, and in danger even in the arms of his royal spouse. When he went abroad he rode, not like King Pepin in a coach of gold, but in a gun-proof vehicle of iron; he wore a corslet of steel beneath his coat of mornings; and he covered it with his night chemise on retiring to rest.

It was not cowardice, but prudence, which dictated these precautions; but though the august bosom of the monarch was thus sheathed in steel, it still was menaced by danger, and oppressed by care. The King was called upon at this period to preside at the opening of the grand arch of the Etoile; begun, as the inscription states, by Napoleon, and finished by Louis Philippe; thus two kindred spirits, equal in genius, in energy and courage, had shared in the glory of this enterprise.

A hundred thousand loyal grocers and tailors, the National Guards of Paris, "the cheap defence of nations," as Burke styles the Knights of old, were to assemble round the arch, and with marching and countermarching, the firing of powder and manly shouts of military joy, to celebrate the festival of the arch, and the glories of the two arch-heroes who had raised it.

But a qualm came over the King's spirit; the horrid Societé des Familles was at work, and the hero of Valmy and Jemmapes, felt himself unsafe in the midst of a hundred thousand bayonets. Consulting discretion, the better part of valour, his Majesty countermanded the review, and stopped at home.

It is only within the last week, that the real nature of the plot, which set all France in an uproar, has been made known to the public, and out of this tremendous conspiracy, this mountain of murder and crime, have crept *two mice.*

Two lads of 16, named Fontelle and Oursel, had determined upon slaughtering his Majesty on the first occasion. Pistols were the weapons first proposed by these heroes, but after a mature consideration, *files* were fixed upon as being cheaper and equally efficacious.

They appear to be two mad apprentice-boys, inflamed with the works of Marat and St. Just, and eager at all risk to procure a little fame. I give the chief part of this story, told by themselves in their examination by the magistrates. Fontelle stated (he was apprentice to a saddler, afterwards a post-boy at a wine shop), that since his earliest years his political opinions were formed; he read the *National* as a point of duty, and the *Charivaris* as an amusement. In speaking of the projected murder, he said "We should have executed our project either on the road, whilst the King was going to the funeral service, or in the Chapel of the Invalids, had I been able to penetrate into it, or else during the inauguration of the triumphal arch. As in the case of the review, I should have approached by putting myself in the ranks of the National Guard. I foresaw some difficulties, but they were not of a nature to prevent my putting my project into execution. In this case Fontelle would have had the same part to act; he would have placed himself at some distance from me, but not knowing the dispositions of the troops he could keep no place for me." Oursel added

that, at the time it was rumoured that the King would not be present at the review, and that the triumphal arch would be inaugurated by the Duke of Orleans, he had determined to attack the Prince in the same manner, whilst Fontelle said "he would strike at the King another day." He was then questioned by what serious motives he had been instigated to attempt the committal of so horrible a crime. He said, in the first place, he personally disliked royalty, and it *was contrary to his principles.* He then reproached the King with putting Paris in a state of siege, in 1832, and reserved his other motives for his defence. However, being pressed to make them then known, he declared that in February last, he had presented a petition to the King, in order to obtain a footman's place for his father, but as this proceeding had met with no success, it had much contributed to strengthen his resolution, but that since the 25th of June, seeing that the attempts on the King had failed, he suddenly determined *to settle his business* the 25th of July. He added, in speaking to the witness Micop, that if he succeeded, he hopes to be the *valet de chambre* of the first consul. At a later period, in alluding to what he had said about his petition, he declares that the non-success of his demand exercised no influence over his determination; but that, independent of the state of siege, to which he had paid little attention, he had other motives, of a graver nature. "I had seen," said he, "in June, 1832, the King himself command the fire in the Rue St. Martin, or at least I heard it affirmed by Labet, deputy of the Cote-d'Or; and then the massacre of the Rue Transnonain was of greater weight than anything else." Fontelle was arrested the same day as Oursel. A poignard was seized lying on a plank, of which the point had been finely ground and stuck in a cork. Political Pamphlets were also found, one of which was entitled *The Republicans.* After some hesitation he declared that the poignard was destined for an attempt on the King's life; but he was only to strike the second blow,

in case Oursel failed in the first. In his interrogatory he confirms everything that had been alleged by his accomplice, except the attempts on the Duke of Orleans, of which he himself had not the slightest intention. "He declares he had procured a great number of political works, namely, the works of St. Just, of Robespierre, of Camille Desmoulins, and the *Chains of Slavery*, by Marat, &c.: that it was by the study of these books he had acquired his principles." Such are the facts which result from the declarations of Oursel and Fontelle, and which are also confirmed by the witnesses.

Madame Campagne, who was heard on the 29th of July, deposed that five or six days previously she had sold a file to Oursel, who was accompanied by a young man, whom she thought to recognise in the person of Fontelle. M. Martin her clerk, gave the same deposition. Oradoun declared on on the 25th of July Oursel and Fontelle, whom he perfectly recognised, had brought him some files. Fontelle said that they were to make instruments for his profession. Oursel had returned alone to fetch them on the same day at three o'clock. Oradoun had sharpened and put them iu the condition they are at present. Oursel, who appeared to be in great want for occupation, presented himself at the house of M. Micop, whose apprentice he had been.

This witness and his son asserted that he spoke to them of politics, and that he was in a great state of exaltation. He said he was come to bid his comrades farewell, for that there were some arrests in the society of which he was a member, and he feared that in his turn he might be arrested also, and *showed his daggers;* from thence he went to the house of M. Wurmser. "He always talked politics," said this witness, "and had but the republic in his head." He bid them farewell, kissed all the persons present, announced that he was about to depart, and that later it would be known where he was going. *He showed his daggers*, and answered to Mme. Wurmser, who asked him what use he intended to make of them, "Oh, this is my affair."

On the same day he uttered such threatening words against the life of the King, in the house of Madame Mondolphe, that M. Carleback, who was present, suspicious of the truth, thought fit to give warning to a commissary of police.

On the day previous, 24th of July, *at the Theatre Moliere, Oursel and Fontelle, spoke of their projects so freely, and showed with such little precaution, the files, now made into daggers,* that a neighbour who heard them gave information to the authorities. The information was anonymous, but the instruction confirms to such an extent the details it gives, that it is impossible not to see its complete exactness.

Thus the horrid *Societé des Familles* consists of two disreputable boys, whose foolish heads were turned by Marat and Robespierre, and by the insane vanity so peculiar to this great nation. When Fieschi died, he said "all the world will speak of me." The ruffian Lacenaire, and the madman Alibaud uttered the same foolish sentiment; and it goes so far in this country as to reach even these two silly apprentices —to find two regicide-raggamuffins, who leave their pegtop and marbles, to meditate assassination, and become the heroes in "strange stories in the deaths of kings." T. T.

Dec. 14, 1836, p. 3, c. 2.—Dec. 10. The French papers are discussing a question of great importance—"What will M. Thiers do?" The whole march of events in France and in the Peninsula, the maintenance of the Five per Cents, and the Queen of Spain, the marriage of the Duke of Orleans, nay the very safety of his respectable father, seem to depend on Thiers's conduct in the ensuing Parliamentary campaign.

The Opposition appeals to his early political professions, and begs him to lead their ranks; the ministry soothes his injured pride, and entreats him to join them. "Come, O Thiers," cries the affectionate Guizot, "come to my bosom, child of our adoption, object of our respect, return to your allegiance, nestle once more under the wide wings of our mother. The *doctrine!* You voted for the laws of September,

you destroyed the jury, you fomented the dispute with America, you bullied the democrats of Switzerland, you are only worthy to be a Doctrinaire."

And the venerable Louis Philippe himself, the *vieux blagueur** of all, loses no opportunity to console the ex-president for his late dismissal, and to soothe his mortified vanity. The illustrious Prince, when he turned his minister out of doors; and thought fit to break his promise, to sully his honour (about which quality, perhaps, it is not necessary to say too much), to stain the character of his own nation, and heartlessly give up another to ruin; did more (as Fouché said of Napoleon) than commit a crime—he made a blunder.

But M. Thiers is far too wise to listen to the overtures of Guizot, or the King's useless flattery; he wanted a character, and his obstinacy on this point has gained him one; he wanted a grievance, and he has it. He can tell the Chamber that he went out of office only because he was desirous to maintain the national honour of France, and the pledged word of the Ministers. The objection to the fulfilment of their promise did not lie with the majority of the Chamber—who were ready to support the Cabinet, or with the Cabinet itself; the cause of this public disgrace lies only with the King.

No wonder, then, that Louis Philippe is desirous to repair his error, and that Thiers, quite as cunning aş his Majesty, sees the advantage of his situation, and the extent of his power. He is greater now out of the Cabinet than he ever was in it; there he was only the King's creature; bowing to his caprices, labouring for his good, threatening or bending, flattering or shuffling, to get an extra privilege for the King, or a wife for the King's son, or a fresh guarantee for the continuance of his line, or the maintenance of his interest. The ex-minister now works on his own account—he is no

* In polite English, "the old humbug."

more Louis Philippe's servant—and very soon may be his master. If the Doctrinaires fail in the chamber, Thiers must come back to office. The King, until now, has conquered all oppositions and cabinets; he laughed at honest old Lafayette, he trampled upor Lafitte. Every succeeding ministry has been selected on dismissed upon some point connected *with his private interest;* and lo! here comes Thiers, who beats him at his own weapons—showing to the world by what small means (for his excellency is little more than four feet high) fate overturns the mighty schemes of such giants as the King. Thus it was that another GREAT man in history, of whom one cannot help thinking when meditating upon the character of his Majesty; thus it was that the great Mr. Jonathan Wild was entirely overoome by the insignificant Mr. Blueskin. Who would have thought that either Philippe or Jonathan could ever have met their match.

But seriously, Thiers must know his own strength too well, to yield to the cajoleries of the King, or the humble overtures of Guizot; and the victory which he will obtain over both, will benefit not merely the Spaniards, who may now reasonably look for deliverance; but the French themselves, thus freed from the fatal influence which the Orleans party has hitherto exercised over the country.

The interests, the honour, the liberty of the nation have been sacrificed for six years to one family; at home it has been a series of paltry struggles and intrigues to strengthen the Orleans dynasty, to give free prerogatives to the King and his heirs; who only seem to value the crown for the crown-jewels, and to use the nation as a great farm, of which they will profit as much and as long as possible. Abroad there is the same policy; the King asks for a wife for his son, or a recognition for himself, or a husband for his daughter, and the rank and dignity of the nation are lost for the mean interests of the man who governs it. The Prince of Hohenzollern Sigmaringen, and his 500 subjects, asserts his claims,

in a stouter tone, and is heard with as much respect as the monarch of the noblest country in Europe.

Thus in writing on French politics, there has hitherto been but one theme of discussion — the king, and his private conduct and interests; and thus a pitiful court intrigue, which at the best serves but to oust one man from office, and to give his place to another, becomes an object of importance likely, in some degree, to affect the destinies of the country.

In reading over some of the letters I have had the honour to address you (a compliment which few persons, I presume, will pay to them), I have been struck by seeing how much has been written about the king and the ministers, and the princes and their probable or improbable wives, and how little has been said regarding the nation; it is not a bad proof of its condition, I think, that a man, on the spot, watching the popular interest, and eager to discover the public feeling, should see and write so little about the people. The fact is, that the people take no part in politics, they are not allowed to assemble, they are not allowed to speak freely, they are not allowed to vote. A hundred thousand electors represent the nation, and there are three hundred thousand places (if I mistake not) to distribute among them. You can have no popular feeling from such a body of men, and the Government takes good care to smother it in all others. The people are now bullied by the bourgeoisie as they were before by the nobles: they are forbidden to read or write except such opinions as the government may think fit to allow, for the government has an unlimited power to seize books and authors, and has laid restrictions upon juries. They are forbidden to assemble even to worship God, for fear they should learn sedition; so that there is only freedom for the happy hundred thousand—and what a freedom! a freedom of places and profit, sold to every ministry in its turn, for the use and benefit of a single man, the master of ministers, the great place-giver, the only man who has benefited by the revolution—the King!

And therefore his defeat becomes an object of importance, and the triumph of the people, or any party of the people, even of such a miserable party as that of M. Thiers, in such a miserable victory as that which he may obtain, is looked for with longing hope; any blow which is given to the present system, any struggle by which the march of the Orleans autocracy may be perplexed, or retarded, or overcome, becomes a public benefit. One victory will lead the way to another, until the King is eased of the dreadful power which he holds now, and which he employs so ill, until he becomes the modest chief magistrate, for which office the people designed him—the King "who rules but does not govern," as Thiers said in his earlier and better days.

I am not talking republicanism, I hope, which in this country is a dangerous kind of conversation; nor do I think that a King "with any other name would smell as sweet"—he is better than King Henry V., or than King Robespierre. A nation has, surely, the liberty to choose their governor, whether they choose him for his right divine, or pick him, like Christopher Sly, from a gutter. The present individual is, perhaps, the best man the French could choose, if he would but care for the nation a little more, and for his family a little less—he would find it the best policy in the end.—

T. T.

Dec. 19, 1836, p. 3, c. 1.—Dec. 15. Brigadier Bruyant is condemned to death—his comrades are to be subjected to five years' imprisonment, but the stern military law demands the head of the leader of the revolt.

Stimulated by the example of the Court at Vendome, the lawyers at Strasburg will no doubt exercise a similar severity, and take away the lives of Parquin and Vaudrey; the ends of justice will thus be answered, for justice (according to law) is like an ogre in a fairy tale, he lurks in hidden caverns, invisible to all eyes, but now and then he issues from his hiding place, seizes and slays his victim, drinks his blood,

and retires content. What a comfort it is to us poor common men to live under the guardianship of a protector like this! He has no aristocratic tastes and propensities, he lives and labours for us only; he has no fashionable hankering after the society of great people; he will chop you off the head of a plough boy for stealing a sheep, but if a prince filches a kingdom, or murders half a million of men, he passes by his Royal Highness with the utmost contempt. Justice, heaven be praised! is our privilege, it is made only for the people, not for their masters.

Thus you see that while poor Bruyant dies on the block, his Royal Highness Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte loads a frigate, and takes an American tour. He writes to his uncle (the ex-King of Spain)—"*My dear Sire,—You will be surprised to hear of my late 'lark' at Strasburg—it was a glorious piece of fun. Vaudrey will be hanged. Have you any land to sell cheap? I cannot help their cutting off poor Parquin's head—but what* IS *the price of oats* at *New York?—Ever, my dear Majesty, your affectionate Royal Highness.—L. N. B.*"

The daily ravings of the *Quotidienne*, and other Carlist journals, are mainly inspired by the strange course which the Spanish Cortés propose to adopt in their treatment of Don Carlos—they absolutely intend to shoot him! Such a measure is quite unprecedented — princes are quite independent of us and the law.—"Our little hands were never made," as Dr. Watts remarks, "to tear out Royal eyes;" and again from the same poem, "If Kings delight to kick and smite, it is their nature too." The people have nothing to do with their eccentricities; they have no more right to impugn the ways of Princes than the ways of Providence.

At least such is the gist of a long article in the *Quotidienne*, this morning. "*On ne peut vaincre les Rois, il faut les tuer.*" Such is the last last resource of revolutionits? The trembling Carlist who writes this sentence forgets that even if we were to meditate such projects, we should do only as we are done

by. We only ape our masters; we cannot conquer treason, cry they, we must kill it, and off go the heads of Emmet, and Alibaud, and Torrijos. Justice, herself, with you in England, condescended to follow the same plan. "*On ne peut vaincre les voleurs des moutons*," cried Justice, "*il faut les teur!*" Murder was never so prevalent as in the days when monarchy was brightest; the preface to the history of all the founders of royal dynasties is written in blood, it was perpetuated by royal use, and sanctioned by noble institution of chivalry; it is, however, like Knights and Kings, grown sadly out of fashion.

* * * * *

The *Journal de Frankfort* contains a similar lament on the subject of Don Carlos, and the punishment which the Cortes have in store for him.

"If we may believe," says the scribe, "a telegraphic despatch, inserted in the Paris papers, the Cortes (in the sitting of the 26th) were not satisfied in voting for the exclusion of Don Carlos from the crown; they are at this moment occupied in a proposition for prescribing his execution, in case he should be made prisoner.

"*It is the head of Don Carlos* which is now asked for; this is the moderation of the Cortes applauded in the papers of England and France.

"It was regicide that signalised the revolution in Great Britain. It was regicide that marked the French revolution. Regicide is suggested in Spain, and we may with history in our hands, judging of the future by the past, affirm that *regicide is the basis of all future revolutions*. We have repeated it a hundred times: quarrels of principles become every day more ridiculous. There are now in Europe but two parties: the miserable and the honest men; those who have a wish to destroy, and those who have a wish to preserve; so that the slang of 'conservatism' has penetrated through Europe; here are the same loyal common-places which are daily employed

by the *Times*—the same foul-mouthed anger against the people which distinguishes the *Debats*.

"And if the Cortés *do* ask for the head of his Royal Highness Don Carlos, are they more severe upon him than upon any other common villain who breaks the law?—more cruel than he himself has been? Ask the widow of poor Mailler, murdered the other day in cold blood; ask the orphans of the miserable British soldiers, who fell butchered by this merciless tyrant's order, if the author of these crimes merit death or not? The *Journal de Frankfort*, which boldly separates the world into two great parties, places the honest men on this man's side, and qualifies all the rest of the world as rogues who deny his claim, or, even allowing it, would punish his crime. At least let us be thankful that the *rogues* are in the majority; a little more "honesty" like that of the *Journal de Frankfort* would bring back the Inquisition to Spain; a little less roguery in our own country, and the successors of Charles I. might have dispensed with Parliaments altogether, and governed England according to their own royal and superior lights.

The awful sentence, asserting that "*Regicide is the basis of all future revolutions*" may likewise, terrible though it sound, admit of some question. There was a Revolution in France—Charles X. lost his senses in causing it, but he did not lose his head: there *is* a revolution in England, but it does not endanger a hair of the King's head, or even a whisker of the Duke of Cumberland. If the royal object of the royal duke's admiration should meet with a severer fortune, it will not be his family's fault, but his own. If Mr. Burke, of Edinburgh, had been of royal race, would he have deserved his punishment, or would he not?

I would only argue that the one murderer is no better than the other, and that as long as the law permits in taking blood for blood, Don Carlos should be hunted down like a common assassin—treated as pitilessly as he has treated others. T. T.

THE MEETING AT SAN SEBASTIAN.

Dec. 20, 1836, p. 3, c. 2.—Dec. 17. The regiment called the "Westminster Grenadiers," at San Sebastian, is in open mutiny. The intelligence detailed in the letter of your correspondent can surprise no one. It is as much the fault of the general as of the government, whom he pretends to serve.

The language of Mendizabel when applied to for a settlement of the just claims of the Legion is quite insolent; he does not even give himself the trouble to make promises. It is too clear that (except when it suits them) the Legion will not fight, and it is but fair that the government should not pay.

General Evans may be as brave as a lion in the field of battle, but, out of it, there never was a man more timid and irresolute, who conceives so many projects, and executes not one; who is so daring as to disobey his commanding officer, and so timid as to be afraid of four hundred Carlists menacing his lines.

What advantages the Queen might have gained if a few thousand of Evans's men had joined the corps of Espartero. It is absurd to think that he could dread the Carlists in his front; he had other reasons for staying in St. Sebastian; some claims which he was desirous to press, some clumsy plans which he wished to conduct;—but certainly Nature never fitted any man so little for the part of a conspirator. The general first holds a council, at which meeting nothing was resolved; the officers entreat him to allow troops to volunteer on the expedition to Bilboa, to which the general replies, that he is so circumstanced as to be able to do nothing: and this is exactly what he has been doing ever since the commencement of the war.

He could not fix on a better plan for raising a mutiny; the men are poor and discontented, and the general keeps them idle; they are longing to fight and not allowed to stir; the general himself gives an example of insubordination, and

on a foolish pretext refuses to comply with the soldier's dearest wish, trembling before a few Carlists; disobeying the orders of his superior, at a moment when a blow might have been struck which would have crushed the faction for ever.

At the last meeting of the officers, the General showed the same resolute determination; he required from them all their opinions; he then made them all go to their quarters and write their opinions, and then reassemble and recapitulate their opinions. Can the man have any opinion of his own? The revolt in the mean time breaks out, and he sends Spanish troops to quell it, but, upon the representation of Jauregui, he recalls the Spanish troops, and sends the English—at which interesting moment your correspondent's letter concludes.

It is certain that this Mahomet of the Auxiliary Legion has told the mountain to march—but will it march?

Your correspondent promises you a letter should such an event take place. T. T.

Dec. 22, 1836, p. 3, c. 2.—Dec. 19. The French journals are filled with continual complaints of the treachery and ambition of English ministers. To believe the French there is not a spot in Europe where our spies and intriguers are not at work; Whigs and Tories unite unhappily on this one point—to sacrifice Europe, honour, everything to the aggrandisement and the interest of Great Britain.

In fact, *La perfide Albion* inspires the same hatred to the extreme parties in France, which animates the bosom of the respectable gentleman who composes the leading articles of the *Morning Herald*, when he treats on Russia. Armand Carrel, in the *National* was our fiercest enemy; he found that in all the complicate intrigues and questions of foreign policy, England took the chief share both in the profit and in the conspiracy. Like Job, in the song, whatever was the draught in the jug, Carrel always found the Devil painted at the

bottom of it.* England was his Devil, and at the bottom of all the mischief in the world.

The *Chronique de Paris* in a like spirit asserts this morning, with regard to the expedition to Constantina, "that it was evident that English genius had presided at the construction of the fortifications, and that perhaps the Arab guns had come from the tower of London."

Is there any truth in these assertions, or any remote particle of truth? Is the foreign policy of England so conducted? You have better means of answering the question in London than we here, and you are bound most strongly to press it. How are foreign arrangements made, and by whom? Your paper of Saturday mentions that regiments are to be sent to San Sebastian, and that the fort is to be occupied for a while, or perhaps for ever, by British troops—who settles these points? Who sends a fleet to repress a popular movement at Lisbon, and proposes to seize and garrison a fortress in Spain? Are these ideas suggested and debated by the cabinet, or do they emanate, Minerva-like, armed, from the mighty brain of that Jove, my Lord Palmerston?

The Foreign-office at London seems as mysterious and as potent as the Holy-office at Madrid; who is the leader of it? What is this secret and dreadful code of laws, which passes like an hereditary disease, from cabinet to cabinet? When Napoleon talked of English diplomacy, he became almost mad, as mad as the *Morning Herald* above mentioned, or as Mr. Urquhart, in speaking of Russia. We may doubtless rebut some of the charges of treachery which are continually urged against our diplomacy, but we cannot unfortunately refute all. There is treachery and secret negotiation; you have a so-called liberal ministry, and your foreign minister

* "Whatever the draught, whether small beer or stout,
It was honest Job's maxim to drain the pot out:
He said 'twas from duty the tankard he dried,
To expose the foul fiend who was lurking inside."

continues the systems and the superstitions of Pitt, who in his fury against Napoleon saddled us with ruin, and Russia, a more powerful enemy than France could ever have been to us. Your popular minister, in England, tramples upon the populace in Portugal, and how does he aid the people in Spain? The popular minister has no idea of an honest and manly alliance, he adopts a shuffling co-operation, he will not allow the oppressed Spanish nation the comfort and support of an ally, who, *coute qui coute*, will stand at her side, allied to her, not by interest, but by a community of freedom, a community of hatred against oppression and oppressors; no, he is too intimate with the tyrants themselves, to dare to be so open; he cares too little for liberty to help her for her own sake; but when he can make a good bargain with liberty, and so manage and twist his sneaking politics as to keep within the strict letter of his agreement, the popular minister seizes his opportunity, and flatters himself that he does his duty to England.

And when San Sebastian is duly pawned to our government, Lord Palmerston will show how well he has deserved of his country, in obtaining such a noble bargain at such a cheap rate. He can show how gracefully he has eluded the anger of the northern courts, allies of Don Carlos, and how in aiding the Queen he has benefited his country. There is no doubt of it—he will have cheated both Carlos and Christine, and obtained another great port for English ships, more profits and outlets for English commerce. A few more such bargains, and we who are called a nation of shop-keepers, may be called a nation of swindlers for the future. T. T.

Dec. 23, 1836, p. 3, c. 1.—Dec. 20. If the Duke de Nemours in his African expedition, and in the glorious actions which he has performed, has not quite reached the sublime, at least he is only at one step from it, that particular step which was called by Napoleon the ridiculous.

After his return from the disastrous reconnoissance to

Constantina, his Royal Highness took occasion to visit the public establishments at Algiers, and to bestow on the public functionaries the benefit of his Royal smiles and presence. The illustrious prince is something more than twenty years old; his titles to respect are, his excellent father, his royal rank, and his gallantry in this campaign. With regard to the two first qualifications, you will allow that they are questionable, and as to the last, it is reported that the prince was affected with a violent sore-throat and cold, which prevented him from exercising that active heroism which otherwise he doubtless would have shown. A man with a flannel night-cap, and, haply, a worsted stocking round his throat, cannot don the accoutrements of war, or shout the cry of battle; he would choke in the attempt to cry "Forward!"

Such, however, is the divinity which hedges Kings, even Citizen-Kings, and all their family, that this poor pale-faced sickly creature, who no sooner leaves the paternal coop at the Tuileries, than he is half-choked with the pip, unfit from bodily infirmity to endure the fatigues of soldiers—from youth and inexperience to command them. This puny lad becomes the head and front of an expedition; the bulletin, which forgets to announce the death of many thousands, mentions his health in the preface and in the postscript. He goes abroad with marshals and generals at his back, and extends his patronage to mayors; pious Turks call down benedictions on his head, and grateful Jews look up to him as a second prophet—a little beardless Moses.

In the *Moniteur Algerien* we read the following account of his proceedings:—"His Royal Highness the Duke of Nemours left the Government Hotel, accompanied by Marshal Clausel, the Civil Intendant, the Lieutenant-General, Commander of the Troops, by the General and Superior Officers of the Militia and of the Garrison of Algiers. The Vice-Admiral, Commandant of the Fleet, joined the cortege on its passage under the arches of the Hotel of the Marine, and accom-

panied the prince to the Mole, the important works of which he was about to visit. The prince then directed his steps to the Rue de la Marine, where the Mufti, the Cadi, and the Ulemas of the Maleki worship, awaited him for the inauguration of the peristyle, which is to be established in front of the building, with the columns taken from the mosque which was destroyed in order to form the Place du Gouvernement. The Intendent-Civil, before the first stone was laid, addressed to His Royal Highness a speech, to which he gave the following answer:—I hope also that the monument which we are about to raise will be in the eyes of the natives a solemn guarantee of the protection which the King's government will grant to the Mussulman worship, and will powerfully contribute to destroy the barrier which the difference of religion might raise between them and us."

The Mufti, through the organ of M. Delaporte, interpreter of the intendance, expressed the gratitude of the true-believers; he called down benedictions from heaven upon the Prince for the favour he had granted to their religion, who caused them to forget the painful losses they had sustained.

His Royal Highness also honoured with his presence the Mosque of Hanefi, and informed the Mufti that he had ordered the Intendant-Civil to replace the wooden chair by one in marble.

The Prince terminated his visits to the religious establishments, by one to the synagogue of the Jews, which was decorated with the greatest luxury. His entry into the temple was saluted by a psalm in Hebrew.

The writer conceals the particulars of the Royal Duke's festive visitation; but a very common imagination can easily supply the details.

Is this Titus or Vespasian coming in triumph among the Jews, that they receive him with such respect? They who refused to take down their harps for the great Assyrian

conqueror, strike up a Hebrew melody at the approach of the noble Nemours; dark-eyed Hebrew maidens throw oranges at the feet of the young warrior; bushels of sealing wax, and black lead pencils are burned in his honour; the temple is filled with grateful believers, and festooned with old clothes—who does not envy the prince receiving such honour, and admire the stiff-necked Hebrews who bend before him?

Nor does the prince's triumph end here, the Turks are every whit as tender as the Jews. The prince, on going his religious rounds, remarked in a mosque a shabby and unseemly chair of wood, whence the Iman usually preached; he instantly promised that the chair should be replaced by a smart pulpit of marble; it is not Shakespeare only who can draw sermons from stones—true believers will draw good doctrine for centuries from the same source.

As may be supposed, this politeness of M. de Nemours deeply affected the Mufti; but when through the organ of M. Delaporte, (and surely sounds more eloquent never passed through any organ)—when the Duke expressed his high respect for the Mahometan religion, and his full intention to patronise it, the right reverend prelate was quite overcome, and called on the Prophet to bless this liberal-minded young man. The reader cannot fail to remember another celebrated occasion, when the name of Mahomet was similarly invoked; and the pious Turkish merchant exclaimed "in the name of the prophet, Figs."

But all the sublime acts and speeches above recorded quite sink into insignificance when compared to the following oration actually delivered by the Mayor of Algiers:—

"MONSEIGNEUR,—The French population of Algiers hail with joy your arrival on the African coast. It is to them the compliment of the certainty (*le compliment de la certitude*) that the firm wish of the King is not only to preserve this fine country, but to bring to it the prosperity which it deserves.

"At this moment, my prince, we learn with grief that Constantina has not fallen before our arms. The banner of glory cannot remain unavenged. The King, your father, the guardian of the national honour, will say, together with all France, that the crescent must bow before your power. To you, Monseigneur, must be reserved the glory, under the direction of the illustrious Marshal Clausel, of attaching victory to the chariot of our country."

He means the chariot in which the Duke of Nemours made the campaign. The prince was in too delicate health to follow the field on horseback, and travelled in Marshal Clausel's carriage, to which circumstance the Mayor evidently alludes—be it his task of honour to discover victory, floundering in the mud of Constantina his noble effort to avenge the banner of glory!

Perhaps you have heard already too much of Monseigneur the Duke de Nemours, and the flattery and foolery to which he has given occasion; but when Ministerial journals gravely record such things, and government pimps blazon them abroad; when veteran generals and civil officers march humbly at the Duke's tail; and when the actions and sufferings of thousands of brave men are set aside to make way for the paltry triumphs of this sickly lad, a man may naturally grow indignant and loquacious, especially when no other news occurs, as is the case to-day.—T. T.

Dec. 26, 1836, p. 3, c. 2.—Dec. 21. "The qualities which chiefly characterise the men who, for the last six years have presided over the destinies of France, are, on the one side, the firmness and consistency of their principles, on the other, the remarkable skill with which they have applied these principles to the government of the State."

You will at once recognise the "eminent hand" which penned this modest little paragraph. Only the *Journal des Débats* could conceive the opinion or have the impudence to utter it. The *Débats* is the champion of all ministers—in

three months, when the Doctrinaires are turned out, it will praise their successors, as it has praised all preceding Cabinets in their turn. It is like the amiable Mrs. Cole, the disinterested matron of all new ministries which come upon the town, it lauds their stale graces and swears to their doubtful purity. In August it proclaims the virgin beauties of Thiers, and in September unveils the immaculate charms of Guizot. The above sentence is the text of a long discourse on the latter pleasing subject, which occupies a great many columns of the journal this morning.

"One trembles," continues the journalist, "in recalling the past, to think of the dangers which during the last six years have menaced the good cause, the cause to which the sympathies and the interests of France are allied. Suspected by Europe, hated by the fallen party, attacked by revolt, civil war, conspiracy, and treason, compelled to fight with one hand (if we may use the term), and with the other to re-establish order, to organise an army, to fill the treasury, to repair the injured interests of the country, to negotiate with Europe, and impress on foreign nations the respect due to the French name, in the teeth of the anarchy and violence which persisted in compromising it. Was it the sole virtue of its principles which enabled this noble cause to meet and overcome?"

Lord Castlereagh's celebrated figure of rhetoric, in which he described the main features on which a question hinged, is entirely put out of countenance (to continue the metaphor) by the noble cause and language of the *Débats;* what is the cause, we know not, for the *Débats* has supported half-a-dozen in its time; but none such as this, a cause which has hands, fighting with one of them, and performing with the other a series of wonders unknown and hitherto undescribed—a Briarean cause, a cause of *leger-de-main.*

It is unnecessary to make comments upon the happy style of the writer in the *Débats*, the delicate praise, the apt illus-

tration, the brilliant argument which distinguish him. But the wonder is, that the Minister receives, and even pays, this gross and filthy flattery; six thousand pounds a year are the wages of the *Débats*. What a cheering prospect for talent, what a hope for gentlemen of the press. The *Times* ought to establish a paper in Paris.

After showing that the "noble cause" is no other than the Doctrine, the journalist thus moderately enumerates the advantages which the nation has received from the politicians of that sect. "It has restored to France the most complete personal security which a Constitutional government ever enjoyed; it has put an end to two formidable insurrections; it has triumphed in La Vendée; it has taken a citadel within two musket shots of the Prussian frontier; it has caused the French engagements to be honoured, and saved the inviolability of the French Ambassador at Berne, in the face of all the anarchists of Europe!"

Print this sentence in letters of brass, as brazen as the man who dared to write it. Good God! are these the only titles of glory which in six years the French revolution has gained? Would any political sect, but this heartless, shameless pack, boast of cutting throats in the Rue Transronain, of not *beiny afraid* of the Prussians of the affair in Switzerland?

Here are the sole claims and triumphs of the Doctrinaires, and every one of them is a falsehood or a crime. Within three months there have been two revolts; one man was condemned to death only yesterday for treason; others are awaiting their condemnation. The King dared not trust himself to the care of a hundred thousand men, and the ministers declare that the country is tranquil. They boast—the Frenchmen who fought the battle of Jena—that they actually took a fort, while the Prussians stood by! They boast of their other military exploits, their triumphs at Lyons over their own starving countrymen, mad with poverty, exasperated by detected and rewarded spies, and slaughtered without mercy!

Would any other men have been proud of such a victory as this? It is like Mr. Burke, of Edinburgh, boasting of murdering daft Jamie, showing how he lulled the suspicions of the poor idiot, and in what a masterly manner he dispatched him. Would any other men have boasted of the Swiss dispute, and of the spying lying system which occasioned it? Would a common man pique himself upon being a defeated bully, and beg to call to your memory that he was a detected spy?

With as much truth the *Débats* declares that the Doctrinaires took a share in the revolution—neither they nor their Master stirred an inch; when the cannon roared in the streets, Louis Philippe was lurking disguised in his garden of Neuilly, and Guizot on his knees at the meeting of Deputies, begging them to return to their allegiance. They had no share in the revolution except the plunder; how long will they keep it?

A great sensation has been caused by the appearance of a Russian manifesto in the *Gazette of Augsburgh;* you have it, doubtless, at full length. It is considered as an official document, and, as it breathes the mildest and most conciliatory spirit, it will be puffed by the congenial *Chronicle.* This article breathes in every sentence the purest and profoundest desire for peace, peace with England and all the world. All amnesty and forgiveness even for the poor deluded races. I only allude to the document to give you an instance of the sincerity of the Russian politics.

The inhabitants of the town of Kalisch, in Poland, have been witnesses of a scene acted by the Russian government; in the last days of November, which was in the spirit of vengeance which Nicholas has shown to the Polish nation exists in all its former existence, that it costs him nothing to violate his most sincere and solemn promises whenever an opportunity offered itself.

The Polish soldiers, who fought during the Revolution, and who returned to their country at the amnesty, granted

to all those who wished to take advantage of it within a certain period, have been brought before a council of war, for having intercepted, *during the war*, a courier of the Government. To judge and condemn are synonimous in a council of war in Russia: the two victims of whom we speak, the one was a Polish nobleman, named Moraczewski, and the other a native of Kalirtz (whose name we have not been able to learn), were condemned to the knout, and to hard labour in the mines of Siberia for the rest of their lives.

The punishment of the knout was put into execution; Moraczewski died, after suffering for two days. The second victim, whom fate has preserved for other longer sufferings, and to increase the number of victims who give in every part of the globe a living proof of the barbarity of the Czar, was immediately conducted to Siberia.

This last fact, which reduces the Russian amnesty to its right value, will not prevent the French Doctrinaires from inveighing against the enormous expenses which the Polish emigration causes to France, and to treat as a criminal any Pole who would dare to manifest a wish to see his country freed from Russian barbarity.

The Ministers are in great exultation at the opinion extorted from Calatrava, that the French Government has done its duty, and honestly maintained the Quadruple Alliance. This silly and impolitic concession of the Spanish Minister, will aid wonderously the Cabinet here, in the defence of their conduct regarding Spain, and will figure doubtless in the King's speech to the Chambers. From Spain itself there is little news of importance. Espartero has, as you will see, fallen back to wait for another reinforcement; he will wait so long I fear that the Carlists will seize Bilboa before his eyes, for he has now been three weeks before the place, without daring to strike a blow. The Carlists here declare that Gomez has passed to Ebro, but the funds do not fall, which is the only criterion for Spanish news. T. T.

December 31, 1836, p. 3 c. 3. Dec. 24—On the 6th of the month, the affair of the Strasbourg conspirators was to commence at Colmar; you recollect that there was much talk of a protest made by the lawyers at that court, complaining of the illegal manner in which the chief criminal had been set free.

This famous protest, however, when it appeared, was the meekest and blandest expression of indignation which ever issued from legal lips; thus the mouse protests at some extraordinary proceedings of the lion; thus the poor bookseller protested while the Honourable Berkeley flogged; and as the expostulations of the one were only heard by the bully at the door, so the complaints of the lawyers were as idle as the wind; the royal bully who governs these realms, having determined (like Mr. Berkeley) to arrange justice after his own fashion. The lawyers, therefore, on the escape of young Bonaparte, only ventured humbly to state, that "*in law*, magistrates can only admit the principle of equality, to which they must pay homage," and then, frightened at their own boldness in making this daring assertion, they proceeded to state that the subtraction of young Bonaparte "was an exceptional act of high governmental policy, on which the Court is not called upon to judge in the presence of the political authorities of the state."

The French lawyers, therefore, avow that there is a power superior to the law, a "high governmental policy," before which common justice must bow. This is exactly the Berkeley theory (not the Bishop's), and if the King of the French choose to follow up the argument, he may re-establish the Bastile, or close the courts of justice altogether; or if the Court condemns a man the King may set him free, or if the Court acquits him the King may punish him; henceforth his Majesty has justice in his own hands, the law allows it, and the Court awards it. "The law is not called upon to judge in presence of the political authorities;" from whom,

on the contrary, the law always runs away, as we have seen in the Spanish war so often, at the approach of Gomez (who is an exceptional act of high governmental policy), the lawyers of Seville scampered to Badajoz, the magistrates of Malaga rushed to Gibraltar. Thus as we grow older our politics grow more calm. We recollect how in Goldsmith's History Prince Hal insulted Justice Gascogne, whereupon the insolent magistrate sent the Prince to prison; but we moderns know what freedom is—we know our duty to our betters; and when Louis Philippe slaps justice on the face, she only says, "Your Majesty is very kind; I have no business to meddle with things which do not concern me."

The details of the attempted meeting are very strange; the crown-lawyers (as in duty bound) are desirous to show that young Bonaparte's plan was long since conceived, and that his thoughts and actions for many years past have only tended towards the attainment of this object. He published long since an essay on democracy, which, according to his admirable system, could only be maintained by an Emperor and an Imperial Guard: he then indited a work called the *Artilleryman's Manual*, which, as the counsel for the prosecution ingeniously remarked, was clearly intended to debauch all the artillerymen in the French army, with their respective pieces —the slim and active field-piece, the tall battering gun, and the stout little mortar. The learned gentleman showed how one and all were to join the revolt, and with their ponderous and brazen throats to shout long life to the Emperor. But the *Artilleryman's Manual* did not have the desired effect—the Imperial dynasty was not to be restored by a manual or a man either—one of that class, whom a member of your House of Commons elegantly calls *la belle sexe*—a woman was the chief cause and agent of the revolt.

Eleanor Brault, *alias* Gordon, was the lovely instrument employed by Louis Bonaparte to conduct this conspiracy. This lady appears to have enjoyed the intimate friendship of

the illustrious young prince, and of his confidant M. de Persigny; and poor Vaudrey, the man who figures at the head of the list of prisoners, is but the blind tool in the mutiny, for the fair Eleanor had completely bandaged his eyes, and gained his heart. The very lawyers who accuse this lady, speak most poetically of her charms and talents; she was directed by her employers (who perfectly knew the extent of her capabities) to spare no means for the seduction of Colonel Vaudrey; and this lovely lady executed her commission in a manner the most loyal and complete. It is quite unnecessary to particularize the means employed, you may fancy the peculiar species of argument to which a very handsome and unscrupulous woman would resort.

Guilty as this man is (and he is not the first who has lost honor, rank, every thing, for a woman), is he as guilty as the cold-blooded conspirator for whose profit he laboured, and into whose snares he fell? Vaudrey is said to be a vain man, and, with regard to women, what the French call *trop susceptible*; but he never thought of the revolt until it was thus traitorously forced upon him. Why should he? He occupied a distinguished position, and had strong hopes of speedy advancement, if Louis Bonaparte had not thought fit to attempt this revolution. Vaudrey would still be at the head of his regiment if Louis Bonaparte, and the swindling strumpet, his accomplice, had not ensnared a man, a part of whose military code is what is called gallantry; the poor wretch would be honoured and respected as before: his crime is not lessened, but how much greater is theirs? What is the guilt of the selfish young adventurer, who for his own ends, without a single national plea or pretext, scruples to employ no infamous means of seduction to throw a country into commotion, and to establish his own absurd claim. What is his crime, and his punishment? he has all the benefit and none of the risk, his miserable pseudo-royalty saves him; his comrades suffer; he himself is free. The very power and

station of kings render them more prone to error than other men, more eager to grasp, less likely to hear or to follow good counsel, and the people, who use a king only as an instrument of government, a mere figure or symbol in politics, a machine in which is vested a certain power, endow him further with a dreadful impunity, allow him to be independent of justice and right, to violate in his own person the very laws which for others he is called upon to consolidate and to preserve. And this privilege of safety is made to embrace all their kin. Is it not a disgusting mockery of justice, that this court should sit, these lawyers spout their stale speeches, and these poor people suffer the ceremony of a trial? The King who absolved one of the criminals, can absolve all or punish all. It would be no greater an infringement of the law than the act already committed.

It is, however, little probable that the extreme punishment will be inflicted. Even Bruyant, whose condemnation was pronounced, will not, it is hoped, suffer death. The court which condemned him, found him guilty of conspiracy and revolt, but acquitted him of murder. It appears that the punishment of death to which they sentenced him, is considered by the law, too heavy for his crime, it only awards "deportation," or life imprisonment, which will most probably be his fate.

I went to the Academy to listen to M. Guizot's speech of reception, expecting great things from the literary character of the man, and his reputation as an orator. His speech occupies six great columns of type in the *Charte*, and the reply of M. de Segur four more. I was in hopes to be able to find something worthy of comment in the performances of these two celebrated men, a few poetic plums from this oratorical pudding.

M. Guizot fills the chair lately occupied by M. de Tracy. The latter was a disciple of the Material School of the eighteenth century, against which sect of philosophers the

Minister's discourse is especially bent. But it is impossible to give an idea of this tremendous speech, for the excellent reason that in itself it possesses no ideas. It is a windy panegyric on the new school, and a feeble attack on the old; an essay like Mr. Ephraim Jenkinson's view of human nature, without end or beginning, "*anarkon kai ateleutoion*," to quote that celebrated philosopher's favourite phrase.

But loud as were M. Guizot's praises of his own system, the echo of M. de Segur was louder still. You will find that a prolonged analysis is quite unnecessary, and must be satisfied with only a single specimen of the noble Count's style of thinking.

"I cannot spare your blushes," said the honest academician, "you must suffer my praises, as you have suffered so many other trials for our country. You are he who said to the stormy sea of our passions, be calm; you are the saviour of our public weal." I leave you to admire the delicacy of the allusion, and the modesty which compares M. Guizot to the Saviour of mankind; but you will scarcely believe that this discourse of M. de Segur had been studied and even public for some days before; the members of the academy sat in judgment upon it and pronounced it good; and Guizot himself was perfectly aware of the divine qualities which were to be attributed to him. This man, in a country where Christianity is rare, professes himself emphatically a Christian. . Might he not have employed a little of that modesty, which M. de Segur attributes to him, and requested the omission of this paragraph? Does M. Guizot seriously believe that the Doctrine is an inspired institution, and he its chief disciple? There are some misty indications of this system in his speech, some attempts to prove how the science of politics is no other than the practice of philosophy, and how philosophy is neither more nor less than faith, and how the Doctrinaires and M. Guizot are the expounders of this creed, and his Majesty Louis Philippe's premier the type of it; if so, the system of

praise adopted hitherto by the ministerial press is altogether inadequate. We shall have the *Charte* singing hymns to Guizot, and the editors of the *Débats* on their knees. Oh, blind mortals that ye are! Oh, incorrigible heretics, who refuse to acknowledge the daily miracles of the Doctrine or the celestial mission of the philosopher of Ghent. T.T.

Jan. 2, 1837, p. 3. c. 1. Dec. 26.—An ingenious writer in the *Courier** (justly celebrated under the appropriate signature of I.O.U. has taken the pains to expend a great deal of emphasis, and to occupy a whole column of the journal which he enlightens with his contributions, in order to show that the actual French Ministry will be able to carry the suffrages of the Chamber, which meets them to-morrow. Another writer in the same print—for the *Courier* has nominally a multiplicity of correspondents in this city—declares that the *juste milieu* system has taken root in the French soil, and will outlive even Guizot and Louis Philippe.

The dictum of the latter gentleman appears to me altogaher erroneous, and there is no great harm, I presume, in doubting the prophecy of the former. A celebrated tragic hero, not unlike the loud-tongued I.O.U., *Don Fer de Whiskerandos*, on being questioned as to the movements of the Spanish fleet, replied that he could not see it, for the excellent reason that "it was not yet in sight." How has I.O.U. discovered the movements of the *doctrinaire* fleet, and prophecied their safe return, when as yet they have scarcely begun their cruise? I have only alluded to this gentleman's vaticinations because I hear they have much weight in England, where you have more faith than in France. If he knew that Ministers were safe on the 20th, he knew more than the Ministers themselves knew on the 25th, when they are trembling for their future power: *au reste*, a man who prophecies with a good deal of perseverance must sometimes hit the mark, or at least go near

* See the *Courier* of the 23rd December.

it: if he fail in one instance, he may try again; the best plan is, to contradict flatly the next day the inspiration of the day before, so that one day or other you are sure to be right.

Thus, on the very day when I.O.U.'s letter reaches Paris, the *Débats* issues an article declaring that the country is in danger, because it is probable that the Doctrinaires may be defeated. It is not the return of Thiers to which the *Débats* looks with terror, it is the coalition which the ex-minister has made with all parties of the Opposition—the Gauche, the extreme Gauche, and even the Legitimists.

Listen to the *Débats* which explains the causes of this singular and fatal union.

How is it that the principles of the opposition, becoming in the eyes of enlightened men daily less popular, how is it that its parliamentary influence is stronger now than ever? Its credit was never so low, and yet its fortune is at its highest. And why?

Because in the interval of the two sessions, a circumstance of great importance has come to pass. The Cabinet of the 22d February (The Theirs ministry) resigned, for a cause which is quite independent of all parliamentary influence or necessity; solely because it disagreed with the Crown on a most delicate point of policy.

"The ministay most suddenly dismissed, was for some time completely deserted, lost among the parties contending for power. Its banner was intervention, for which no party cared, neither the majority nor the opposition, nor even the anarchists. But around the ex-cabinet, we have seen all sorts of contending interests, passions, and opinions gathering, all the parties which accord with the ex-ministry on one point only, that of hatred to the government now existing.

The *Débats* continues, for three long columns, in this strain, denouncing the danger and entreating all persons to support the besieged ministry. The gist, however, of the long oration is, that the Cabinet will not stand, or at least will be most

rudely attacked, and that all parties in the Chamber have coalesced to work its downfall.

And why? Because all parties coalesce in hating the Cabinet, and the manner in which it has been foisted on the country. Who cares for M. Theirs or his particular inferior, or petty intrigues? He is only strong because he is the expression of a popular feeling and not the leader of it, because he has had the tact to swim with the tide, and to turn with it. The battle which is about to take place, and for which the *Débats* to-day, trembling, scours his armour, is not merely an attack upon the Doctrinaires, but a war upon the Crown.

Even the *Journal des Débats* no longer ventures to deny the fact, that at a time when the Thiers ministry was most popular, and in itself most united, it dissolved on coming in contact upon one point with the King's persevering obstinacy. Agreeing (nominally) with the whole nation, "it disagreed with the Crown," and fell before Louis Philippe's single and selfish will. Is not this a sufficient cause to bring all men of all parties together? Those who with Thiers think the interests of the country demand a Spanish intervention, those who, doubtful on the point of interest, agree at least on the point of honour, and blush at the cowardly caution which has deluded and deserted Spain; and even those who are against the measure, but tremble at the dreadful progress of the King and his authority. His reign begun with a successful effort to cajole public opinion, he next proceeded to smother and intimidate it, and at last ventured openly to defy it.

At this critical moment Thiers left him, and it is no small proof of the ex-minister's skill that he seized this opportunity to desert the King.

There had been many quarrels between Louis Philippe and his Minister—on several minor matters. Thiers was wise enough to yield, but he knew that after having once ventured to offend the King his his doom was sealed, and he determined

wisely to seek such an occasion for retirement as would reconcile him with the nation—the Spanish question offered him this occasion, and here, Thiers on all others points yielding as you will, became as firm as a rock. He retired, and carried with him all the honours of the Cabinet, leaving with the King all the odium. If the national faith was broken, it was the fault of the King; if the popular Ministry was dismissed, it was the fault of the King; if tyranny had attained such a woful height in France that the wishes of the nation, the Chambers, and the Ministry, were to be sacrificed for the interests of one selfish and grasping man, the occasion seized by Thiers for quitting office only threw the crime into greater relief, and exposed more clearly the criminal.

Since his retirement, the tactics of the little Minister have been equally good—he has succeeded in uniting and arming a strong, perhaps the strongest body in the Chamber against the Ministry, an opposition so strong at least, that the *Débats* screams out that the country is in danger, and at the same time so bespatters with praise the leader of the hostile troop as to make it evident that the old camp-trull is willing to shift her quarters, and come over to the enemy. One at least of the benefits occasioned by the defeat of the Doctrinaires, will be the downfall of this journal, which has been the pimp and bully of every party in power since the revolution.

But the great benefit to be looked for in Guizot's overthrow, and the cause of Thiers' present strength, is the formal attack which will be made by the whole opposition, on the power and encroachments of the King. His Majesty has so arranged matters in this country, that the Opposition dare not avow the object, but he knows that he falls with the Doctrinaires, the numbers whom they represent, and the many millions behind them, we have no voice, but if dumb are at least not blind, the great body of the nation, are interested in this contest. The great mass of the people who shed their blood that this man might mount to the throne, and have shed it since to secure

his seat; whose strength is employed only to defend him, not to toil for their own interest, or to battle for their own honour; whose voice is stifled because it might disturb him, and whose friends are pitilessly sacrificed for his profit and pleasure.

This hollow humbug of a representative government, this monstrous satire upon freedom, cannot last much longer—the *Charte* may cry out as it pleases, that the Orleans dynasty has become a conviction in France. If a man may judge from his own experience, after a long residence in this country and a daily communication with persons of all ranks and opinions, believe me that the people in France do not care a straw for the Orleans dynasty; they care for order and comfort and quiet, which they would lose in another struggle for the throne. It is folly of this King, or any other, to count upon anything more than mere sufferance; the people do not want him for his merits, but for their own interests, and the King blindly sacrifices these, looks to himself and his family, and follows his own way, his own mean and greedy political system, which is neither dignified nor profitable, nor even safe. I never met a man in France who loved the King, or spoke well of him, except in the first year of his reign, when he enjoyed a passing and feverish popularity; but people know him now. They took him for their interests, and find that he labours for his own. And how? You know already the history of the French government for the last five years. No means were too strong for it, and no measures too despicable; a bully to the weak, a coward to the strong, and equally false to both; pitiless at home, and pitiful abroad. It will speedily, I hope, close its reign.

You will complain that my letters have only this one theme of Louis Philippe; but recollect that the government in this country is the King. If it had not been for the King you would have had Spain tranquil; you would not have had M. Guizot or the laws of September.

And now, please God, there is a chance of ridding the

country of both one and the other. Our hopes repose, it is true, upon somewhat feeble gounds—a supposition of the Ministerial defeat, and the doubtful patriotism of M. Thiers; but he is eager for office, and evidently ready for battle; to gain both he must defeat the Orleans party, and make concessions to the Gauche or radical side of the house: both his victory and concession will be of incalculable benefit to France. The first will oppose the fatal power, which has hitherto marched unimpeded in its course, has paralysed the efforts of the country, and destroyed the benefits of the revolution. Without Louis Philippe the revolution would have spread through the world. It is one of this man's boasts and titles to glory—he is proud of the cunning apostacy which has cheated the nation out of the ends proposed by it, in placing him on the throne, which has so dammed and twisted the great current of popular opinion, as to leave that a shallow and muddy stream, which was to have flown not through France merely but through Europe. He boasts of the system which has filled his own country with discontent, occasioning the victories of Lyons and the triumphs of the Rue Transnonain, which for the sake of peace and order allowed the Poles to be butchered before his eyes, and delivers over Spain to the tender mercies of Don Carlos. Thus it becomes an object of the highest importance not to defeat him, but merely to stop him:—if the nation is not yet strong enough to compel him to do right, it achieves no small victory, in checking his dreadful power and willingness to do wrong.

A more precise and substantial benefit will however be gained by the nation, because the future ministry must be perforce more liberal than the present: its maintainance depending on its concessions to the Radical party. A repeal of the infamous jury law, and the laws against the press, must necessarily follow, and afterwards a long train of furthar advantages and privileges for the people. Of course before

yielding, the King and Government will prolong as long as possible the battle; there will be an attempt to patch up the quarrel with Thiers, and probably a modification of the present Cabinet. But I think that the ex Premier is too ambitious to be content with any but a complete victory, and so clever a tactician, that he cannot but obtain it eventually. It may carry further probably than he wishes—but it cannot go too far for the people. T. T.

MURDER—PRIVATE AND PUBLIC—THE KING'S SPEECH—THE CAUSE OF THE DISCONTENT IN FRANCE, AND THE REMEDY FOR IT.

Nov. 28. You have many thousand persons in England, who carry the Republican principle quite as far as the extreme party in France; I am sure none who would advocate the cause by such means as are employed by the scoundrels who disgrace it in this country.

It is impossible as yet to ascertain whether the man who attempted the King's life yesterday is like Alibaud, unconnected with others, or whether he is the delegate of a society, employed to execute justice according to their code; just as M. Sanson inflicts death in the name of the majority, or, as it is called, the Government.

But it places the state executioner and the party assassin upon a dangerous level; and I am sure it is not too much to assert, that the law which sanctions and ordains the inflicting of death in the one case, is itself a cause and encouragement of the other.

"The Chamber of Peers will receive the communication of the Royal ordinance, investing it with powers to take cognizance of the crime lately attempted on the King's person; it will then be called on immediately to constitute itself as a court of justice."

Thus, the echo of the pistol had hardly died away yesterday

when the Chamber of Peers issued the above order. Are they going again to adopt the dreadful and useless reprisals which caused the death of Pepin and Alibaud, and which makes the executioner the guardian of the life of the King.

You boast in France and in England that you are the most civilized people in the world, among whom freedom is best understood, and justice most enlightened, and yet the axe and the gallows are always at work; you show the superiority of your laws by making them as bloody and ruthless as the wretches you kill; your vaunted system of justice is little better than a system of public revenge, quite powerless to correct men or even to deter them. Only drawing wicked distinctions between private and public murder, attempting to show that though it is not lawful to assassinate a man with a pistol, it is (on some occasions) quite just to strangle him with a rope, or murder him with a guillotine.

And what is the good derived from the system? it only familiarizes men with the idea of killing, and lessens, by the cruel nature of the retribution, the general horror for the crime. It even goes further, and in the eyes of some men absolutely excuses the crime. Had Alibaud been allowed to live, people would have looked on him only as a murderer, and have blessed the King whose manner and magnanimity had spared him. He died, and another takes the first opportunity to imitate him, and there are even found persons in this country, and in England, who absolutely speaks of him as a martyr and a patriot. So much does legal retaliation neutralize guilt in the public eye—so little does it deter men from crime!

You remember the reply of George III. when asked to spare the life of Dr. Dodd—"If Dr. Dodd is spared the two Pereaux were murdered" (those men had just before suffered for forgery). Whereupon Dodd was executed—the King's answer by no means proved that the two Pereaux were *not* murdered, if only shows that the Doctor was hanged for

consistency's sake, and I fear very much, that the same good reason will prevail in the present instance; and that the nameless assassin of yesterday will suffer, because Alibaud suffered before him. The same journals which publish the account of the man's crime, show that the Court will instantly proceed to judge him.

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Under such circumstances as have just occurred, it becomes almost impossible narrowly to criticise the King's speech, and invidious perhaps to blame it. He opened it by declaring that "France is in the peaceful enjoyment of the results of her courage and wisdom. Her institutions are becoming consolidated, her prosperity is increasing, and on this occasion we have but to felicitate ourselves on the success of our efforts for the happiness of our country."

The sentence unhappily is so glaringly false, that it does not even need a contradiction. The peace of France is not assured so long as the head of the French government is thus continually menaced by death. Who can believe in the success of "his efforts for the happiness of the country," when the prisons are crowded with discontented, when his footsteps are daily tracked by assassins; when in the interval of three months two military revolts have broken out; when the journals of every morning bring fresh details of trials and conspiracies against the government or person of the King?

It is well to inveigh against the crimes and the bad passions of the conquered republican party: to take pride in the system which has fettered the jury and enslaved the press, and taken away from the people their right of public meeting. You may prevent the people from meeting, can you prevent them from feeling? They may not speak, but they can see—they can see that the government is so ordered in France, as to exclude the people from all share in it. If the King's ideas suit the people, well and good, they pass into law; but they pass into law just as soon, should the wish of the whole country be

against them. In one part of the speech, his Majesty congratulates himself at having pursued a certain course regarding Spain. He means that he is proud of having disregarded the wishes of every man in his cabinet, and followed his own way. In our country it would be a subject of shame rather than of congratulation, for a King thus boldly to assume absolutism, and to prefer his own will to the wishes of the whole country. In France it is only a part of the system—the system of which the King and the Doctrinaires boast; and which his Majesty presses the Chamber to continue.

"Let us continue (he cries), gentlemen, in the same course: it is thus that we shall succeed in securing, upon a solid basis, the happiness of our country."

Can a man after six years debating the arguent draw such a monstrous conclusion? The hundred thousand electors, and the place-holders may be loyal, but are the thirty millions behind them? Why, from what ranks arises the discontent? The dreadful and undeniable discontent. From the people who rebel at Lyons and at Paris, who revolt in the army with Brigadier Bruyant, or who pass over by companies for a few francs and Louis Bonaparte. They may not meet in public, but they gather in secret societies; they have no voice in the state, and are presumed to have no opinion; and in consequence from the ranks of the despised and exasperated poor, this spirit arises, which makes them seek such terrible means of redress—and why? Because they have no other. The laws first degrade a man, and then punish him because his feelings are not so pure as those of men in a happier and higher condition. The state allows him no legal means to gain advantages posessed, as he sees, by others, and he uses illegal. The King may boast of his system, but his system will ruin him and the nation; it asks for equality of rights and representation, liberty to speak, and to read—it never will be calm until then.

T. T.

Jan. 4, 1837, p. 3, c. 2.—Dec. 31. In the first skirmishes of the session, the ministry has gained some trifling successes; their nominees for the Vice-Presidencies of the Chamber of Deputies having, by a majority of half a score of votes, obtained the places contested by the old ministry and the opposition. The Carlists, a body of about twenty-five in the house, sided with the ministry on these points, and obtained for them a victory, which they are trying to make as important as possible.

However, the *Tiers-parti* will not hold itself for beaten; there is a formidable reserve of a hundred deputies, who have not as yet arrived at Paris, and who, for the greater part, are said to be hostile to the ministry.

It appears to me, that the Radical party is the master of both Guizot and Theirs; they are forty men, who, by their union, may sway the government as they will,—at least they are all powerful over the parties that contest for it; and by the weight of their numbers, can determine the success or downfall of either. This party precisely resembles the band which, in your House of Commons, went under the polite name of the tail and the low Radicals—at least until Mr. O'Connell became a genteel Radical. To the determination of this minority you owe everything in England; the lazy Whigs would have been contented long since, but for the strenuous labours of the low Radicals and the tail, from which circumstances the House of Commons may be likened to a beaver, who hath no good in him save in his tail. With the English Example before their eyes, the French Radicals may achieve much more for themselves than they ever will gain from the prostitute patriotism of Thiers.

The three days' debates of the Chamber have settled the officers of the house, and no more; so that their contests can be of no great interest to you in England, nor are they of such importance in France as to authorise the shouts of triumph which are raised this morning by the *Débats* and the ministerial press.

M. Dupin has been re-elected President. The *Tiers-parti* proposed for the Vice-Presidency, Messrs. Teste, Etienne, Passy, and Calmon. The name of M. Calmon was likewise in the list of vice-presidents propesed by ministers; together with those of Messrs. B. Delessert, Jacqueminot, and Cunin Gridaine. All four were elected; in consequence the nominees of the *Tiers-parti* were beaten, excepting the one, M. Calmon, who was also on the ministerial list.

The *Tiers-parti* candidates for the secretaryship were Messrs. Boissy d'Anglas, Vivien, de Malleville, and F. Real. The first and last of these gentlemen were elected, and Messrs. Piscatory and Jaubert, of the Doctrinaire party; and this is all which has been done as yet, and which, for the interest you take in it in England, might have been omitted.

When these important matters had been duly arranged, M. Dupin arose, and made the following speech, which is considered, I assure you, a perfect wonder of oratory:—

"Gentlemen and Colleagues, — The honour which the Chamber confers upon me by intrusting me, for the sixth time, with the direction of its labours, is also a proof of confidence from my colleagues which I deem most precious, but the joy and gratitude which, in your preceding sittings, it awakened in my heart, are now mingled with regret at the recollection of the renewed attempt made upon the King's life. However, gentlemen, the ways of Providence are especially admirable in this respect, that it works good out of evil. If these fatal attempts endanger the throne, yet they afford an opportunity to the Prince of manifesting so noble a courage, that the Monarch is eclipsed by the man, and we are surprised to witness the exaltation of royalty and the consolidation of the dynasty amid appalling danger, by the gratification all true Frenchmen must receive in beholding at their head a King who possesses the love of his people, a brave and magnanimous Sovereign. (Great applause.) But a few minutes elapsed before the attempt of

which he was near being the victim, and the moment when he appeared amongst you, and yet you saw with what firmness he ascended the throne raised for him in this place, and accomplished his royal task, with the co-operation of his Ministers, by addressing the Chamber on the subject of his own affairs and of the State. Let us imitate his example, Gentlemen, and though with grief in our hearts, let us direct our thoughts to the accomplishment of our duties as the representatives of a great nation which has confided to us the defence of its interests and of its rights. Under the influence of this ennobling consideration, we shall enter calmly on the examination of the questions which will be submitted to us. We shall seek out the truth and speak the truth with a sincerity which the country demands, and which it expects at our hands. Each of us is intimately convinced that royal power should be strong, and that the inviolability of the King's person should have its due guarantees. We shall, in consequence, acknowledge and defend the constitutional prerogatives of the Crown, as also our own, (France has a right to calculate on our doing so) without any ambition or weakness, but with the dignity that becomes the representatives of the French nation. Gentlemen and colleagues, I have seen the Chamber penetrated with one common sentiment, may I see it actuated by but one opinion."

The President's speech contains a good deal of sly satire and good sense, of which the Ministerial people will not do ill to profit. The *Débats*, for instance—you recollect in the play that *Mrs. Cole* was very religious—was plunged in such an agony of devout gratitude at the news of the King's escape, that it declared all mean questions and interests of party should be forgotten at such a moment. But in the midst of M. Dupin's rhetorical flourishes there is much better sense than this. "Gentlemen," he cries, "we ought to be, and are, very grateful for the King's escape; but let us have no nonsense, let us go to work as the King him-

self did, quite undismayed because a ruffian had fired at him." This kind of reasoning is not acceptable to the ruling party, who turn these conspiracies to account, and work upon the tender susceptibilities of the Chamber.

You have seen already how their arguments have been successful. Political cowards, and political knaves — and there is a handsome supply of each I presume in the house—are affected by this line of reasoning, and become converts to the ministry. If a man wants a scruple for ratting, like M. J——, for instance, he seizes the occasion of an assassination, an occasion which is unhappily but too frequent in this country. Thus, Fieschi's machine, which left the King unhurt, laid prostrate the liberty of the nation. It enabled the then ministry to rush in, as it were, under cover of the fire, to conquer the panic-stricken opposition, and, in the midst of terror and confusion, to storm and take possession of the press. The infernal machine of July is bad enough, but what was it to the infernal law of September? The one was but directed against the breast of a single man; the other against the life of a whole nation.

I am glad, therefore, that M. Dupin has had the good sense to hint to the Chamber, that they must be on their guard against any such outrageous consequences as the ministry might be disposed to draw from the event; they should do their duty, and no more, and repress the sickening cant of sensibility, which has hitherto been the mode. In a former case, the whole nation was made responsible for the act of a solitary villain—it was a poor compliment on the King's part to the people he governs, to make them the sufferers, and as it were the accomplices in the crime of Fieschi.

On hearing of the late attempt of Meunier, M. Guizot cried in triumph—"Let them now talk to us about disarming the Government." It was evident that the Minister's mind was not entirely occupied by devout gratitude for the escape of

Louis Philippe, as to let slip the political advantages which might result from the attempt on the King's life. He was eager to continue his favourite system, perhaps to introduce some little additional severities, which might further serve the cause, and yet the *Dêbats* allows that "the Government has its hands full of useless laws," that against this spirit which sends out desperate men from among the poor, the half-educated, the unrepresented people, to attack the life of the King, the new-fangled cruelties of the present system are of no avail—yet for the sake of consistency, the Government will give up its plan, and calls for new laws and new rigour, only fit to exasperate the people, quite powerless to remedy the evil. Numberless arrests have been made in consequence of the affair of Meunier, his relations are imprisoned, his acquaintances are seized, the persons who employed him in trade, and those who happened to stand near him when the pistol was fired, are, according to the journals, *au secret*. The government has further imprisoned persons who are suspected to belong to the *Sociête des Familles*—suspected of belonging to a society, which in itself is only a suspicion! Poor men are torn from their families and their labour, they are kept for months in prison, and suddenly let loose, without cause or reason for their imprisonment; oppressive laws are invented which fetter the whole country for the crime of a single man (a foreigner, by the way), and the government wonders at the continued discontent, and the persevering treason which follows the King like a shadow.

I am surprised that the people have not yet thought of examining the nature of the government under which so much evil occurs. They profess for the Charte the same kind of dogmatic veneration which existed some time ago in England for what is called the Constitution. The Charte gives to all men the privilege of paying taxes, to only one man in three hundred the right of controlling in any degree the sums thus paid, or the persons who dispose of them. Is

there any wonder that this rage and bitterness of parties should exist, and that desperate men should resort to means, from which quiet, well-paid, well-disposed persons would shrink with horror? They keep a dog from water and wonder that he goes mad; they leave a man to starve and are astonished that he robs for bread. His right of representation is his political bread, and there is no health for his mind so long as this is gainsayed to him.

With regard to the first simile of the dog, I confess it is not quite original, it emanates from an English paper published here, to which I once before had occasion to allude. The great legislator who conducts that journal, proposes the following remedy for regicides in the following noble language:—

"From foul land, foul crops will spring. From the class we have described, future Fieschis and Alibauds may be expected. The same seed is in the soil, the same inducement exists. Glory—a glorious name—a glorious death! Liberty—a King—the scaffold! A trigger pulled, and the talk of the world is of you only—your name will become familiar in men's mouths as household words. The Peers of France will lend you their celebrity; you will be chief actor in the brief drama of a public execution; tens of thousands will gaze upon you; you will act the eccentric or assume the bravado—die—and be called a brave fellow!

"This may seem monstrously absurd to sensible men, but not so to the witless desperados of whom we write. These considerations are, to them, all sufficient. It is desirable to reduce the perspective glory of perverted imaginations in order to lessen the inducement to the worst of crimes, against man, before God? Let the criminal die the degraded death of a dog—let him expiate his atrocity from the gallows!

"We really believe this would in a great measure cure the evil; which, if we are right, may be in the same proportion increased by changing the manner of the death from that of the guillotine to that of a fusillade.

equally impossible for General Evans to fight or to stir; he could not budge from his fort, or co-operate with Cordova's main army. The tactics of the Government reduced him to this state of inaction, and the confession of his bitterest enemy fully absolves him from the blame so generally cast upon him.

The conversation, in which Cordova thus undertook Evans's defence, occurred a week ago, and the argument is perhaps as old as the news. I send it, however, hoping that you will insert it; for I myself have cried out, as loud as any ignoramus of the pack, against the inaction of the Honourable Member for Westminster. I humbly ask leave to eat my own words (a wholesome kind of food, often necessary in our profession; and the more so, as they were uttered at the expense of a good officer, and, what is more, a good Radical). It is not the first time that a man has discovered how he talked on matters of which he knew nothing, and that a cobbler has been told not to meddle with any matters *ultra crepidam*.

There is at present very little domestic news. The question of appanage for the Princes is still mooted and undecided; the interest in the murderer Meunier has faded altogether; and the Ministers hesitate as to the exceptional laws, which they wish, but do not quite dare to produce.

T. T.

Jan. 7, 1837, p. 3, c. 2.—Jan. 3. M. Dupin's speech to the King has created a mighty sensation—he has absolutely dared to hint that justice should be equal to all men in France, and thus to cast some oblique satire upon his Majesty, who thinks otherwise.

All the Opposition journals extol the frank audacity of the President of the Chamber of Deputies; and as for the Government press, it cites M. Dupin's oration as "the most daring and unconstitutional act upon which this quibbling lawyer ever ventured."

Would you not fancy, from all this hubbub, that Dupin had permitted himself some dire insult towards the King's person, or that at least he had come forward in a manly and open manner to expose the wrongs which had been committed by the King and the Ministry, and to stigmatise Louis Philippe's tyrannons encroachments even to his own royal teeth?

No such thing—The President's discourse, published two days ago, seemed so entirely insignificant, that I omitted any mention of it in my last, as of all the other idle ceremonies which ushered in the new year. The diplomatic body, with M. d'Appony, for a mouth-piece, offered their customary congratulations, and the several state functionaries uttered similar speeches in the name of their departments.

It would have been very easy to show on how many occasions — to how many dynasties and principles, M. Pasquier had already offered homage; and to question the sincerity of M. d'Appony, and the honest body of men whom he represents; but the meeting of the King and his family, after the dangers from which God had preserved him, was a circumstance too solemn for criticism or ridicule. The speech of M. Dupin was only remarkable as containing less flattery than any of the orations delivered by his comrades. He urged the King to maintain strictly the Articles of the Constitution by which he governed, and to preserve that equal justice, without which there was no safety for the State.

There is no doubt that the President meant to condemn, as far as possible, the late measure, which liberated Louis Buonaparte, and to insinuate that in that instance, as perhaps in others, the King had exceeded his constitutional prerogative. Hence the praise of the opposition, delighted at his wondrous patriotism, and the horror of the Ministerial party, that he should venture to question the King's right to do wrong.

One can have no very high opinion of the degree of freedom

which a country enjoys, when such a vague and humble remonstrance as this, is held up as a miracle of energetic honesty on the one part, and cried down on the other as a daring act of unconstitutional license.

If the Spanish cause (which now, please God, will require no foreign aid) was perilled by the disbanding of the French legion, with whom lay the fault?—with the ministers who were dismissed because they wished to maintain the promised troop, or with the actual ministry, then un-born, or with the King? The question hardly needs a reply; the King himself avows and praises his own measure, and surely there can be no great harm in criticising both the fitness and the author of the plan. In Turkey or Russia where constitutions are arranged on a different principle, a King may make laws and break them as he pleases; but I presume that here and with you in England, kings are supposed to do no wrong, because they are supposed to do nothing; to take no active part in the measures of the State, at least to have no will which shall be stronger than the will of the ministry and the nation. When, however, the King takes a step independent of the ministers and the Chamber, the people may at least be allowed to question the legality of the act.

The *Temps*, the *Siècle*, and the *Courrier Francais*, have done this in the humblest manner, and they are in consequence to be brought before a Court of justice to answer for their crime.

I have said to you already, that the contest at present carried on in France is not merely a war of parties, but a struggle between the nation and the crown: it first attacked the Republicans and overcame them, it has now grown so strong as to endeavour to destroy the opposition, and the verdict which absolves or condemns the above journals, and the conduct of the present Session of the Chambers, must decide the issue of the quarrel.

The opposition is paying the penalty of its own folly, for

the laws which were directed in the first instance against the Republicans, and supported or at least feebly opposed by the moderates; will now serve equally against them.—They may cry out with old Waller

> "That eagle's fate and mine are one
> Which, on the shaft that made him die,
> *Espied a feather of his own,*
> Wherewith he wont to soar so high."

The careless or timid policy which allowed the laws against the press, which changed the constitution of the jury, and consented to the abolition of the right of association, are only so many *feathers of their own*, arming the darts, now pointed against them.

The *Charte* has at length openly announced that the purpose of the laws of September was, not only to repress the irregular opposition of the Carlists and Republicans, but to put upon the moderate a dynastic opposition, a constitutional and salutary check. It was in vain that the first sufferers under the September laws, warned the Moderate that such would be the case, and that their turn of oppression would arrive next. That party replied, that their opposition was so harmless and loyal that no government could possibly attack it, and that, besides, the law in question contained no such clause as would lay them open to danger. Nor did it; but the government is or fancies itself strong enough to stretch a point, and to silence the voice of discontent.

It is useless to argue upon this dreadful perseverance on the part of the government, or of the person who governs the government; this cautious, gradual, certain approach towards despotism, which may be marked in every act of Louis Phillipe's reign; you have heard so much of him and his faults that you must be sick of the theme. You can trace so clearly the end proposed by the present system, and the means employed, and it is needless to prove it or enlarge

upon it. A person writing on French politics has little else to do than to notice these steps as they occur one by one, to show how some fresh privilge has been gained, or how some new project for a privilege is in contemplation. I only think that we are now on the eve of a struggle, the most desperate which has hitherto taken place. If the Orleans party vanquish there will not be left the shadow of an opposition, or of a constitution in France—nothing of the revolution but its history—nor of the benefits of the revolution, except in the power or the pockets of the King.

But, there is every hope that the victory will not rest with him; the majority is so small that the ministers cannot possibly hold out, and this last step, in seizing the moderate journals, so clear, as to leave no doubt as to the intentions of the cabinet were it to remain in power. It must unite all shades of the opposition, and will end, I trust, in its victory.

T. T.

Jan. 10, 1837, p. 3, c. 2.

LOUIS BONAPARTE'S MANIFESTOES.—A MILITARY EXECUTION.

Jan. 7.—The proclamations of his Royal Highness Prince Napoleon have reached us to-day, and are inserted with fear and trembling by some of the morning papers. which protest at the same time their devotion to the present Monarch of France, and their hatred for the principles of the young gentleman who is now on his American tour.

I observe that an aide-de-camp of the prince has written letters to the English journals, explaining the high-minded notions of Prince Louis, denying the fact of the jack-boots, and the imputation that the nephew of Napoleon wished to re-establish the imperial dynasty. The aide-de-camp has not been so fortunate as his prince; he had not the good luck to be taken prisoner, and sentenced to a coach and four, and a bottle of champagne; if he escaped it was at his own peril and charges; and as his escape was unfortunate, so is his

argument also, for it will be very hard to prove, after reading the three manifestoes, that Prince Louis had no idea of stepping into his imperial uncle's shoes.

The first of these addresses is for the French people at large, the second for the army, and the third for the peculiar citizens of 'Strasbourg. It is curious to peruse documents which might have had such a terrible success, and which now only serve to point a moral for the lawyers at Colmar. The style is like all the rest of the attempt, a parody of Napoleon. In the first proclamation the Prince, after uttering a certain number of home truths regarding the present French Government and its chief, proceeds to show how much superior both in politics and natural history an eagle is to a cock, and recommends to his countrymen their instant adoption of the former. "I am proud," says he, "of my popular origin; I am strong with the four millions of votes which destined me to the throne. I advance among you as a representative of popular sovereignty. It is time when menaced freedom cries for succour, to burst the ignominious bonds which oppress our *belle France*. Do you not see that the men who govern us now, are those who betrayed us in 1814 and 15; the men who murdered Marshal Ney? . . . Confiding in my cause, I come before you. I hold in one hand the will of Napoleon, in the other the sword of Austerlitz. When the people of Rome beheld the bleeding corpse of Cæsar, they overthrew his hypocritical oppressors. Napoleon was greater than Cæsar, he was the emblem of the civilisation of the nineteenth century.

"Faithful to the Emperor's maxim, I know no other interests but your desires, no other glory but to benefit France and mankind. I am actuated by no party spirit, I feel no envy nor hate; but I call upon all men with a French heart beating in their bosoms to rally round the eagle of the empire. I have devoted my existence to the accomplishment of a great mission. From the rock of St. Helena a ray of the

dying sun has passed into my soul. I will guard this sacred fire; *I will conquer or die* for the cause of the people. Men of France arise! Look at him who governs you. Look at the eagle, the emblem of glory, the symbol of liberty, and choose!

Napoleon."

Bating a few clap-traps, the above discourse only wanted *reality* to render it an interesting and sublime document; as it is, it has the weight of an oration of Mr. Ducrow to his soldiers on the eve of a battle at Astley's. Did this poor young man carry the sword of Napoleon, or only brandish it in a sentence, just as he dragged forward the body of Ney? One's regrets in such a case are not for him, but for the sword, wrung from the Prince's hands by some grinning sub-lieutenant, or broken in his face by a bandy-legged drummer! It was hard that the sword, which had conquered in two hundred battles, which should be considered as a sacred relic, should be handed over to a boy playing at soldiers, who neither knew when to draw it or how to use it. But his sword was most probably sham like his cause; no more real than his determination "to conquer or die for the sake of freedom." Prince Louis Napoleon Bonarprte did neither one or the other—he failed, and he went away.

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The next history is of a more serious character. It does not relate to the mad pranks of a prince who would have caused a whole country to revolt; it is the story of a poor private soldier, who revolted in his own person. He was put to death on the last day of the year.

John Louis Marin was condemned in 1833 to five years' imprisonment and hard labour for desertion; he was placed in the military prison of Bellecroix, at Rochelle.

The labours of this prison are so odious to the convicts that they seek, under any circumstances, to be transferred to another place of confinement. They have been often known to commit some crime or misdemeanour, which, by increasing their punishment, causes likewise their removal.

Marin shared with his comrades this dislike; and was determined at all hazards to quit Bellecroix—on one occasion he struck one of his comrades, but for this he was only condemned to a year's further imprisonment in the same place.

Finding this method fail, he determined to adopt stronger means; and, one day, being in hospital, he violently kicked the surgeon who came to attend him.

He was tried for this crime, and declared on his trial, that he had no sort of animosity against the surgeon, and that he only struck him because he wished to have a heavier punishment, which would enable him to quit the prison. Marin was, however, *condemned to death*, for striking his superior officer.

It was generally hoped that the appeal which Marin made after his condemnation would be listened to, for he had been remarkable during his stay in the prison for his quiet conduct, and orderly laborious habits: besides, only a short time previously, a man in the same town (Rochelle), guilty of murder with the foulest premeditation (having stoned to death *his own brother* who was screaming in vain for mercy) had received a remission of his sentence, and been permitted to live.

But poor Marin was in a military prison where insubordination was very prevalent and dangerous, and his appeal was rejected. On the day appointed for his execution, the 30th December, he was told to prepare immediately, and was marched a quarter of a league to the spot where he was to die. The people of Rochelle flocked to the place, and the *cortege* was very soon seen to arrive.

Marin walked between two ranks of soldiers, a priest embracing him during the whole march; he was perfectly calm and tranquil, and absolutely gave support to the clergyman who was tottering and weeping by his side. When they arrived at the door of the cathedral, the condemned man

knelt down and prayed for a few moments, and then marched on with a quicker step.

Arrived on the ground, and saluted the troops assembled, and then quietly took the station pointed out to him, he asked permission himself to command the fire, but this was denied him; he then knelt down and heard his sentence read. When the Captain read the words "in the King's name," Marin took off his cap and bowed. During this time the Abbé Courcelles was on his knees in the snow, praying fervently by the side of the condemned man. When the sentence was read, Marin rose and threw himself into the arms of the clergyman and kissed him.

At the signal "Make ready!" Marin raised his hand—the next moment he fell dead, with his face towards the ground.

The troops, and fifty of the convicts from Bellecroix, were then marched round the mutilated body; the people then retired from this spectacle, and you would not have known that anything had happened, but for a few idle boys gathered round the bloody spot where the poor man fell.

There was no need to make any comments on this horrid story, the dreadful simplicity of it tells more than a hundred volumes of sermons or arguments that WE MUST DO NO MURDER; good God! what an institution is this law which rests upon such a hellish base! Louis Philippe is a kind and humane man, at the risk of his own life he once saved that of another; he is surrounded himself by a perpetual mercy and miracle; God has spared him on so many occasions, turning away the shot we murderers had directed against him, that one might have expected more mercy from him to whom so much has been shown; one might have hoped that he also, a kind of earthy providence, with power to kill or to save, might have staid his hand, and allowed this man to live. The poor wretch died in the King's name, reverently bowing his head and meeting his fate, and the same day hundreds of people were flocking to the palace, blessing God, in their

court coats, for saving the King's life; and talking of justice and mercy. His Majesty must have blushed at the term; he cannot perform one or the other, he dares not give justice to Louis Buonaparte, or grant mercy to poor Jean Marin.

You who are so patriotically eager in England about the abolition of the corn laws, and the penny stamp on newspapers, have you not a word against this horrid legislative system, which places over the safety and morals of society such a defender as death? You are preaching to the people a new political code, destroying the superstitions which have induced us to believe hitherto that some men were indisputably our betters, and our masters. In the days of their highest power, the usage of the axe was most liberal; wherever their customs remain, as in the army (which is little better than a bloody feudal relic), the same means of judicial murder are employed as of old. Whenever a King is attacked, half a million of placemen go down on their knees, thanking God for sparing one man's life, and proposing all sorts of refinements of killing to take away another's. You, who are preaching a new code, might you not venture to hint that a King's life is sacred, but not more so than another man's? If it is that the thirst of blood which daily endangers and follows him, results in a great measure from the law of which he is the administrator. A few more such sentences as this of poor Marin, and people will no more care for cutting throats than cabbages. Could any one of the troops employed in putting him to death, return home with a clear conscience? If he did not, it shows that the man's punishment was unmerited,—if he did, it shows that he was callous at the sight of death, and that the effect intended by the punishment was, in consequence, not produced. According to the first case, Marin's death was a *murder*, according to the second, it was a *useless murder*.

I hope you will pardon me for having dwelt so long on the

case, but it may interest you in England, where you still pursue the hanging system, still continue your elegant little *fetes* in the front of the Old Bailey. I see, at the head of your leading article, a manifesto, signed by many Members of Parliament, and proposing certain reforms in the state; they would destroy its ancient abuses, abolish useless offices, and dock the privileges of the aristocracy; could you not reform that old servant of the aristocracy, Jack Ketch? or at least depart, for once, from your usual rule, and make his office a *sinecure*?

The political news in Paris is very uninteresting. There is talk of a despatch from Marshal Clausel, which the Doctrinaires accuse M. Thiers of having filched; but that virtuous minister indignantly denies the charge, hinting at the same time that he has not made away with the document, but that the actual ministry has. There are sundry projects of laws presented by the Cabinet, but no proof that the Cabinet will last long enough to carry them through. The reduction of the five per cents. is postponed for another year. His Majesty knows the reason why, and his reasons are stronger in France than the reasons of all the people put together. Espartero's manly order of the day creates much sensation, and the Carlists display a great deal of their common ingenuity in recounting their defeat; modestly stating that the Spanish General is blockaded in Bilbao, and dare not stir from the city gates. It appears also that the retreat of the Carlists was purely owing to the snowstorm; but of these things the fanciful and poetic correspondent of the *Morning Herald* will duly entertain you.

The trial of the *Courrier Francais* comes on to-day, and as some of the best men in France are to plead for it and the other implicated journals, there will be no small stir in the courts, and through the country. It will scarcely be possible to procure a place in Court, and too late, I fear, to give you any account of the proceedings to-day. T. T.

Jan. 13. 1837. p. 3. c. 2.

ON SOME NEW STATE MAXIMS IN FRANCE.

Jan. 9.—A dozen honest jurymen have caused more discomfiture and defeat to the present Ministry, than all the four hundred deputies of the Chamber. The *Courrier Francais*, as you will have seen, has been acquitted, and dire is the disappointment of the Doctrinaires.

We expected this, cries the *Paix*, a vulgar jury is unfit to judge matters so delicate and important; they can appreciate a question of law which does not go beyond a street-quarrel or a petty larceny, but when a political matter is brought before them, these low fellows are all aground — these solomons should confine themselves to questions of picked-pockets and black eyes; but when it comes to picking the King's pocket of his privileges, and blackening the royal eyes, such people should give way; their betters can only judge of the extent of the injury and the proper severity of the punishment.

This modest argument, in words somewhat less familiar, was produced by M. Guizot's journal only yesterday—it may have been composed very likely by Guizot himself—the man who is nearest the King's heart, the minister who, with a doubtful majority in the Chamber, and with an unpopular (if not unconstitutional) tenure of office, begins thus the first public acts of his reign, and defies the country which he is called upon to govern.

In our country the verdict of a jury is more sacred than the person of a King; it is only in France that the constitution is so interpreted as to allow the King's Ministers, or the servants of the King's Ministers, to despise and even to change the laws when they are found to be superior to the royal will and authority.

Can there be a greater insult to the nation than such an attack as this of the *Paix*—a clearer proof of the ends and

system of Government adopted by the patrons of that journal, which declares that the jury is incompetent to judge a matter which concerns royalty,—in other words, that the people have no power to decide upon the perogatives, or to check the encroachments, of *their* servant the King? At this rate, the Revolution is a crime, and Louis Philippe the greatest criminal of the empire. If the King's authority is so sacred, why is he on the throne? If Kings can do no wrong (a State fiction which has no common sense, except as applied in our country, where a monarch is merely a machine of government), Louis Philippe is only Lieutenant for the Duke of Bordeaux, whose royal right remains inviolable. The very oath which he takes shows that he can do wrong, otherwise why call upon him to swear that he will do right? As soon as he swerves from the limits of the constitution the King does wrong, or else the constitution is a farce, and the king's oath a foolish ceremony. This may be, *au reste*, the opinion of his Majesty's Ministers, and their august patron and friend; for if the people or the opposition venture humbly to remonstrate with the King, and to ask if his Majesty is not somewhat overstepping his royal preogative, Louis Philippe replies through the eloquent lips of the Attorney-General, "Rebellious dogs! you violate the law, and shall be fined or imprisoned for asking such an unconstitutional question."

The admirable laws of September settled this principle, and in consequence the debate on Saturday did not discuss the point, whether it was lawful or not to remonstrate with the King, only whether the article of the *Courrier Francais* could be considered as a remonstrance, the indecent publication of which called down the severity of the law.

Plougoulen, the Advocate-General, read out the sentence of the *Courrier*, which was fraught, as he said, with treason. The following is the article, or rather the *tail* of the article (for the body is too bulky to be sent by post), and is supposed to contain the sting:—"All men in and out of the Chamber

are of opinion that the remedy (against the continual attacks upon Louis Philippe) lies exactly in the opposite path which is followed by the persons who would display, at all hazards, their zeal for the King. They know perfectly that instead of adding to the restrictions, and we must say the violations of the Constitution, we must return, and loyally and frankly maintain it. The first step backwards must be to restore, in fact as well as in theory, the fundamental principles of representative Government; "that the king reigns but does not govern." Casimir Perier saw all the importance of the point, and bestowed all his strength to establish it, but he died in the task. The courtier who succeeded him spared no opportunity to flatter the King, praised his direct intervention in the affairs of the Government, and attributed to his sagacity all the good which was done in the state. M. Persil proclaimed the doctrine that the King governed and ought to govern, that the King's wisdom was the nation's Providence; and that in him rested all the prudence, the moderation, the stability, the nationality, not only of the French monarchy, but of all the monarchies of Europe."

In the above passage the treason lurks somewhere; where it is difficult to say, except for a man with the keen susceptibilities of M. Plougoulen, who being paid for it, and practised besides at the work, will naturally be more skilful than any common man. And because the dull jury could not discover the poison, the Government would abolish the jury altogether, and adopt better doctors for the state.

See what an admirable Government this is! In the first place it determines that an allusion to the King is treason; it then changes the ordinary construction of juries, and ordains that a simple majority shall, in such cases of supposed treason, be sufficient to find guilty. Finally, when, in spite of the new regulations, the jury refuses to condemn, M. Guizot's organ declares that juries on all political matters are unfit to judge!

It is a fact which has not been mentioned or perhaps known by any of the Paris journals, that the trial of the *Courrier* was solemnly discussed and determined by the King in Council; the defeat, therefore, affects the Ministry personally; and hence arrises its great importance, and echo through the country. It has deferred or destroyed, perhaps, measures still more severe which were in agitation, and which would have left France in a condition little better than in the days of Louis XV. and the *lettres de cachet*.

One among the proposed measures of the Government is the monopoly of the telegraph; all men are to be punished who endeavour to communicate by signals news, private or public, because the secret societies might make a dangerous use of such signals, by concerting insurrections, assassinations, pillage, and murder.

Another law is, that any man suspected of belonging to a secret society may be dismissed by an order of a Minister, from Paris or from any other town where he may dwell, and compelled to take up his residence in some place pointed out by the Government. He is to be under the surveillance of the police, and should he quit his dwelling-place unauthorized, he is to suffer an imprisonment of one or five years, as the Court may think fit.

Here is the land where liberty is best understood! At least there is a man on the throne, and a daring hypocrite in the Cabinet, who daily and unblushingly avows it. It was for this that the Revolution was made, and Louis Philippe placed on the throne; for this that God has spared his life, granting mercy to him and power and peace to the country, that he might forbid men to speak, to meet, or to read; forbid them to groan when they were wounded, or to complain when they were wronged. The blood of the people was shed for his profit, and now their freedom must be sacrificed for his fears. Any innocent man, at any freak of a minister, supposed to be guilty of an imaginary crime, must leave his home, and

his family, and most likely his bread, because in the midst of his guards and his palaces, in his shot-proof carriage, and his steel corslet, the King's life is not secure. Of what importance is this man's life to the nation? Is it more than the liberty and happiness of the people, who suffer that he may sleep well, who are in prison that he may go free. If Louis Philippe dies (and God grant that no hand but His own may take the King's life), there are many to succeed him, who can go through the pageant of royalty with equal skill; there are his own sons, or there is the family by whose expulsion he reigns, or there are others among the people who would fill his place as well. But fate of many millions does not depend on him, not if he were as wise and as good as his flatterers say he is; at his death he will be replaced and forgotten. Why for the few years of his life should he create such misery?

T. T.

Jan. 14, 1837, p. 3, c. 3.

THE ADDRESSES OF THE CHAMBERS—MARSHAL SOULT ON THE ART OF WAR—THE STRASBURG CONSPIRACY.

Jan. 11.—The two chambers have settled their replies to the late addresses of the King; these documents afford matter of amusement to the various sects of politicians in this place; and what is more, now that the battle is over, each party is shouting victory. It seems to me that the dunghill which they have been fighting about, hardly merits so much crowing.

The two speeches are only echoes of the royal orations; the dulness which characterised them is here merely amplified and digested, with the usual slavish jargon about providence and patriotism, which would be invoked if Nero were on the throne, and the stale compliments to the glorious flag of July, which heaven knows has had, since July, little but compliments to boast of. The victory, however, of Thiers and Dupin lies in the alteration of a phrase in the address, reply-

ing to the King's famous sentence in which he congratulated himself on having withdrawn the promised aid from Spain, destroying the hopes and perpetuating the miseries of that country. Ministers proposed in answer to the king to say, "We thank your Majesty for the wisdom you displayed on this occasion, but after a furious debate in the committee, and many speeches on the part of Thiers and Dupin, the phrase was altered, and in the address ran thus:—

"Your government, Sire, understood the sentiments of France, when it preserved it from the sacrifices and incalculable consequences which an armed intervention in the interior affairs of Spain might have brought upon it. But France will cause her safety and honour to be respected at all times, and, at her call, our soldiers would, under our glorious flag, shed, in her cause, their last drop of blood; but imperious necessity alone could justify the demand of such a sacrifice."

M. Dupin read this remarkable sentence in a big voice, and the Tiers-parti journalists do not fail to point out the victory which has thus been gained by their party.

After all, the sentence only owes its importance to the emphasis of M. Dupin in reading it; and as it stands at present is quite false and absurd. The government had nothing to do with the business, the cabinet retired because it could not carry this very measure, and the merit of the opposition lay solely with the king. The actual ministry accepted office with this condition, and the party of Thiers retreated, because they would not accede to it. We have the king's word for it, and the fact also; why then deny him the praise, and take from Cæsar that which is Cæsar's due?

The debate in the peers, where the address was carried by a majority of 98 over 11, is even less interesting than the discussion of the commission of Deputies. The only remarkable point in the debate of the upper house was the frank declaration of a late minister, the Duke de Broglie, who avowed his entire hostility to Don Carlos and his cause—

the present government is by no means so explicit, and the separation of the duke from his old colleague and friend, M. Guizot, may be accounted for by this difference of opinion. M. Cousin indulged the house with a long grammatical disquisition touching the signification of the words intervention and co-operation; but the flimsy distinctions of the philosopher were exposed by the stout common sense of Marshal Soult, who seems to follow in French politics the exact line which his old enemy, the Duke of Wellington, pursues in England. His speech is a singular specimen of military oratory. "Yesterday," he said, "I heard M. Cousin make a distinction between co-operation and intervention. What he said seemed only a subtlety in speech. I am too dull to understand it. Co-operation, as I take it, is only a disguised and disgraceful intervention, which would compromise no more than an open intervention. As for the project of the late ministry to send a large body of troops to serve the Queen under Spanish colours and cockade, it is absurd; it would have been a school of anarchy and insubordination for our army. To whom would the chiefs owe obedience? the French government or the Spanish? How would you punish the troops? by Spanish laws or by ours? If by French laws, they would say, 'Look at our cockades; we are Spaniards.' If by Spanish, 'Look at our coats, we are Frenchmen!'

These sentences of the noble Duke's speech are quite worthy of the other noble Duke on your side of the Channel, both in the simple method which he takes to knock down M. Cousin's argument, and the admirable and characteristic bigotry of his own. For the Queen or Don Carlos he cares not a straw, between the constitution and the inquisition, Marshal Soult does not see a pennyworth of difference, the great question with him is—How ARE THE SOLDIERS TO BE PUNISHED?—before this overpowering question, all argument must give way, and did give way in the House of Peers;

a general and approving smile saluted this sally of the ingenious orator, and sanctioned the sentiment at once. Spain may perish, France may lose her honour and her allies, but flogging *must* be kept up, the whole country is ruined without it. The excellence of this opinion has been proved a hundred times: only the other day, poor Marin was shot like a dog, in proof of the argument; and such are its admirable effects, that a few months since, whole regiments were ready to revolt for the bribe of a few francs, and the sound of a well-known name.

You will have read in the trial of the Strasbourg conspirators, that the attempt had far greater chances of success than the Government is disposed to allow. It appears from the debates that several generals were counted on, who had promised or inclined to join the movement. The regiment of artillery would have revolted without the colonel. In Vaudrey's examination he says, "I was presented to the Prince by a colonel. I conversed with the Prince, who made an appointment with me for the next day.

"President—Did he inform you of his intentions?

"Vaudrey—He spoke to me at first of the grandeur of the empire; he told me he thought he would be joined by the greatest part of the army, and that he had friends among several garrisons.

"President—Did he mention the names of those garrisons?

"Vaudrey—Principally those of the east. He told me that he depended upon several general officers, without naming them. He then made several direct proposals, which I resisted, and to which I made several objections.

"President—Why did you not constantly resist?

"Vaudrey—Sir, there are many circumstances in life in which it is difficult to act with propriety. *I think the Prince had the good will of many in different regiments.* At the period I speak of the Prince sent me a work which he had published, and at the same time a letter. I complimented him at Baden, and expressed to him my admiration of the empire."

Another prisoner who has displayed much honesty and courage (which qualities, according to the debates, can scarcely be attributed to Colonel Vaudrey, who seems to have been but a tool of the party), M. Laity, confirms the testimony of Vaudrey by his answers during his examination.

"President—When were you initiated into the conspiracy?

"Laity—July the 25th.

"President—For the sake of honour and your country, can you say who initiated you into it?

"Laity—For the sake of honour, I refuse to reveal that. On the 25th of July I was informed of the Prince's intentions. I enquired if his principles were democratic or republican, and upon the answer I received I accepted.

"President—But you must have perceived your error?

"Laity—I still think that the Prince would have suited France and the army. I was mistaken, and that is all.

"President—Do you know what means they had at their disposal?

"Laity—I knew the feeling of Colonel Vaudrey's regiment. As to the Colonel, it was on the 27th of October that I knew he would support the cause. I heard it from one of my friends whom I have refused to name, the same who had initiated me into the conspiracy.

"President—Did you not have an interview with the Prince?

"Laity—I saw him in the month of August at Strasburg. I can even mention the date; it was the first or second Sunday in that month after the arrival of the King of Naples.

"President—In what house did you see the Prince?

"Laity—He read us some proclamations, he had tears in his eyes. For the last twenty years, said he, I have been driven from my country. I swore to follow him, and I could not break my oath.

"President—But your fidelity to your flag. You should have acted in the same way as Captain Raindre whom you heard yesterday. And who were the others present?

"Laity—Fifteen officers.

"President—Do you refuse to mention their names?

"Laity—Certainly I do.

"President—Did Persigny tell you what would be the form of government?

"Laity—That which would suit the country.

"President—And what would have been done here?

"Laity—The National Guard was to have been called to arms, and we were to have marched to Paris.

(Editorial note. It is known that the National Guard was dissolved three years ago for having chosen all its officers among the Republican party.)

"President—And how would the town have been governed?

"Laity—I do not know; I was not at the head of the conspiracy.

"President—I respect your scruples, I acknowledge your frankness, and I shall not press you on that head. Have you heard anything about a provost-marshal?

Laity—This is an error in the accusation. When a body of troops is marching there is a provost-marshal with the treasurer. The accusation seems to say that this provost was a magistrate endowed with extraordinary powers, and that it was intended to have established a court that would have been under his jurisdiction.

"President—On the morning of the 30th, at what hour did you go to the prince's?

"Laity—At four o'clock in the morning with Persigny.

"President—You had, however, sworn fidelity to your country.

"Laity—Yes, to the country—but not to the prince who serves it ill.—(A sensation in the court.")

Lieutenant Laity seems to be the only man among the accused party who avows a principle—a most dangerous principle for a lieutenant to entertain; the army should have no principles, and ask no questions, or the noble

profession of arms is ruined and useless. His Majesty maintains soldiers for the same reason that a butcher keeps a mastiff, to guard his meat, and to growl at those who would steal it; they are only spring-guns on the state premises, to shoot trespassers whoever they may be, and to go off without respect of persons—at least such is Marshal Soult's opinion, who shows that his dogs are good for nothing without flogging and training; and such is the idea of the President of the Court, who was horrified at the notion that a lieutenant should dare to have an opinion of his own. Captain Pasquin gives also these reasons for his conduct in the affair; on being asked what motives had induced him to join the revolt, and what part he was to play in it, he said, I did not trouble myself about the political pros and cons, my business was to remain at the Prince's side, and to die for him if need were.

The stout commandant was the Prince's mastiff, and this unhesitating fidelity is an admirable quality—in a mastiff. Thank God, in England the army has a higher quality, if we may judge it at least, by the standard of the honest and eloquent Colonel Napier. T. T.

P. S.—The Carlists have been striving to raise a report that Espartero has been defeated by that miraculous Infant Don Sebastian Gabriel, who has made the Christino General disgorge his twenty-five guns, taken in the battle of the 25th. This unlucky assertion only proves that Espartero did take the twenty-five guns, for the Carlists declared he had only taken possession of three, which were found spiked and left in the snow.

In consequence of this defeat the Spanish funds have risen one per cent. I only trust that Don Carlos may have many more such victories.

Jan. 18, 1837, p. 3, c. 2.

THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.—THE OCCULT POWER.—THE MOTION OF M. BARROT.—THE LATEST FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

The two last sittings of the Chamber have been very stormy. In the first the energetic discourse of M. Glais Bigoin led the ministry to perceive that the voice of the *Tiers-parti*, silenced during the past session, would be loud and angry in the present. The Radicals here have seen (and perhaps the late conduct of the English Radicals has in this given them a lesson) that delay is only dangerous, and compromise is folly. They trusted in the promises of Thiers and in the liberal inclination of his cabinet; but that ministry either could not, or would not, carry its promises into effect. In the first place they were not over sincere; in the second they were overpowered by that superior will, to which Frenchmen dare not allude, which broke the national faith with Spain, and called to the ministry the most hateful sect in France.

The King's influence, though not openly commented on, has, however, been the entire subject of consideration and attack; all the world knows the mover of these ministerial puppets, all the world can remove the constitutional mask, and expose its wearer; the measures attacked by the opposition have emanated only from the Crown, and the contest lies at present, as I said before, between the representatives of the people and the Crown.

It is hardly necessary to recapitulate the events which have formed the subject of attack in the Deputies; they are only too well known already.

The Ministers of Charles X. have been set free, on an absurd fiction of penitence expressed by them. The associates of M. de Polignac expressed no contrition and asked no pardon; they were liberated because the Government wanted

supporters among the party to which the ex-Ministers belong; and because they could not, with any show of consistency, pursue their own measures of rigour, and continue to punish those who had gone a little further than themselves.

The Government broke its faith with Spain, because it was offended at the popular nature of the Constitution, first proclaimed through the entire country, and then stamped at La Granja—not from any idea of the danger or the sacrifice which the co-operation would cause to France itself. I remember the time, said M. Garnier Pages, when men were enrolled, passports were distributed, and leaders were provided for the Spanish revolutionists. The man who did this is now before me in the House, the declared enemy of intervention, the unblushing opposer of popular government.

M. Guizot sat in his place, and answered not a word.

A great benefit to the nation, the reduction of the five per cent. debt was proposed. A ministry who opposed it was compelled to retire, but the measure is still unfulfilled, although the actual cabinet brings forward its flourishing picture of the national prosperity, expends millions upon triumphal arches and picture-galleries, and boasts of the financial wonders it has performed. Why is the five per cent. debt not reduced?

A dangerous conspiracy broke out, whole regiments forsook their allegiance, and were willing to march under the standard of the chief mover of the treason. Where is he? Is he a prisoner with the rest of the men who attempted and failed in the conspiracy? Why is the chief criminal absolved and absent? Who has dared to make himself superior to justice and the law?

It requires but little thought to see against whom these charges lie. The ministry did not break its faith with Spain. It was the Crown. The ministry did not release Louis Bonaparte; it was the Crown. The ministry did not oppose

the reduction of the Five per cents., the opposition came from another and more powerful source.

Two very important circumstances occurred in the last debate. The affair of the spy Conseil was brought forward by M. Odillon Barrot, and M. Theirs, in reply, declared solemnly that as to Conseil's character he knew nothing. The Minister for Foreign Affairs and the ambassador were alike deceived, the spy was sent by the Minister of Police, without the knowledge of either. He had private instructions, and he is not the first man who has been employed on a special service, for a special person, who acts independently of ministers, when it so suits his policy. The police minister, who had himself signed the passport of Conseil, with the forged name of Chele, could not venture to reply. He knew the fact, that the head of the cabinet had been deceived; but he asked time for his defence, which he is giving as I now write. But he can make no answer, except that the agent was despatched by the police, and that the police must keep its secrets.

Only reflect on this—France, to help a suffering neighbour, cannot afford a single man; but it was ready to make war about the affair of Conseil—to sacrifice men by thousands and money by millions, because a certain occult power in the state has certain ends and agents, with which the nation, the chambers, and the ministry have nothing to do. The wealth and the blood of the people, the honour and good name of the country, are as nothing compared to this, the occult power has private interests before which all others must bow.

What is the use of a ministry in such a case? Why continue the lie of a representative government and chamber if there is a secret authority placed before them all? The only answer of Gasparin yesterday was that the police is sacred? M. Gasparin might use exactly the same argument, and imprison all the members of the opposition—he might fling the Republicans into the Seine, and answer that it was

a measure of police, the police is sacred, therefore no explanation can be made. Who moves the police ?

Again, in another circumstance, M. Odilon Barrot spoke, as he always does, nobly to the point. He proposed an additional paragraph in the address relative to Poland, and recalling to Europe and his Majesty a point which both seemed inclined to forget—that the French had guaranteed the nationality of that unhappy country. Here he did more than perplex and disgrace the ministry, he defeated them and their boasted majority. M. Guizot went openly canvassing the Chamber; it seemed too monstrous a proposition to attempt to recall a promise solemnly made, and to maintain the good faith of the nation. But, lo! to the surprise of all, the efforts of the ministry were quite unsuccessful, and a majority of eight declared itself for the proposition of M. Barrot.

The honours of the evening certainly belong to him. I wish I could give you any idea of the eloquence with which he gained them. I never heard anything more honest in thought and more noble in language than his brief speeches yesterday.

And now let me give you some of the news in this gay place. You know it is the season of merriment and masked balls, and that this capital is the pleasantest in Europe.

The place of chief of police has been given to M. Azevedo, now in the bureaux of the Minister of Commerce. At least so it was whispered last night at my Lord Granville's and other fashionable assemblies.

The plot of Avennes (where there was to be a military insurrection and a blowing up of magazines and arsenals) is now ripe for judgment. A gentleman by the name of Bieuvre is expected to show how he took a share in the affair, and by whose orders. You remember how the much injured Monsieur Conseil acted in Switzerland, and how shamefully the world requited his sacrifices for the good of France. M. Bieuvre appears to be exactly in the same situation.

Yesterday sixteen or eighteen arrests were made by order

of the Chamber of Peers. Some of the persons were merely seized out of precaution, others have been examined and let loose. It is better to prevent a disease than cure it. These people have been only imprisoned by way of caution; if their families are terrified, or their work is lost, so much the worse for them. When the King is shot at, you must seize somebody or other out of respect to his Majesty, and to give a proper emphasis to the law.

There is much talk of establishing a new police (the functions of the old one continuing always, as by reason). A thousand stout fellows are to parade the town nightly. Thus with—

The National Guard	100,000
The Old Police (at a very moderate calculation)	20,000
The Troops of the Line	30,000
The New Police	1,000
The *Journal des Debats*	1
	151,001

One hundred and fifty one thousand and one persons are guardians of the public peace in this capital! It is delightful to inhabit a place where one is defended by such a host of patriots, who maintain order, punish conspiracy, and clap suspicion into prison. Only this takes away the pleasures of a residence. A man may be obliged to reside *au secret* for a month in La Force, and be told on quitting prison, that his committal was a mistake.

For which privilege thank the glorious revolution, the enlightened ministries which have successively represented it, and, above all, that illustrious Monarch, whose wisdom has presided, whose will has ordained, and whose energy has perfected this noble system. T. T.

January 19, 1837, p. 3. c. 2.

THE LAST DEFEAT OF THE CARLISTS. THE SPY SYSTEM IN SWITZERLAND AND STRASBURG.

January 16.—The testimony of that Carlist Martyr, Mr. Stephen, has just reached us here, and creates no small stir and dismay among the suffering legitimist remnant at Paris. I have just had the pleasure of translating the famous despatch to a Carlist banker on the Bourse, who was especially touched by the account of the loss of my Lord Ranelagh's wigs and lavender-water. He entertains the most mysterious notions concerning the noble lord, asking whether Milor Ranelagh was not also Milor Vauxhall, and how it happened that his lordship was in Paris and at Bilbao at the same time. Thus confounding the bold Ranelagh, with the intrepid Gye, whose balloon is supposed to have a political tendency, and to give the proprietor the means of such excessive swiftness of locomotion.

Another fact, of not less detriment to Don Carlos's cause than the loss of Lord Ranelagh's wigs, and the laurels twisted round them, has been likewise announced.

The universal minister Erro has resigned his place in the court of Don Carlos.

The *Quotidienne*, announcing this fact, which appeared by telegraph in the *Charte* of last night, states that it is merely a change *pro formâ*, and likewise speaks in terms of touching panegyric upon the affection subsisting between Erro and the Bishop of Leon, his successor.

Anybody who reads Carlist documents, and is aware of their character, may easily judge this assertion of the *Quotidienne*. It is quite as great a fib as any of its previous rhodomontades concerning the war. In fact, Erro and the bishop love each other as cordially as two beauties who are contending for the same husband, or two dogs quarrelling for the same bone.

E o's retreat was only the compliment of Villareal's disgrace—the Biscayan party retires with them from court—the party whose bravery and skill have maintained so long and so gallantly the tottering fortunes of Don Carlos. I cannot conceive a measure more fatal to the Pretender than this ministerial change at this time. The successes of his generals in Castile and Arragon have not advanced his cause a jot; his strength lay in the northern provinces among the successors and countrymen of Zumalcarreguy; and yet the provinces are sacrificed to the intrigues of the Castilian clique, and the stout defenders of his cause to the worn-out courtiers of Ferdinand, and the priests in the Bishop of Leon's train. Instead of encouraging the army, whose bravery and devotion could not prevent the late disaster, instead of endeavouring to inspire new courage and hope among the men who have fought for him, well at least, if not successfully, he disgraces the leaders, depresses the soldiers, and irritates the people by changing their governors, and trampling upon the national privileges which they hold so dearly. After a great success Don Carlos might have changed his ministry, and defied the danger of such a measure; after a defeat the change is little else than ruin; and the proofs of it are already too clear; the whole provinces are enraged, the troops are disbanding by hundreds. When, a few days back, the army was mustered, two thousand five hundred names did not answer to their names; they had retired to their homes, to spread fresh discontent and terror among the people already irritated and despairing.

And he chooses this particular moment for making a most unpopular change when the numbers and the courage of his army are thus diminished, and seventy thousand men are gathered within a few leagues of this little capital, eager for battle, and flushed with recent victory. A little common prudence and honesty in the army, and a conciliatory proclamation from the Queen's party, would suffice to conclude

the war in a month; and thus the pious vows of the government here would be fulfilled, and the defeat of Don Carlos effected without that fearful co-operation, which is so much dreaded by the King and the Ministry in France.

You will have received ere this an account of Saturday's debate, and the admirable speech delivered by Thiers.

The explanation of M. Gasparin was, I said in my last letter, a mere confirmation of the fact, that a spy had been employed by the police for a special purpose; that a war had been well nigh raised concerning him; and that both the present and the late Prime Minister had been kept in careful ignorance of the character of the spy in question, and of the peculiar purpose and circumstances of Conseil's mission.

M. Montalivet, in a letter read by M. Gasparin, took on himself the entire responsibility, at the same time stating that the nature of the case was such, as to render all explanations impossible. Everybody knew the nature of the case, the person for whose benefit the spy was employed, and the reasons why his mission was kept a secret from the Ministry. One or two deputies proposed to speak to the question, but the President at once crushed the discussion. It was a pity, he said, to rake up the embers of this affair; and so, like the son of the Patriarch, he covered the minister's shame with his president's mantle, forbidding all the world to jeer at his errors or expose the circumstance of his fall.

I have no need to tell you that the minister was here only guilty *by proxy*, and that M. Dupin's excessive delicacy arose from a wish not to compromise a much more illustrious personage than M. Gasparin. Perhaps the Chamber did well to stifle the discussion, and not to drag forward the disgraceful affair into light; acknowledging that in political, as in private economy, there are many mean and filthy duties to go through, which are better performed in the congenial privacy of the ministerial closet than in the light of public day. The *Tiers*, you may remember, showed exactly the same alacrity in the

business of the Lyons spy—he who went among the starving workmen, inflaming them by skilful agitation, and urging them to revolt, *and to suffer afterwards*. This affair was quickly slurred over, it was thought to be unbecoming the dignity of the court to insist or to enlarge upon so ignoble a matter. We must allow and admire these admirable maxims of government which our lords and masters have laid down. We must only look at the splendour and beauty of the outward state edifice, and dare not to examine the foul sewers and mean passages within. If men creep into our families, and spy out our opinions, if they worry us into discontent, and denounce the treason which they have raised, we must not question or complain — the state cannot prosper without it — at least M. Gasparin says so, and M. Gasparin is an honourable man.

A notable instance of the spy system has just occurred at Strasburg. Colonel Vaudrey received a letter, which by good fortune came to him unopened, and which he communicated to his counsel. The latter ran thus—"I am sorry your attempt has failed. Meunier has been likewise unsuccessful. Never mind; we shall have better luck the next time, and it is my turn to strike next." The following is the account of the affair as it is given in the Strasburg journals:—

"M. F. Barrot rose and said—I am sorry to interrupt the interpreter, but I cannot contain my indignation, and I wish the court to share it with me. Colonel Vaudrey has just received a letter by the post. This letter is not signed, and it has been evidently written to meet the eyes of the Procureur-General.—(The letter was then read.)

"The President—I cannot interrupt the translation which has been begun.—When it is finished, you may make any application you may think proper.

"M. F. Barrot—Yes, M. President, I will make an application on the subject.

"M. Gerard—This letter was just now brought to me, and I transmitted it unopened to Colonel Vaudrey.

"Col. Vaudrey—I opened it, and passed it to my counsel.

"The President—What reason do you give for the application?

"M. F. Barrot—It is because the lives of the prisoners are sufficiently menaced without the circumstance of so infamous a letter endangering them still more. For if the Procureur du Roi had not behaved so loyally as he has done, he might have taken an advantage of this odious proceeding.

"The Attorney.General opposed those conclusions, the letter had no connection with the accusation, and it will not avail itself of it.

"M. Parquin — Gentlemen, we are surprised that the Attorney-General should oppose the conclusions which he ought to have taken himself; it is not in the name of the prisoners that I demand those documents, I demand them in the name of public order and in the name of that Sovereign for whom we would all of us risk our lives, in order that this document do not serve in this cause or any others that might arise.

"The Attorney-General—I pay homage to the doctrine of the defender, but it does not appear to me that this incident is of such importance as he gives to it. I shall consider of it later, if I think proper, but at present the producing of it would be useless, it is not worthy of the attention of the jury and the solemnity of this audience.

"All the defenders—This letter is a manœuvre of the police.

"After a few minutes' deliberation the Court declared that as the letter had no connection with the cause, it should not be produced, unless the Attorney-General should call for it later."

You see that, according to the usual plan, the judge is desirous to treat the affair as a trifle, and to pass it over altogether. In heaven's name, can there be a more infamous treason than this? Had it been successful there could have been no reply, no pity, for the man to whom it was addressed.

Just as the jury are deliberating on their verdict, and the judge upon the degree of punishment which is to be inflicted on the prisoner, this letter arrives to inflame the anger of both, and to establish the prisoner's connexion with the murderers of the King; and yet the Procureur du Roi declares that the letter is of no sort of importance, and the judge passes it over as a trivial circumstance, which hardly merits protest or publicity! The lives of half the men in the kingdom might be "policed" away in this manner, and the same argument might be repeated, the same sickening modesty assumed, and M. Gasparin or his successors would rise in the Chamber to say—"Gentlemen, it is all for the good of the country. We must meet treason by treason; we must have spies and informers, and the best plan is to acknowledge the necessity of the system, and the less said on the subject the better." Such was Montalivit's letter, and Gasparin's defence, and the *Débats* qualifies them both this morning, as sublime instances of patriotic devotion.

I need scarcely give you the trouble of perusing a discussion of the Crown Advocate's speech on the Strasbourg question. The ingenious functionary endeavours to show that young Bonaparte was the least guilty of the party; and strives at the same time to destroy any prejudices which the jury may entertain in behalf of the accused. If, he kindly says, the chief criminal were dead, you would not allow the others to escape; do not therefore permit any feelings of mercy to overcome you, but punish the men before you to your heart's content. Then he proceeds to dilate on the innocence of young Bonaparte, only a tool of Vaudrey and the rest of the conspirators. It is true that he headed the plot, and was to have the chief share of the plunder; but he is a sweet young lad of eight-and-twenty, and has not arrived at years of discretion. Nothing can be more reasonable and just, as you will perceive, than that the young gentleman should be set free, and the punishment fall on the villains who drew him into the scrape.

I will not recur to the simile of Master Blifil and Master Jones; but, had he lived at the present perion, Thwackum would certainly have been a Doctrinaire. T. T.

P. S.—I have delayed mentioning Thiers's speech until I could couple it with the reply of M. Guizot, which is now in the course of delivery. The minister's answer cannot, however, have been very successful, for there has been a fall in the French funds, and a rumour of a change of ministry. We shall then have Soult and Sebastiani—if you remember, I told you, a fortnight since that such would be the case. The King will have any one rather than Thiers, who, when he returns to power, will return with his new Liberal notions and party.

Jan. 21, 1837, p. 3, c. 3.

M. Guizot's Recantation—Berryer And Thiers—The Choice of Dupin.

Jan. 18.—The whole town, as you may fancy, is busy with the present stormy debates in the Chamber, which have continued "*crescendo*" since my last letter.

The great oration of Guizot, produced after three days' laborious cogitation, and intended to destroy his late colleague and his principal adversary, Thiers, is an acknowledged failure; it did not answer its purpose on the day of delivery; and so little, in fact, was it admired by the deputies or the press, that its honest and ingenious author thought fit publicly to recant yesterday, and in a manner to swallow all the foul words which he had delivered the day before.

The ministry was fiercely attacked by M. Berrier; and, being the only orator in the cabinet since the departure of the ready and versatile Thiers, M. Guizot was compelled to reply in its name. Whereupon he unsaid all his sayings of Monday, and uttered a series of opinions, astonishing for their novelty and their liberality, thus excellently proving his own words to M. Thiers on a former occasion. When asked his

opinion as to intervention or non-intervention, the philosopher replied, "*On peut tenir l'une ou l'autre conduite*"—you may do one or t'other, as you please; and so he affirmed one thing on Monday, and stoutly asserted t'other thing on Tuesday.

The first speech of M. Guizot was rank Carlism, the second was purely and frankly liberal; the change in his opinions is acknowledged by all parties, and each assigns for it a different reason; it appears to me that the reason was very simple. Doubtless the opinions uttered in the first discourse are the real sentiments of the government. It insults the Spanish revolution, and detests its popular origin; it oppresses the one and calumniates the other. To destroy or to paralyze the efforts of the people, no sacrifices are too great for it, and no prevarications too mean. What does it matter to M. Guizot or his employer, that once they urged and paid a revolt in Spain, and that they are bound by repeated promises to maintain the Queen and her cause? The moment the Queen's cause became the cause of the people, the French government gave it up. Of this fact the King's speech is an avowal, and Guizot's long discourse of Monday only an amplification.

But the Court party reckoned too much on the forbearance of the Chamber; and hence the sudden change in Guizot's politics, and the affected liberalism in his speech yesterday. Already, since the opening of the session, some very heavy blows have been dealt to the government. It was shaken in the commission, beaten on the Polish question, and deeply injured by the exposure of the scoundrelly conspiracy of Conseil. It cannot dare, altogether, to brave the public opinion, or even that faint shadow of it, which exists in the Chamber; and when Guizot's first speech failed to refute the charges of Thiers, and only to leave on the House an impression of dissatisfaction and distrust, it was resolved to soften, in some degree, the ministerial politics.

Berryer's speech was only an occasion for the change,—the minister was compelled to adopt it, and would have taken any other opportunity to recant.

The arguments, however, of the Carlist deputy produced a strong impression. You know his character and his genius, and the eccentricity of his political position which enables him to attack all parties in the house. Perhaps this is the secret of his power—he thunders on all subjects and at all sides—he has no party-passions to manage, no secrets to keep. Thiers, in attacking, is equally eloquent, and far more caustic and keen; but he is trammeled by his old Ministerial connexions,—he dares not say all that he knows —and thus his statements are garbled and incomplete—his eloquence loses its vigour, and his wit half its sting. But Berryer is quite alone and unshackled. He is the Carlist trumpet, and, like the single fifer who composed the *corps d'armée* of the illustrious *Bombastes*, Berryer is himself the "brave army" of Legitimacy. He cannot therefore do much injury to the enemy, but he can make a great deal of noise; and he uses unceasingly his loud but harmless instrument, of blowing alerts, and sounding "shrill alarms" as though he had a host at his heels. He is not unlike the poor Knight of La Mancha, whose Tory principles and honourable feelings he shares; and he fights with just as much success, and with exactly the same share of reason. But when he forgets his Carlist whimsies, and lays aside his party Quixotisms, M. Berryer becomes a redoubtable antagonist; he mauled M. Guizot yesterday just as the Don discomfited the barber.

"When Don Carlos entered Spain," said M. Berryer, "M. Thiers professed not to care for the Pretender's arrival in that country; with a few men, a little money, and time, he declared that he could turn Don Carlos out of Spain, and compel him to return to this side of the Pyrenees. It is possible, replied I, it is even easy; but you will never be permitted to make the attempt. You cannot intervene in Spain, for the opposition desires by an intervention ends directly opposed to those desired by the government. The

Spanish question may be simply reduced to this:—Shall the government of that country be the government of a majority, tempered and regulated by a royalty or any other supreme magistracy? or shall it be a government founded on royal right, and tempered by a majority? It is the question in Spain, and also the question in France. The question which for six years has divided the opposition, and all the successive ministries—the great question whether the French government shall be a monarchy tempered by a majoriiy, or a majority tempered by a monarchy? A compromise was made between the supporters of both principles, and a year since, when Messrs. Guizot and Thiers were together in office, the two opinions were represented by the two men. It is easy to see why in the cabinet of which they formed a part, the Spanish question remained undecided. I can understand that M. Guizot was never and M. Thiers always, in favour of intervention; the late Prime Minister retired, because he could not execute his plan; he retired nobly, for he retained his opinions and his independence. M. Thiers is now in the opposition, and it is his place, for he is a revolutionist. M. Guizot is of the contrary opinion, and would establish in France the kingly government tempered by a majority. We know his principles, he has declared them many times, he avowed them in his discourse of yesterday. I trust that the honourable gentleman had sufficiently calculated the consequences and the whole meaning of his speech." "Yes," said M. Guizot, smiling.

* * * * *

And so he had,—he had calculated them so well, that he was obliged to come forward and deny them; but pray remark M. Berryer's admirable distinction, which characterizes completely the two men now struggling for power. It touched so nearly M. Guizot, that he presently rose, and, in endeavouring to refute his antagonist, refuted only himself. He showed that with regard to intervention he had no opinion—nor had he until he came into office in September

last; and we all know the reasons of his conversion. "You will never be allowed to intervene in Spain," said M. Berryer, and he spoke with only too much justice. What is the cause, and who is the cause?

"Why did Soult make his public protest the other day? Why did Guizot, before indifferent as to intervention, suddenly become so convinced and so hostile? Because for the last there was an actual ministry, and the first a probable one, the price of this new opinion. The interests of a single man in France would suffer by it, and the opinions of the whole country fall before his. If the Chambers were to vote for it unanimously, as the ministers did before, the King would dissolve the Chambers, as he dissolved the Cabinet; and the country is so governed by this constitutional Monarch, that it is treason to canvas his opinions, or the causes of them. His Majesty may be threatened by the foreign powers, or he may be interested in Don Carlos, or he may dread the republican notions which are prevalent in Spain, and may injure him, the monarch "of the best of all possible republic's." But the nation must not judge, or has no right to judge or to complain; what is certain and acknowledged, what a few days ago (when ministers were more confident) was openly vaunted, is that the King does govern the country as well as reign over it; he has secrets which he does not think fit to impart to his ministers, plans which he sacrifices his cabinet to follow; he has confidential agents, such as the worthy Monsieur Conseil, who are labouring in foreign countries for his own royal interests; and doubtless private relations with foreign powers, which it is unnecessary to communicate to the country. I wrote to you, some months since, that the intervention must be granted. Alas! I thought that the King's interests were those of the country, I was only aware of the public reasons which might induce his Majesty to take such a step. If he has private and mysterious causes for this persevering neutrality, we

have no business to raise complaints or enquiries. How can we, who are unacquainted with the springs of the royal conduct, judge his august motives or prate about the public interest? The fact only is evident, but the causes are wisely kept secret. What business has the Chamber, or the ministry, or the happy unrepresented people, to wish otherwise than the King?

"If they do there is dissolution for the Chamber, dismissal for the ministry, and a great choice and variety of correction for the people. The law and the revolution have thus admirably defined the limits of the legal power.

* * * * *

I may as well conclude this letter by quoting a most unconstitutional speech of M. Dupin, uttered by him in the committee for the address. It is not public, but no less true for all that. If, said the President of the Chamber, to the Doctrinaires, "if you persist in drawing this fatal distinction, and establishing through the country only these two parties, the royalist and the republicans, I will be a republican."

Who knows how soon he may be called upon to choose and how many millions of people will think with him? T. T.

Jan. 24, 1837, p. 3, c. 1.

THE VICTORY OF THE MINISTRY—THE STRASBURG VERDICT.

Jan. 21.—If M. Thiers calculated upon any personal influence which he might possess, or any special affection in which the Chamber held him, his reflection to-day cannot be too agreeable. His majority of last session has marched over in a body to the enemy; as they will march over to the next ministry, or as they will march back to Thiers, when his Excellency shall again be in office. There are a hundred honest fellows in the Chamber, who, by the blessing of Providence, will vote for any thing—royalist, republican, regicide, any side, it is all one to them; they have such a

confidence in the Cæsar for the time being, and such a keen notion of the benefits of this unhesitating loyalty.

The address was carried yesterday by a majority of eighty-five; the Spanish amendment was negatived by a nearly equal number, nor did the Opposition think fit to do battle upon any other point of the discourse. Dupin, it is true, entered his protest upon the illegal subtraction of young Bonaparte, but it was merely for consistency's sake, that he introduced those stale commonplaces as liberty and equality, of which the majority in the house knows the right value. The King spared young Napoleon, he said, just as the crowd showed favour to one of their own cast, and cried, "Give us up Barrabas"; and the President of the Chamber thought he had done his duty by making this fine simile and speech. I did not think of Barrabas, but I thought of Pontius Pilate speechifying from his President's chair, and washing his hands while truth and liberty were carried away to sacrifice.

After law was thus duly buried, and Dupin had pronounced its funeral oration, a smart discussion took place on the conduct of Ministers in the Strasburg affair; who, when aware of the hatching conspiracy, allowed the chiefs to assemble, the people and regiments to listen to their offers of seduction, and yet never thought fit to quell the revolt, until the conspirators, who had been for many days in the town, were actually in arms. Some persons in the Opposition, had the impudence to blame the ministerial conduct, or to demand at least an explanation. But Count Molé clearly exposed the treasonable nature of such remonstrances—"Bon Dieu!" he cried, "Gentlemen, do we live in civilised times? Are we in a free country? Who dares to ask an explanation of Ministers, or to sift the mysteries of the Police?" This noble sentiment was received by the majority with shouts and tears of delight; they know the benefits of the revolution, and the proper rights of Frenchmen! The police is every man's birthright—it is the universal redresser of all wrongs,

and the general answerer of all questions! What prating talker in the Chamber dare, after this, cross-question the police? What radical rebel dare grumble? It is now in France as in old times, if your foot should stumble against the bleeding and mangled body of Justice, make no complaints—ask no questions—but look at the superscription which it bears, and *laissez passer la police du Roi.*

The prospect and liberties of this country are truly in a flourishing condition. The press is free and people dare not write; ministers are responsible, and yet on matters of police no man must ask a question. The law is equal and inviolable, and yet his Majesty has entire power over it.

The ministerial majority glories in every one of these facts, as has been proved within the last few days; it avows its intention is not merely to shackle but to destroy the Radical press; it admits that the measures of the police are sacred whatever they may be; it authorises the King's intervention in the law, nay, it goes further (as the *Debats* on the Bonaparte case), and states that an occasional violation of the law is only wholesome and judicious; its health improves by it, "*sa vertu s'en affermit*"—to quote the words of Voltaire in a circumstance somewhat similar.†

One would hardly believe that in a country where there existed a show or shadow of orderly freedom, such things should be gravely advocated or permitted; and yet the newspapers will give you daily instances of the facts and the opinions. M. Guizot is continually uttering the one, and performing the other. One would hardly fancy that in a representative Chamber, containing the honesty and intelligence of the whole country, such a vote as yesterday's could pass; yet here is the fact. The King chose to break his engagement with Spain, and was so bent on breaking his promise that he dismissed a ministry who were unanimous

† Candide.

against him, and who commanded the majority of the Chamber. Three months afterwards, the same majority in the same Chamber deserts its old leaders and opinions, and adopts the sentiments of the new cabinet, which sentiments the new cabinet only professed at about ten days' warning, when it was found that the price and condition of office was the opposition to intervention in Spain. It was only by giving itself the lie that this conscientious majority could achieve the triumph which it has just won.

But the Opposition, baffled and disappointed, does not still hold itself for beaten; on former addresses the minority has been of 30, 40, or 60 votes; in the present it mustered a body of 180 against the 240 supporters of the Ministry. A defeat still, but nevertheless a great progress. To encourage their hopes further, it was said yesterday that the arrival of that most extraordinary piece of news, the acquittal of the Strasburg prisoners, influenced the vote on the address, and added at least 30 supporters to the Ministry.

The ministerial papers pass over this strange affair in a gloomy and boding silence. The *Charte* does not condescend even to mention the circumstance; only M. Molé takes care to rise in the Chamber, hinting ominously that the present law is not sufficient, and that government will speedily bring forward measures sterner and more complete. A ministerial orator follows him, and repeats the sneers and stigmas which a government journal lately cast upon the jury. Perhaps, in the present instance, the Strasburg jury somewhat deserves them.

They were there to judge on a point of special justice, and not on a matter of national equity. If the King committed an act of injustice, there was no reason that the jury should repair it by another; for this monstrous verdict is an outcry of popular passion, and not a solemn sentence of the law; it is revenge, not justice. If the King will liberate princes, the people will likewise defend themselves; and here is already

the consequence of the shameful and daring illegality which set Louis Bonaparte free. The people have learnt to interpose their prejudices against the action of the law; the law is lessened and degraded by coming in contact with party passions; it loses its sacredness and inviolability, and the people, their best defender. For justice, the people's father, will defend them much better than the King and all his ministers and policemen together, and it becomes them ill to throw a stain on that which should be stainless at all costs. The law should be above partiality, and beyond the meanness of revenge.

However, the Strasburg jurymen will argue that to do a great good they have only done a little wrong; and the whole country will thank them for the false verdict which has saved Laity and his companions; and the result of it will be that his Majesty, seeing the inefficiency of juries will further dock their privileges, already cruelly curtailed. What if the people murmur or refuse to help him? a hundred honest deputies will not be so squeamish as the rabble; there they sit—they voted the laws of September, and will vote the abolition of the jury, or anything else which M. Molé may find necessary for the safety of the King and country. Would it not be better to abolish chambers and courts of justice at once, and decide all questions by the police? The people cannot or will not judge fairly (and this is true, for the verdict in the Strasburg affair is only a patriotic lie); the chambers only follow the will of the King, and like Panurge's sheep, wherever his Majesty jumps this faithful flock jumps after him.

Now the police would be much safer, and far more expeditous and secret; by the late occurrences in France, it is only the police which is inviolable, not the law,—the brazen lying strumpet has usurped all the privileges and power of the virgin justice, and as she has them in fact, let her have them in title. It would have been much more economical

and easy to have employed the same spy who was sent to track Colonel Vaudrey, to despatch that officer at a proper season; it would have avoided all the expense of a public and protracted trial, and the disappointment of a contrary verdict: a jury is a folly. The King should give up this useless council of twelve men, and adopt another more efficacious a Council of Ten. T. T. [*See note below.*]

Jan. 28, 1837, p. 3, c. 3.

SOME NEW LAWS OF REPRESSION.—A NEW FRENCH SIBERIA.—MINISTERIAL QUARRELS.

Jan. 25.—Some new and ingenious improvements upon the September laws have just been brought forward by the ministry. In England the measures proposed would not call for particular anger or remark; you lessen in so many instances the severity of the laws, that on those rare occasions, where it is found necessary to increase their rigour, no particular charge of cruelty would attach to the legislature. But here the government never diminishes the degree of punishment ordained by law; never for six years has a single proposal emanated from the King or his government, to give more leniency to law, or more liberty and peace to the subject. The two laws proposed yesterday are only improvements upon the present method of torturing, two further steps in the dreadful but undeviating course of intimidation which the government of this country is determined to pursue.

Where will it end? How far will the King carry his plans of popular repression, and his ideas of regal authority? We dare not hope for more lenient times, we never hear a whisper of mercy; there is never a question of pardon (except for a

NOTE.—A note with an asterisk (*) is appended to this letter:—"* The Procureur's speech on the prosecution of the Courrier Francais." There is not any corresponding asterisk in the text.

few princes and princesses) or of a remission of the wicked and useless laws, which madden and degrade the people. On the contrary, whenever, by a fresh crime, the people makes the only reply in its power, to the present system, though it is seen that these laws only serve to irritate and not to repress, the King persists in his favourite plan, the ministry takes advantage of each crime as it occurs, as an occasion for a new law; and as it is made a fresh opportunity for tyranny, it also becomes a fresh excitement to treason.

The Government replied to Fieschi's attack by the laws of September; it answers by the following project of a law, the late resistance of the Strasburg Jurymen.

Yesterday, in the Chamber, General Bertrand, the War Minister, arose, and read to the assembly a long discourse, containing the following plan:—

"Crimes and offences specified in cap. I. of the first book of the Penal Code, and by the military laws, and those of the 10th April and 24th May, 1834, shall, for the future, in case of participation or implication of military men and civilians, be presented and judged separately.

"Military men, and those considered as belonging to the same class, shall be tried by court-martial; individuals belonging to the class of civilians shall be prosecuted and tried before the ordinary tribunals." — Laid on the table, and ordered to be printed and distributed.

The General's speech in defence of this new law is curious from the ideas uttered by him, and the confessions which he has been obliged to make. After stating that as the soldier's condition is peculiar, his government must likewise be extraordinary (which means that a soldier being only used as a bulldog upon the state premises, must be fed and flogged as such), he goes on to say—"We have seen political associations formed in our cities, which drew towards them the soldiers of our regiments, and debauched them from their duty. The parties (who are aware of the existing regula-

tions) know also how to diminish the penalties to which they are exposed, how to gain time, and to weaken the impressions which are simultaneous with the crime, and to escape from the effects of a judgment, which ought to be prompt and efficacious. There never was a case of military insurrection in which some civilians were not concerned; but still the soldier and the civilian are judged by the same court; the former is thus carried away from the natural jurisdiction of a council of war, at the very time when such a jurisdiction is most necessary, and when the nature of the crime renders it indispensable."

It is evident that the escape of Colonel Vaudrey has deeply affected the ministry; they are disappointed of that spectacle so grateful to all good men—a military execution. Had the affair been submitted to the Colonel's "natural judges," he must have been shot with all his comrades; Parquin, Laity, De Brue, and the rest—nay, at a pinch, the whole regiment of artillery might have been tried, condemned, and murdered, by its natural judges. They were all in arms; they all shouted "Vive l'Empereur!" Then there were the Pontonniers, and the regiment of infantry quartered at Finckmatt, who indulged in similar exclamations; justice might on the most moderate computation have taken the lives of two thousand men; a delightful and edifying notion; for as justice, which is good for one, is likewise good for all, hanging or shooting must go in the same ratio. These fellows ought to have been all marched to the ground, and shot off by companies. Such a slaughtering as this should be gratifying to a soldier's heart, who is proud of his profession, and the court-martial his "natural protector"—it would be almost as fine as a victory of Napoleon's.

God help the poor French soldier! he is a government brave with a reward of twopence a-day, and (if he is too poor to purchase a substitute-bravo) he has no choice as to his condition; he must submit for seven years to the slavery

and the uniform, and the natural government of courts-martial. According to the butchers' code which is made for him, he must be either a murderer or a victim, as the case may be. What was poor Marin, of whom I wrote to you the other day, or the honest fellows who marched out and shot him?

And if by any blessed chance or pretext the soldier is withdrawn from this kind of government, lo! the Minister of War rises in his place and beseeches the legislature to rectify the error, and restore the soldier to the protecting bosom of his "natural" court-martial.

The next ministerial project is of a like merciful nature. You are aware that among the many hundred political convicts which at present fill the prisons of France a greater portion have been condemned for life, or for several years to "deportation." The sentence of expatriation was considered as only nominal, for the excellent reason, that France possessed no colonies which could be converted into dwelling-places for state or other criminals.

However, the ministry has discovered in the Isle of Bourbon a happy valley, which would be admirably fitted for such a purpose; and proposes that it should be immediately occupied by the persons whose banishment has been, or is to be, decreed. Listen to the pastoral description of M. Rosamel; you might fancy that Mr. George Robins was occupying the tribune.

"The general softness and salubrity of the climate—(Laughter)—are quite sufficient in themselves to have called the attention of government. Salazie (so-called from the high mountains which environ it, and form a circus, as it were, around it) is exempt, by its situation, from changes which are experienced in other parts of the isle. The beneficial action of the temperature,—(Roars of laughter)—I say the beneficial action of the temperature, and a discovery of mineral waters which has just been made, have already drawn several

families to the spot, and cause it to be much frequented as a place for convalescents.

"Among the territories in the quarter of Salazie is one which in size is admirably adapted to the establishment which we propose to create. This territory, known under the name of the Little Sand Island, is on the borders of the Mat river; it is in extent ten hectares, it is watered by a number of fountains, and intersected by a new road, which leads to the road surrounding the island. Here it is that government proposes to construct the prison destined for the metropolitan exiles. It is to be remarked that the circle of which this place forms a part, is in itself a kind of natural prison, for to enter or quit it you must pass by the Mat river, fifteen metres broad. Thus from the very circumstance, that escape is rendered difficult, we shall be enabled to free the prisoners from that rigorous sequestration which would be necessary in an open country. We propose to erect a house of detention with its appendages, a chapel, and a barrack for soldiers."

This is as charming as a description from *Paul and Virginia;* as rural and pleasing as Marshal Clausel's Arab eclogue, which he introduced into the description of his defeat before Constantina. With what a pictorial grace does Admiral Rosamel point out the charms of Salazie one by one! It is frequented by the best society, though to be sure the prisoners cannot partake of it; it is laved by countless streams, and by mineral waters; it has a delightful "new road which of course the prisoners may follow at their will; and as for the climate, it is "*ver perpetuum atque alienis mensibus æstas.*" There is a palace for the prisoners' dwelling, a chapel for their devotions, and a guard of honour to attend them—Louis Philippe himself has no more.

Now the plain English of M. Rosamel's speech is this: our prisons are filled with hundreds of discontented men, whose punishment only awakens sympathy, and whose opinions are

shared by the people. We dare not keep them in the country, to inspire compassion for their sufferings, to give example by their courage, to furnish leaders and opponents in the event of an escape or a revolt. When they escape they only meet with kindness and aid; when the law fails to condemn them the whole country applauds. If we find military men amongst the rebels we must give them over to military tribunals, who will show them no mercy. With civilians we will be as severe as we may: we will drive them from the country, we will smother their complaints, and make the people forget their cause, and even their names. Here, though perpetually imprisoned, politically dead, they speak as it were from their tombs, they only create fresh disciples by their martyrdom, and perpetuate the cause which we would kill. As long as they are here the people will only pity and follow them, when they are gone it may perhaps forget them.

And therefore the government seeks out for a French Siberia; nor is this the only point in which it follows the Russian model. The Chamber will no doubt accede to these laws—I have said before it will accede to anything. It will light the government step by step on its way towards despotism, if the government should be inclined to march so far, and will desert the government on the next step downwards, which is revolution.

As long as the law of elections in France remains in its present form, the government must have all the power, the Chambers must obey it, and the people, ruled nominally by the one, must be at the mercy of the other.

I told you some days since that the ministry, in its present condition, could not stand—it carries the seeds of dissolution in itself. As for the Chamber of Deputies, after a little schooling, you will find that the minorities will grow still more feeble, and the ministerial supporters increase daily. The Chamber has a natural appetite for the good things of the ministry, and will readily swallow the hook for the sake

of the bait upon it. It is useless to repeat the rumour of intrigues and petty vanities which in the present instance will cause the change in the cabinet. M. Gasparin must, however, go out; it is not improbable that M. Guizot will follow him, and it is almost certain that Marshal Soult will return to office; for the two latter worthies do not at all agree.

With regard to the affair of Meunier, all we know is that arrests are continually made, although the man himself persists that he had no associates in his crime. T. T.

Jan. 31, 1837, p. 3, c. 2. Jan. 28.—Nothing of interest in the country or the Chamber has occurred since I last wrote; the latter has been occupied with a discussion of the authority granted to mayors of communes, which the government, on its usual plan, is disposed to curtail. The cabinet desires that the prefect of the department should possess more than the power of veto which has hitherto been accorded to him, and that the mayors should attempt to execute no measure of municipal reform or economy which does not emanate from the prefect's office. The affair, as you will see, is of very little interest to you in England; it only shows that the government is disposed to enter into its plan of repression by detail, have sufficiently exercised it on a grand scale—the rights of Frenchmen as citizens and members of the state are already at the mercy of the administration—their little harmless privileges in their villages and communes, the regulations of their homes and families, are to be given over to the same guardianship.

All these measures of centralization, which make the mayors depend absolutely on the prefects, the prefects on the cabinet, and the cabinet on the King, might be admirable in a despotic monarchy, where the sovereign was recognized as the governor of the law as well as the nation; but the system can be little better than ruin to any people professing to live under a constitution. It reduces the qualities of a citizen to a mere shadow and absurdity; he cannot speak,

except with the approbation of the government; he cannot consult his own interests without the permission of the prefect, who considers them for him; the prefect, too has his orders and his superiors; he receives his commands directly from the minister, and you very well know who commands the minister—the man who got rid of Lafitte and Lafayette, and turned out Thiers, who reminded him of a promise which he did not choose to fulfil.

Suppose the King of England was to have an army of half a million, all depending upon him for patronage, and pay, and promotion; suppose he had two hundred thousand places to distribute among one hundred thousand men, who only, among thirty millions, enjoyed the elective privilege—suppose he could say to the meanest officer of the smallest village, you must receive your orders from the mayor of the market town, and the mayor from the high sheriff, and the high sheriff from the minister, and the minister from ME—you would hardly call this a constitutional government in England, I think you would call it a despotism—if not, the Emperor of Russia is only the head of a democratic government, and the Emperor of Morocco a republican king.

The gracious sovereign who governs these realms is evidently of this opinion; his Chambers are at his will, his Ministers will adopt or deny all sentiments at his Majesty's orders; and for his people, why, they are the most contented, easy, careless, happy dogs who were ever governed; witness the revolt at Vendome, the rebellion of Strasbourg, the deaths of Fieschi and Alibaud, the slaughter at Lyons, and the murders of the Rue Transnonain.

Another project of law has been read in the Chamber of Peers, it visits with punishment and imprisonment any person who, being aware of any projected attempt against the King and his government, does not instantly make public the conspiracy; it is hard to say whether this and the law for the communes, to which I have above alluded, will pass;

the opposition journals stoutly say no; I fear the government papers are right.

And here are the only news of the day; they will account for the brevity of this letter, for it is useless to enlarge upon a subject of which you, in England, must be already tired. A man who has to relate events, as they occur in this country, has unfortunately but few other themes of discourse. He can only give catalogues of government aggressions, or retail the miserable scandal of cabinet quarrels and intrigues; or, if he has to speak of circumstances in which THE PEOPLE take a share, it is only to enumerate the fresh grievances which are laid upon them, or to record some wild attempt at murder, or some lawless burst of insurrection. They are the only dreadful means which are left to the nation to express its opinion or its discontent. T. T.

Feb. 3, 1837, p. 4, c. 1. Paris, Jan. 31.—Perhaps the most important event which has occurred within the last month, is the heroic conduct of M. Coulmann, and the letter he has written.

Coulmann is a deputy, and was invited to a certain grand ball given at Court; but on arriving on the night of the festival, *La Garde qui veille à la Porte du Louvre* requested the deputy to retire, as the coat which he wore was not sufficiently laced and ornamented to allow him to appear in the presence of the King.

Coulman, in his simple black coat, retired in wrath, and the next morning addressed a flaming letter to the journals, stating his indignation and his surprise that a gentleman should be refused an entrance to the Tuileries, unless he were tricked out like a mountebank or a marquis of the old regime.

The small papers published here have seized this circumstance, and made dreadful war on the Government for this new infringement on the rights of subjects;—people have been to Court in coats borrowed from the masquerade shops; the

whole town views the affair with an universal sneer, and the miserable attempt at Court etiquette causes as much angry conversation as the defeat before Constantina.

There is no doubt that a man in a pig-tail, with a sword between his legs, and bundles of lace and rags covering his knuckles and his breast, is a graceful and noble object to behold; and that royalty would lose half its splendour if deprived of such jewels as these. Thank Heaven, his Majesty has had the courage to make a stand at last—to restore the chivalrous customs of ancient times—to cleanse the prostrate crown of the mud in which he happened to find it—to gather his nobles around him, and to rally them round the pig-tail of legitimacy. You may depend upon it (for I have the news from the highest authority, and no other journal will announce the fact except the *Constitutional* and the *Morning Post*), that it is his Majesty's intention to forsake the wig which he at present wears, and to adopt a handsome periwig, powdered and frizzled as in the best days of royalty. Thank Heaven, I say, that there is a chance of seeing the old monarchical splendour restored to France once more. Perhaps you will object that the present sovereign, being illegitimate, the institutions which he is desirous to establish can only be base forgeries and imitations of royalty; but be assured, that if his Majesty cannot re-establish the real thing, he will arrange something so like it as would deceive the closest observer.

Thus, he has five sons and three daughters. Would you, in the best days of the monarchy, have looked for anything more noble than the manner in which he intends to provide for them? He proposes that the nation should endow them all and severally; a million for one. five hundred thousand a year for another, and so on. The castle, the estates, and forests of Rambouillet are to be handed over to the Duke de Nemours; the Queen of the Belgians is to be paid her million, and all the other princes and princesses, and, no doubt, all their offspring, are to be similarly portioned by the nation.

Admire the wonderful genius of this man! He had, in his own private purse, the largest fortune in Europe; he has got possession of the Prince of Conde's property likewise; he has seized upon the estates belonging to the exiled family, in whose royal shoes he has stepped; and with all this demands a million of money from the nation to pay the marriage portion of his daughter! Speak of fatherly affection after this! Was there ever such an instance of paternal love as is exemplified by this magnanimous sovereign? Talk no more of tender pelicans feeding their young with their own blood: this kind of tenderness is only a *pis aller*. Who would feed their children with their own blood, when they could procure that of the people? I say, that you may search through history, and you will never find a father who has so provided for his family; never read of a man who has exercised so nobly that great virtue of charity—which beginneth at home.

The *Charte*, in treating the question of apanage, argues the point in the following appropriate manner:—

"The civil list and the income of the crown are personal to the king; they were conceded to him in order to maintain the splendour of the throne. We ask all men of good faith, did ever Prince make a more noble use of the revenues confided to him?

"But are the King's children strangers to us? Have they not, like their father. received the baptism of the revolution of July? Have they not become the children of France? Is it not absurd to suppose that we have no interest in the alliances which they may contract; that princes, to whom the constitution reserves eventual rights to the throne, are merely private individuals, whose affairs do not concern us? If they hold from us their political rank, it is also evident that they should receive from us the means properly to maintain it.

"It ought to be clearly established then, as a principle, that the royal family belongs to France, that the country has taken charge of their destinies, over which it will watch as over its

own. What! when absolute kings did so much for the princes of their blood, shall we refuse to maintain the princes of our election? Shall we consent to break the bands which unite the King to the nation, to separate in our respectful affection the King and his children, to treat with cold indifference the princes who are the hope of the country?

"Before such considerations what, we ask, are the miserable calculations of economy? as if France were not rich enough to give a million to the Queen of the Belgians, or to grant an apanage to the Duke of Numours!

"It would be easy for us to bring forward many other arguments in favour of the plan proposed by the President of the Council, but we abstain from them to-day, as we shall have, no doubt, occasion to return to the subject."

Now you would fancy from this ingenious argument that the King had not a penny in the world to keep his children from starving; that when he was born (on the 7th of August. 1830) his Majesty came into the world quite naked, without an acre of land, or a shilling in the stocks, and nothing but his innocence and poverty to recommend him.

The question then is, with due reverence for the honest author of the above paragraph, not whether the nation is rich enough to give a million to the Queen of the Belgians, but whether the King is rich enough? Good God! there are thirty thousand Frenchmen starving at Lyons! five thousand miserable Poles, whose meagre monthly pittance is daily and pitilessly reduced; there are five thousand French soldiers and officers in Spain, allured thither by the promises of the government, and left to starvation and disgrace—and yet the writer in the *Charte* brags of the prosperity of France, and its ability to bestow millions upon two young people who have millions of their own! If Louis Philippe and his family are to be pensioners upon the nation, let them at least give up to it their own private wealth and means. I met, the other day, a poor Pole, who, because he had found means of earning a

few pounds monthly, which were sufficient for his support, gave up the government subsidy; "It was intended for the poor men," he said, "it would be dishonest for independent men to receive it." And yet here is a man who can count his income by millions, and does not blush to ask for more.

It has been generally agreed, I believe, that a monarchy is the best government for the people; it would be dangerous in this country to argue the point; at least you will allow that we give rather an exorbitant price for the benefit we enjoy, and pay somewhat dearly for our whistle. T. T.

Feb. 8, 1837, p. 4, c. 3. Feb. 5.—Although there have been no facts to record during the last three or four days, there have been rumours in plenty. Every morning has brought a fresh report of Guizot's retirement, and of the speedy arrival of Marshal Soult. Yet although the Marshal has not received his constable's sword, nor has M. Guizot resigned his portfolio; a few days, if I mistake not, will see the triumph of the one and the final retreat of the other. And although the change may be trifling, it will at least be beneficial to the country in dismissing from its government M. Guizot and his crew—the daring political quacks who seized upon the infant revolution, distorted its natural movements and strength, dragged and destroyed its honest health, and left it on its present maimed and puling condition. One would never have thought that his Majesty's speech on the opening of Parliament could have produced such a wonderful effect; and yet, so it is—the careful insignificance of the oration has here found a most important meaning, and the Frehch doctrinaires have been well nigh drowned by Lord Melbourne's flood of milk and water.

For the people here are so unaccustomed to plain speaking and dealing, so used to hints and inuendoes and omissions, that purely because the English government forgot or disdained to make any mention of the French alliance and ministry, the whole country is astonished at the bitterness of

the neglect, and cries out at the eloquence of the reproach. I am sure that Lord Melbourne's silence has hurt M. Guizot more, than the most brilliant harangues of M. Thriers, or all the furious talking of the opposition; and thus if all that has been said in the Royal speech goes for nothing, that which has been unsaid, has on the contrary a most empathetic meaning. The conduct of the Ministry and the Tory opposition in England has at least done this good, to expose and stigmatize the mean Jesuitism of the government here, in its paltry attempts to get rid of the Spanish question; the quadruple treaty binds us no more than France, and yet all parties in England agree that the plighted honour of the nation (whatever its interests may be) demands that the pact should be maintained for benefit of the Queen of Spain. The French cabinet may expound the meaning of the treaty, and show that though they promised aid, they were by no means bound to keep their promise; and the Chamber of Deputies has discussed and confirmed this honourable maxim; it is a pity that before they came to a determination they had not been furnished with the precedent of another ministry and another chamber which had to canvass the meaning of the same words, and gave them so different an interpretation. It is too late, I suppose, for the chamber to retract, and the ministry has very good reasons for maintaining its opinion: but the nation has not such convincing reasons for shuffling as have been given to the cabinet, which will take a very different view of the question. The King's speech and the vote on it, prove at any rate, that that is a binding oath across the channel, which is here only an idle ceremony of words, uttered by Louis Philippe or withdrawn by him as it suits his pleasure.

It is pretty generally believed that the Separation Bill will not pass the Chamber of Deputies, but that revolters, civil and military, will continued to be tried by the same tribunal. As for the Municipal Bill of which I wrote in my last, it is

proceeding rapidly towards completion, and will meet with no opposition in the Peers—which triumph will recompense the ministry for its anticipated defeat on the other question. Nay more, a great patriot and admirer of the present humane system of government proposes, in case of the failure of the Separation Bill, to bring forward another, with this slight difference, that both soldiers and civilians, in cases of revolt, shall be tried by courts-martial. This may be called an amendment with a vengeance, and proves fully that loyal appetite for summary justice and martial, or rather provost-marshal law, which so eminently distinguishes the legislators now in power. Good heavens! what noble opportunities have been lost during the past six years, for putting into execution this admirable system, this relic of "the antique monarchy," the great object of admiring imitation to the government of July. There would have been no need of establishing colonies in the Isle of Bourbon, of filling prisons in France, or feeing useless lawyers to procure exculpatory verdicts—there would have been no complaints, or escapes, or sympathy:—we ought to have had these people quietly shot, and then the government of July would have reposed peacefully and undisturbed, founded by popular love, and guarded by strong law—properly showing to the people that because a rebellion prospered on the 29th of July, there is no cause why it should flourish on the 4th of April,—at least the spirit of imitation is dangerous, and hanging or shooting is thought to be the only remedy for it.

You have this noble doctrine expounded thrice a week by M. Fonfrede, in tree columns of the *Paix*, which (as its name indicates) is the most ferocious advocate of the repressive system. He cries out daily for fresh laws, fresh authority for the King, and fresh rigour for the Radicals. He attacks the speech of M. Dupin as a monstrous display of daring Radicalism; whereas it was but a harmless ebullition of oratorical froth; he fulminates against the decree of the Strasburg

jurymen, and calls down wo and ruin on the country where such things are.

But this ingenious and voluminous M. Fonfrede, who calls out so loudly about popular discontent and treason, only points out the means (and what means!) for their repression, and forgets the causes of their existence. He shows how the Strasburg jury broke their oath and violated justice; but he forgets who showed them the example. If the jury broke their oath to the law, they kept their honour with the country; the man who set free young Bonaparte made himself independent of one and the other. If the people are discontented, is it the duty of government to punish or remove it? If their method of showing their discontent is unlawful, is it the fault of the people? They are injured and they complain; they are oppressed, and they resist as they may. They meet in secret companies because they dare not openly assemble together; they resort to armed rebellion and to assassination, because they have no legitimate means of exposing their griefs; they have no remedy, no hope, each successive government treats the people as its enemy, creates fresh barriers of separation, and attempts new means of oppression.

So that the system has gone so far as to settle and determine this separation between the people and the government in France. The one is not, as it should be, the emanation of the other, acting for its interests, and speaking with its voice—the government. on the contrary, is the people's master, not its servant. The King might change the ministry a dozen times, and would, if his royal interests so required; but if he chose to recal M. de Polignac, or to establish the Inquisition, the people could not appeal—their anger would be as little regarded, and as much punished, as it is now. A hundred thousand men only possess the right and the power to remonstrate, and their very position renders their honesty impossible. The thirty millions behind them can give them

no bribes and places, as the government can; and you see, in consequence, that their deputies vote for every minister as he comes, and every measure; the majority follows M. Thiers, and waits on M. Molé; it votes the state of siege, and the laws of September, and I do believe would vote the Inquisition, if his Majesty were pleased to ordain it.

You can hardly say, that with this series of repressive laws the people has had anything to do—that it would put a bit in its own mouth, and fetters on its own hands; that the people dislike the power to meet or to read, consents to penal laws, longs for an opportunity of bestowing millions upon the King's family, prefers to be pestered by government functionaries, bullied by the government army, and tracked by policemen! God forbid that the present holders of power should be the people's representatives; that the 30 millions were so degraded and dishonest as to require these laws, and regiments, and policemen to menace them! It is not the people who need this defence—it is the government. And there can be no greater stigma cast upon the ministry and the King, than the avowal that such measures are necessary; that is, that the government would perish without them.

Thus the government and the governed are in a state of open hostility; and though the prisons and the bayonets and the spies in France are on the government side, it is no small confession of weakness in the reigning party to allow that they have no other means of safety than in the measures which they employ. In this necessity and condition of tyranny, on which the King holds his throne, implies the existence and the power of the popular enmity which he has to govern and overcome. As I said before, he has the prisons, the army, and the policemen; but the prison walls have held many men of many parties in France, and the army has served many masters. Louis Seize and Egalité, Cadoudal and Ney marched out of the same goal, perhaps, each to suffer for his different creed, and the army supported and deserted each in its turn.

T. T.

Feb. 15, 1837, p. 3, c. 3.—Feb. 15.

SPANISH AFFAIRS—M. DUPIN'S EXPLANATIONS—M. CLAUSEL'S RECAL—M. SALVANDY'S PATRIOTISM.

We are here awaiting very eagerly the operations in Navarre, which are to end the Carlist war. Espartero has a million of rations, and has made about the same number of representations to his government. Saarsfield has published proclamations, and sacked money: and General Evans, in that affecting letter to the Westminster electors, has shown the wonders he intends to perform with the Westminster grenadiers. But the General's plans all relate to the future, or rather to that ingenious and indefinite period of time which is called by grammarians the *paulo post futurum*—for it was said last month that operations were to commence on the 20th of January; they were then deferred to the 4th of February; then to the 10th, and so on. All that we know is, that nothing is done as yet; that the good effects of the Bilbao affair are wearing fast away, and that the Carlists have had time to fortify their lines, and prepare for the attack which is to fall on them some day or other.

In a letter which I received from Bayonne, the other day, at least one satisfactory circumstance is mentioned, namely, that the Queen's government had sent down bills for the payment of the troops, and, what is more strange, that these bills had been immediately discounted on the place of Bayonne. Some Carlist troops have had the audacity to chalk the walls of Durango with epigraphs, proclaiming "death to Don Carlos," and "long life to the Constitution," whereat the Don was so frightened that he removed his royal residence to Tolosa, or passed his time in travelling between that place and some other villages in his royal and loyal provinces.

There are strange rumours afloat here that Don Carlos and his amiable relative, the Duchess of Berri, have addressed, severally, letters to the King of the French (for the time

being). The Duchess entreats his Majesty, and with much reason, to look around him, and examine the consequences of his reign and system. See, says she, your army is ready to fly from you, the whole country is undermined by secret conspiracies, which at any moment may burst and destroy you; your only safety is in a compromise with those who, as they have a right to the throne, possess also the affections of the people, who, in event of treason, have friends abroad who will repel it, friends who are the secret but zealous enemies of your Majesty. Don Carlos, or rather "Don Quixote," however, writes in a much higher strain; he calls upon the usurping magician, who has seized and governs these reals, instantly to yield them up, or, lo! Don Carlos will march down upon him—and then what chance is there for poor France? Wo betide the windmills when the Don couches his lance, and puts his charger to the gallop.

Perhaps it is in the event of being ousted from his actual quarters that Don Carlos meditates his invasion. General Evans proposes to put him beyond the pale of law; but the most important point is to place beyond the Spanish frontier; and when will this be done? Never until General Evans has the opportunity to do something more than write letters to his constituents; until the Count of Luchana has ceased to brag of the Bilbao affair, in which he took no more share, and deserves no more credit, than the private who charged at his side; until justice be done on the brigand Alaix, and until the mystery and humbug which preside over all the measures of the Spanish Government be detected and destroyed.

For it requires no great wisdom to see that there is a secret influence which directs, or rather misdirects, the affairs of the country. Cordova could not fight, or would not. Rodil "the child of battle" as he modestly called himself when placed in the chief command of the army against Gomez, instantly became no better than Cordova—the "child of battle" kept at a most respectful distance from his father. Next came

Alaix, a coward and sluggard first, and then an open rebel. And the only honest or capable man in the army, Narvaez, is an exile at Cuenca. His disgrace was certain as soon as his honesty was known. A Spanish gentleman in Paris, a sharer and a sufferer in the late wars in the country, said to me at the time of Narvaez's success at Los Arcos, "His doom is sealed, he will never be allowed to conquer again. This man is too honest for us." The event has only proved the justice of the prediction.

In the meantime the ministry at Madrid is pluming itself on its victory over the Catalonian deputies; these men were disposed to take the Constitution in earnest, and bitterly remonstrated with the Cabinet, at the evident favour shown to the officers who supported the *estatuto rial*. Serjeant Garcia threatens to explain the cause of the revolution of La Granja, and the persons who employed him. The government, under pretence that there is no further need of the national militia, disarms and disembodies that force, although the Carlist bands are swarming throughout the country, and a large body of rebel troops are ready for an incursion into Castile. This invasion will be either the result of their victory in Navarre, or the last resource after their defeat. In the Court of the Queen, as in that of the Pretender, there seems to be no union, no principle. One and the other are jobbed by adventurers, or driven hither and thither by secret societies. It is a long time since the Queen has been strong enough to intrigue for herself; she is either led by the English party, or blinded by the French party, or bullied by the superior treachery of Mendizabal. The only consolation is, that the Pretender fares no better. I do believe his party would expire of itself: but when the last Carlist shall leave the country, the war will still be unconcluded; the great struggle which is going on all over the world, and which only in our own country seems to promise a peaceful issue, the struggle between power and people.

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I have written so much on Spanish matters, that you may suppose that there is little of interest in French affairs; and so it is. Since my last letter the Chamber has been occupied chiefly with a discussion of the points of municipal law, voted for ministers, as you will have seen, by a large majority. The ticklish questions of the apanages, and the law of disjunction, have not been brought forward as yet, and the education question, which was to have elicited some brilliant oratory from M. Guizot, has likewise been deferred in consequence of the illness of the minister's son.

The war between M. Dupin and Marshal Clausel has concluded without bloodshed, as may be imagined. The worthy president will have on all occasions his privilege of small-talk, and, after the Parthian method, fires and runs away. In speaking of the late disaster of Constantina, he indulged in a long dissertation on the Jugurthian war of Sallust, and showed how the Roman governor, Calpurnius Bestia, was bribed by the wily tributary, Jugurtha—hence came defeat and disgrace to the arms of Rome. Marshal Clausel begged an explanation of the president's speech and desired to know its meaning. This was precisely the point on which M. Dupin would not yield, and far from replying (as no honest man will "upon compulsion"), the president favoured the Marshal with another long letter upon Numidian antiquities, upon the character of Calpurnius, as admirably depicted by Sallust, the affairs of Rome at the period, and the subsequent tyranny of Marius. It is always M. Dupin's plan. He makes a speech, and does not trouble himself about the consequences; if his assertions are false, let others contradict him; if they bring him into trouble, M. Dupin runs away. Luckily at the moment, when the Marshal insisted on an explanation, some friends of the parties interfered, and these two distinguished patriots are at present at peace.

But Marshal Clausel has lost his government, and why? Because he is too liberal—because he failed in his Constantina

expedition, and because the Doctrinaires would not give him the means of success. His government of the French colony was popular and wise. He met, however, with a disaster, which is not attributable to his fault, but is an excellent reason for his disgrace. All the honest servants of the King have been treated in a similar fashion, why should Marshal Clausel be more lucky than Lafayette and Lafitte? Accordingly that celebrated warrior, the Duke of Orleans, is to command the future expedition; his valour and experience are to remedy the errors of the Marshal. Furthermore, the Duke is to have the command in chief of the army, and perhaps of the National Guard. In case of any accident which may happen in his absence, M. Guizot says he will answer for the tranquillity of the country—and of course there can be no doubt that the country will be tranquil, when we have M. Guizot's word for the same.

M. Gauguier is about to renew his proposition for excluding all public functionaries from the Chamber of Deputies. You may imagine what success the honourable gentleman's proposal will meet, when (according to the statistics of the *Constitutionnel*) there are no less than 176 State officers at present in the Chamber. These noble and disinterested men, who view all ministries with a like patriotic impartiality, and vote for each in its turn, will hardly, I should think, consent to M. Gauguier's mad proposal, and quarrel with their own bread and butter. They hold office because they are Deputies, or they are Deputies because they hold office; their votes are the interest which they pay to Government for their places; and their places, as it were, the percentage of their patriotism. If they support the Government, the Government supports them in its turn; and surely it is a fair and honourable exchange. In fact, how could his Majesty's Government continue, if 170 of its supporters were withdrawn all of a sudden? The greatest benefits and blessings enjoyed at present by the country are owing entirely to them. The public debt would

have been reduced but for their forbearance, and the Five per Cents. converted; the American subsidy would never have been paid, but for them, and the unhappy people ruined who had bought up the debt.* The Quadruple Treaty would have remained in force, but for their ingenious arguments; the laws of September would never have been voted but for their enlightened patriotism.

Let it not be said, then, that they present an obstacle to the welfare and good government of the country; for how is that an obstacle which never opposes anything? They vote for everybody. They supported Thiers yesterday and Guizot to-day, and to-morrow they are ready to return to Thiers, should his Majesty be disposed to recal him!

Let no man talk of loyalty who does not know M. de Salvandy. In Charles the Tenth's time he was one of a commission who were called upon to reconstruct the military law. He and M. Molé showed that it would be unconstitutional to separate in certain cases the soldier from the civilian; and now this very Salvandy, and this very Molé, are ready in the same chamber to eat their former words, to swear that what was white then, is perfectly black now; to remove the soldier from the civil jurisdiction, and hand him over to the tender mercies of a court-martial—a noble and touching instance of devotion, which shows that a good man should not hesitate to sacrifice his honour, and give himself the lie, for the benefit of his king and country. T. T.

* An American correspondent of the *National* showed that the American debt was entirely bought by Frenchmen, and declared that the Orleans family were the chief holders. The chamber at first refused to vote the sum, but the King promised payment, and of course the chambers yielded.

NOTE.—The Paris letter in the issue of the "Constitutional" of the 18th February, is the last one signed T. T.

From the 19th to the 23rd of that month, the proceedings of the British Parliament, home news, and advertisements, make up nearly the whole of each day's newspaper.

After the 23rd, French affairs again receive full attention, but not any article is signed.

It is known, (and it is now impossible to obtain more exact information), that Mr. Thackeray left Paris,—"sometime in February."

Leaders, and divisions of the newspaper devoted to France, to Louis Philippe, and to the acts of his ministers, abound, but they are all unsigned.

The style by which the foregoing Paris correspondence is distinguished, continually recurs, in many lengthy articles; but, as no authoritative statement can be made as to their actual source, it has been thought best to terminate the foregoing extracts with the last *signed* communication.

Mr. Thackeray was part-proprietor of the paper; of which the very last issue appeared on the 1st of July, 1837.

On that day, a valedictory address was published, in its columns, which is appended.

While there is very great probability that Mr. Thackeray was the writer, it cannot be positively ascertained; and it is inserted in this volume for our readers' judgment. Its reappearance in these pages, at all events, establishes the date upon which the newspaper became defunct.

The issues between June 22nd and July 1st (inclusive), had each column heavily bordered with mourning-leads. At the earlier date, in consequence of the death of William IV.;—but the sentence quoted below from the "Farewell address," of July 1st, tells its own story, and seems to possess a grim touch of Thackerayan humour:—

"THE BLACK MARGIN IS THIS DAY WORN WITH A DOUBLE SIGNIFICANCE."

W. T. S.

"THE CONSTITUTIONAL" (July 1, 1837).

TO THE READERS OF THE CONSTITUTIONAL.

The Constitutional makes its appearance this morning for the last time.

The mourning border which it so recently put on was but the shadow of the coming event; and the black margin is this day worn with a double significance. We can estimate the feeling of the gentleman who once walked at his own funeral. This journal has been in existence for upwards of nine months.

It was started at what seemed to some to be an auspicious period; the newspaper stamp duty being reduced on the day of its appearance. That this change did not promise any material advantage, in the opinion of the political conductor of the *Constitutional*, was evident from his opening article, in which the fatal influence of the penny stamp was predicted and exposed. Still there appeared at the time a fair chance of accomplishing what had been held to be impracticable—the establishment of an entirely independent, a thoroughly Radical morning newspaper—a journal that should aim not merely at gratifying the tastes of the few, but at advocating the interests of all—that should be free from party bias, and bent only on advancing the welfare and the liberties of the people.

This hope has proved a forlorn one. Why? The adverse circumstances have been various. In the philosophy of ill-luck it may be laid down as a principle, that every point of discouragement tends to one common centre of defeat. When the fates do concur in one's discomfiture their unanimity is wonderful. So has it happened in the case of the *Constitutional*. In the first place, a delay of some months, consequent upon the postponement of the newspaper stamp reduction, operated disadvantageously on the minds of many who were originally parties to the enterprize; in the next, the majority of those who remained faithful were wholly inexperienced in the art and mystery of the practical working of an important daily

journal; in the third, and consequent upon the other two, there was the want of those abundant means, and of that wise application of resources, without which no efficient organ of the interests of any class of men—to say nothing of the interests of that first and greatest class whose welfare has been our dearest aim and most constant object—can be successfully established. Then came further misgivings on the part of friends in disguise. Then came the *I will if you will* of the Radical leaders, which, of course, ended, according to the old English interpretation, in *We will not.* Much advice was subscribed, and little money. Everybody admitted that the *Constitutional* was essential to the well-being of the Radical cause, and very generous and eloquent were the suggestions for its improvement. It was frankly owned that the opportunity once lost might not occur again, but nobody stepped forward to convert that opportunity into a golden one. Many could not, more would not, and a few only performed in a very partial degree the duty which was acknowledged to be imperative upon all. Reported speeches were plentiful, and supplies scanty. The result was, that means were wanting—notwithstanding the chivalrous devotion of one gentleman whom it would be our pride, were we permitted, to name—to render the radical journal an efficient and comprehensive vehicle for *news*, so as to adapt it to the wants of the classes on whose support it was dependant. It was increased to a size more than ample, had it been duly filled—yet it did not contain what was required. It incurred expenses for Parliamentary reports, which the sense of justice, or the notions of practical wisdom, of its Parliamentary friends, did not recompense; it ventured upon an expenditure for a foreign express (an exactly equal expense being shared by its five morning contemporaries, who excluded it from their arrangements) which its Radical readers could not immediately appreciate. In short, a sign of spirit only tended to dispirit those who should have been encouraged by the display; and in the mean time the necessary

means of making, not merely the character, but the existence of the paper known among the Radical classes in all parts of the kingdom, were diminished to an unavailing heap. Then came the general want of confidence, that cessation of the general spring and impulse of enterprise, which such a state of things must necessarily induce; and finally, a resolution on the part of the few on whom the active duties had indecently been allowed to devolve, to discontinue the difficult, but not, they hope, the inglorious struggle.

In this hope the Editor of the *Constitutional* anxiously participates. For himself and all who have shared his labours, he may be permitted to entertain some slight trust, that the struggle has not been utterly inglorious, as he is persuaded it has not been absolutely fruitless. He has only intruded upon the reader explanations which some may think superfluous or indelicate, with the view of vindicating from all suspicion of weakness the great cause of Radicalism, which this journal has consistently, although feebly, supported. If the *Constitutional* have rendered no service to its cause while living, its conductors would fain prevent it from injuring that cause in dying. The failure of this journal must not be mistaken for the symptom of a want of Radical spirit in the country. We have frankly stated to what the discomfiture is attributable. The field is in the possession of the monopolists, who flourished during the old stamp-laws. The Millions are sufficiently wealthy, but not sufficiently combined, to establish a paper inculcating their own creed against such practised and powerful competitors; they are not wanting in spirit, but in system, while too many of those who dictate to them are wanting in both. That others will follow in our steps, and succeed better, we are assured—that this will be done speedily, we believe—and happy should we feel if to this we could add a hope, that our own example and our own exertions had hastened on the day, whose dawn shall be brightened indeed by the rise of a Radical journal, destined to endure, as the

advocate and representative of all who, in Parliament, can boast but of slender advocacy and no direct representation.

Is it necessary to prolong this leave-taking? If we write a long farewell, it is only because we have not leisure to frame a short one. Our chief aim is to warn both Whig and Tory that their joy over a Radical failure is in danger of being speedily followed by a lamentation over Radical triumphs. We have lived to see many a "crisis," but the present is most pregnant with good omen for the people. We stand upon a point whence the unquiet and stormy past is contrasted with the streaks of clear light that break through the future and promise a fair day. Property will yet be safe—safer than it has ever been, for Labour will have her reward, and it will then need fewer of those guards in which so much of danger and mischief are invariably centered.

The Editor of the *Constitutional* may perhaps be pardoned for adverting to a promise which he has with unceasing care endeavoured to fulfil. The *Constitutional*, Radical though it be, and therefore vulgarized in the eyes of the artificially refined among both parties in the State, has adopted and adhered to a mode of political warfare, not less polite and civilized, it is hoped, than that of its more influential and accomplished contemporaries. It will be something if we have helped to show, that Radical politics may be written without rudeness; and that the interest of the working classes may be advocated in language, less brutally insulting than that which is too much in favour with their oppressors. If we could hope for a good word it would be this—that we "have done our spiriting gently," and have called things by their right names without nicknaming those who have miscalled them.

To many men of honour and station out of Parliament we owe various obligations, and are grateful; to several of our contemporaries, some of them our opponents, we are indebted for much courtesy, and gladly acknowledge it; to our readers and

correspondents, especially, our truest and most fervent thanks are due, for extreme indulgence and generous consideration, under circumstances of deficiency which, allowing of no explanation, seemed to admit of no excuse.

Our best wishes may be comprised in two cordial ones:—To the young QUEEN, a long reign and a merry one; to the People—the Franchise, with Lord DURHAM for a minister.

NOTE.—As in the case of the "National Standard," the Thackeray matter is reprinted from the "Constitutional" with all the press-errors which occur in the original.

TO THE MEMORY

OF

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

A POEM BY

SEBASTIAN EVANS, M.A.

I cannot refrain from introducing in this place a public repetition of my thanks, (previously communicated, in my letter to SEBASTIAN EVANS, Esq.,) *for the permission that gentleman has given me to reprint the following poem, which he laid as a contributory wreath upon the tomb of the* "MASTER."

That permission was granted with a gracefulness which enhanced the value of the obligation I must ever feel incumbent upon me.

W. T. SPENCER.

COPY OF ORIGINAL TITLE-PAGE.

TO THE MEMORY

OF

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE

THACKERAY,

DEC. 24, 1863.

BY

SEBASTIAN EVANS, M.A.

BIRMINGHAM:

WALTER J. SACKETT, 11, BULL STREET.

1864.

Reprinted by permission, from the TOWN CRIER, *January* 1, 1864.

William Makepeace Thackeray.

December 24th, 1863.

THOU sleepest! Thou wilt never wake again!
No more for ever among mortal men
That scrutinous eye under the giant brow
Shall rede the riddles of their life. Even now
Thou sleepest well, where bitter indignation
No more can lacerate thy heart!—No more
The babble of misprision, and the sore
Galling of treacherous craft and envious passion
Vex thee, there sleeping
Where greatness breeds not hatred, and thy Fame
Can turn no more to shame
The dwarf ambitions round thy Titan-grandeur
creeping!
Asleep? Nay, rather, on this Christmas Eve
Dost thou not sup with Shakspere, and receive
Immortal welcome of the Great of old?—
Ah, pitiful dream! The man we loved lies cold,
Cold, very cold and still!
The brave true heart will never beat again:
There dwells no thought within the kingly brain:
All spent the liberal fountains of the will!

O Master, O true Friend! I cannot borrow
The bitter laurels of a fabulous sorrow
To strew thy bier withal! The work I speak

This night is one I must! If all too weak,
THOU wilt forgive me! There be times and moods
That slay the soul with silence. When the floods
Yawn for Arion, he must sing or die!
O well is he, whose numerous verse and high
To his whole thought can then give utterance meet,
And speak the word that saves,—for ever sweet,
Sweet, and for ever strong!
O Thou, if e'er of old, dread Soul of song,
This night speak with me once again! Ere yet
My life slope downward to the suns that set,—
Now, ere the brain wax feeble, and the heart
Unlearn its youthful madness;—ere mine Art
Slip from me like the glory from a cloud,
Leaving me dark, a melancholy shroud
Of dead imaginations; yet once more
Give me this night to soar
Beyond these visible shows which men deem Life,
Thither, where mortal sorrow, pain and strife,
And toil and turmoil seem but as they are,
Mere dreams fast fleeting. Yea, if e'er thy star
I have sought devoutly, if nor lust of Fame,
Nor lust of Gold,—far other, yet the same,—
Have marred the song I brought Thee in old time,
Grant me that this my rhyme,—
Though wintry pale the blossoms of my wreath,
And dashed with dews of Death,
Live, not unworthy, on that deathless head!

O Master! O true Friend! what word of mine
Can meetly solve the arrears of glory due?
Can tell how wise thou wert, how brave, how true?
Can speak to after years
The fulness of our love, our loss, our tears?—
I who, unlessoned in the skill divine,

Hear of thy fall, as under a strange shield,
Far in the fameless outskirt of the field,
Namelessly warring, haply young Lavaine,
Might hear of Lancelot smitten through the brain
Full in the forefront of the Table Round!—
O peerless Knight, and flower of Chivalry!
No more at trumpet's sound
Thy grasp shall whiten on that mighty hilt,
To cleave the brazen panoply of guilt,
Rescue his victims, set his captives free!—
No more, no more in Knightly brotherhood,
Thy presence cheer us in the Eternal Fight!—
There, where thy greatness stood
A gate of strength, unyielding 'gainst the flood,
Surges even now the ghastly tide-rush in,
Falsehood, and falsehood's kin,
Fair-kirtled foulness, snowy-mantled sin!—

One sunny Sabbath in a sweet September,
Dost thou remember
How fair, far sheening o'er the pleasant wealds
The mellow Autumn on the woods and fields
Of Sidney's Penshurst lay? O Master mine,
Read I aright that silent mood of thine?—
Yea, I too saw them, heard them as they came,
Sidney, and Sidney's sister, and her son,
And whispered with thee! Came, too, one by one,
Thy starry brethren in immortal fame,
Who, wistful lingering on those awful lawns
Still walk on springtide dawns,
Spenser and Jonson, peaceful Wotton came,
And Shakspere!—Shakspere, for I saw thee bow
Thy hoary wisdom, and upon thy brow
There glowed a light as of ethereal flame:—
And musingly thou question'dst: "Is it true

That Shakspere walked indeed with Herbert there ?"
—Dost thou remember ?—In that haunted air
I felt thy kindred with the mightier few ;
Aye, and the secret of thy might I knew,—
That strength to bind, and that swift power to loose,
That gave thee lordship over wont and use,
To wield unshorn man's high prerogative,
And live the life that Nature bade thee live :
The whole man subject to thy strong control,
To hold the temperate tenor of thy soul,
And even if stung by common blame or praise,
To nurse a strong will in emasculate days,
And through their pedlar pettiness to keep
In thought and deed, a something of the sweep
Of life Elizabethan, and the grand
Old days when there were giants in the land,
Ere the poor pigmies of a conscious time,
Owned the Man less, but styled the Age sublime—
To teach,—whate'er thy motley mood might be,
Even in jest, the Truth that makes men free ;
Even in jest, the Love that makes men kin ;—
The Faith in noble deeds that deigns no sin.

True Friend and Master !—known, alas, too late !—
What dreams of Art were thine, when first thy youth
Held converse with the Archangels of the South,
Raphael and Michael,—and those lesser glories,
Giotto, Orcagna, and their feres, whose stories
Speak, shapeful, deathless on Ausonian walls ?—
What dreams ! what sheen of gleaming intervals,
As when in paths untrod
Pure eyes catch glimpses of the skirts of God !
—And thou, too, wert a Painter ?—
Ah, not so !
Yet evermore under the motley show

Of madliest mirthful fancies, clearly yet
Didst thou reveal thy teachings, nor forget
Wholly thine old ambitions!
There, too, there,
Unknown, yet rightful heir
Of Chaucer, listening to Petrarca's tales;
Of Milton, lingering in Sibylline dales;
Of Shelley, chanting Adonäis' dirge;
Of Byron, mourning Shelley, when the surge
Yielded his white limbs to the friendly pyre,
As though earth durst not tomb that child of heavenly fire;—
There, even there, didst Thou too learn to fashion
The fire of God that lives in human passion
Into keen arrows of sweet poesy:—
Nor Love alone! Thine, too, of old the high
Moods of young Fancy, when in yonder land
Hesperian forth she wanders, and with hand
Unchallenged, plucks of amaranthine trees
The golden glory of the Atlantides;—
Or, day-dream-piloted, the Siren's song
Hears o'er the deep Sicilian caves among,
While the gods waken, and Parthenope
Forgets her long trance by the Midland sea;
With the old witchery singing her sweet lies
To mariners of forlorn argosies:—
Promise of Love and Empire, and more deep,
Nepenthes and irrefragable sleep!
Thou, thou hast watched her through the caves at eve,
Ruthlessly fair, with eyes that never grieve,
Gliding, the sunset flushing her white breast,
To slay the brooding halcyon on her nest!—
—O, when in after-days, Ulysses, thou
Versed in all lore of cities and of men,
Didst hear indeed those Siren-songs again,

Fell there no fleeting shadow on thy brow?
Stirred they no bitter memory with their smiles,
Thelxiope or Lysia, whose sweet wiles
Wrecked every barque save thine that neared their
bonestrewn isles?

Ulysses? Aye, whate'er all capitals,
Street, market, minster, palace and hall and cot
Could tell or teach of manners and of men,
Their loves, hates, toils, sports, fasts, and festivals,
Thou in the lidless treasury of thy soul
Didst prodigally hoard, and from thy store,
Scattering thy wealth, didst ever garner more!

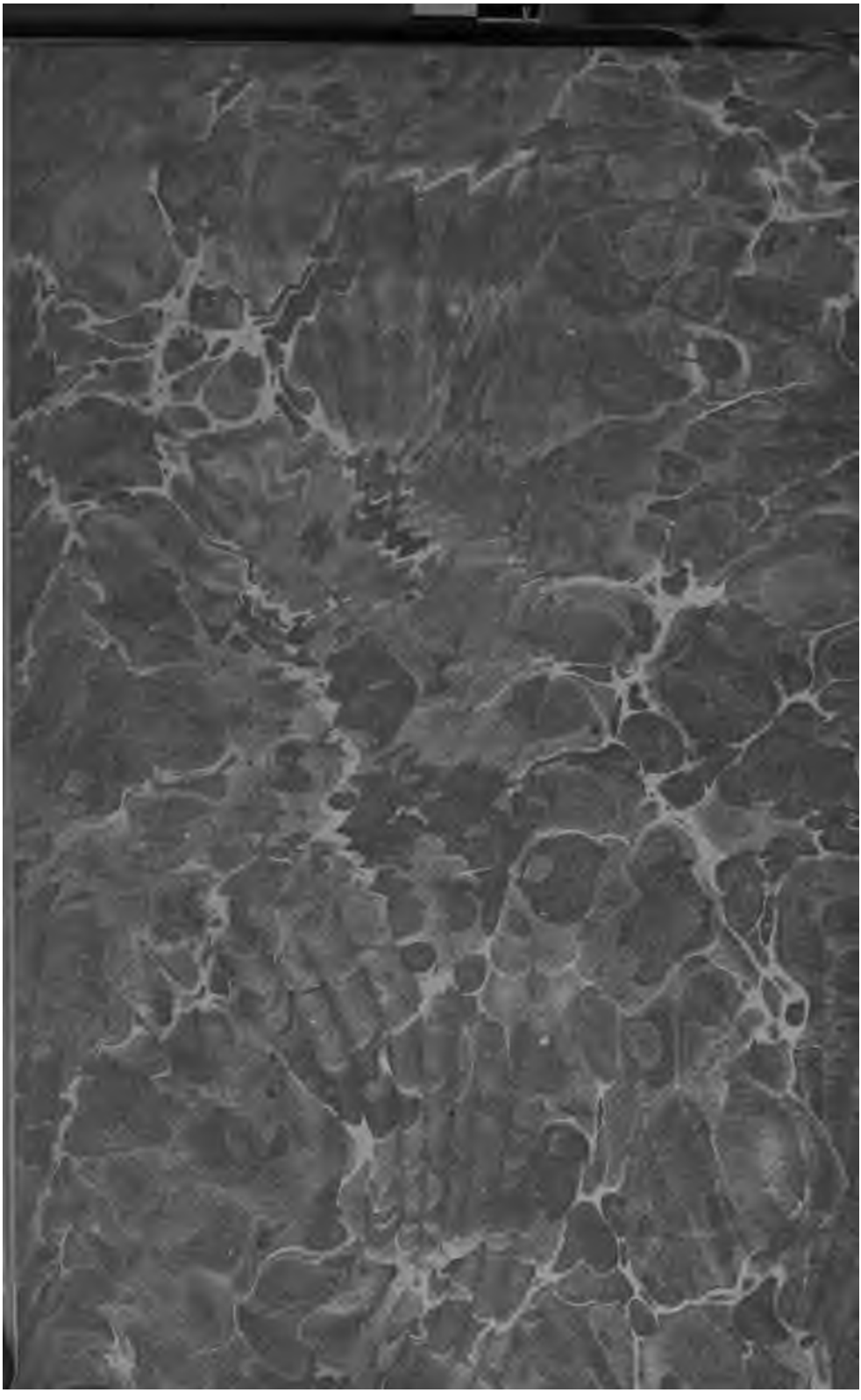
And, lest thy teaching lacked perfection yet,—
Came Misery, dreadful Angel, and Regret
Sate tracing evermore
With hieroglyphs of woe thy hearthstone o'er and o'er!
Ah, Christ! For ever must the Poet's lore
Be perfected e'en thus? O gentle Child,
To those who kneel this night in Bethlehem,
Hast thou no sweeter message?—THOU to them
Wilt thou say calmly: "Go ye forth, and grieve."
O Mary, mother mild!
I pray thee by thy sevenfold crown of sorrows,
Is this the mystery of thy holy eve?
Is there no meaning left in our to-morrows?—
Hark! Even now their answer, and again
Comes borne of little voices, high and low,
That wintry nightwinds blow
About the highways with the drizzling rain!—

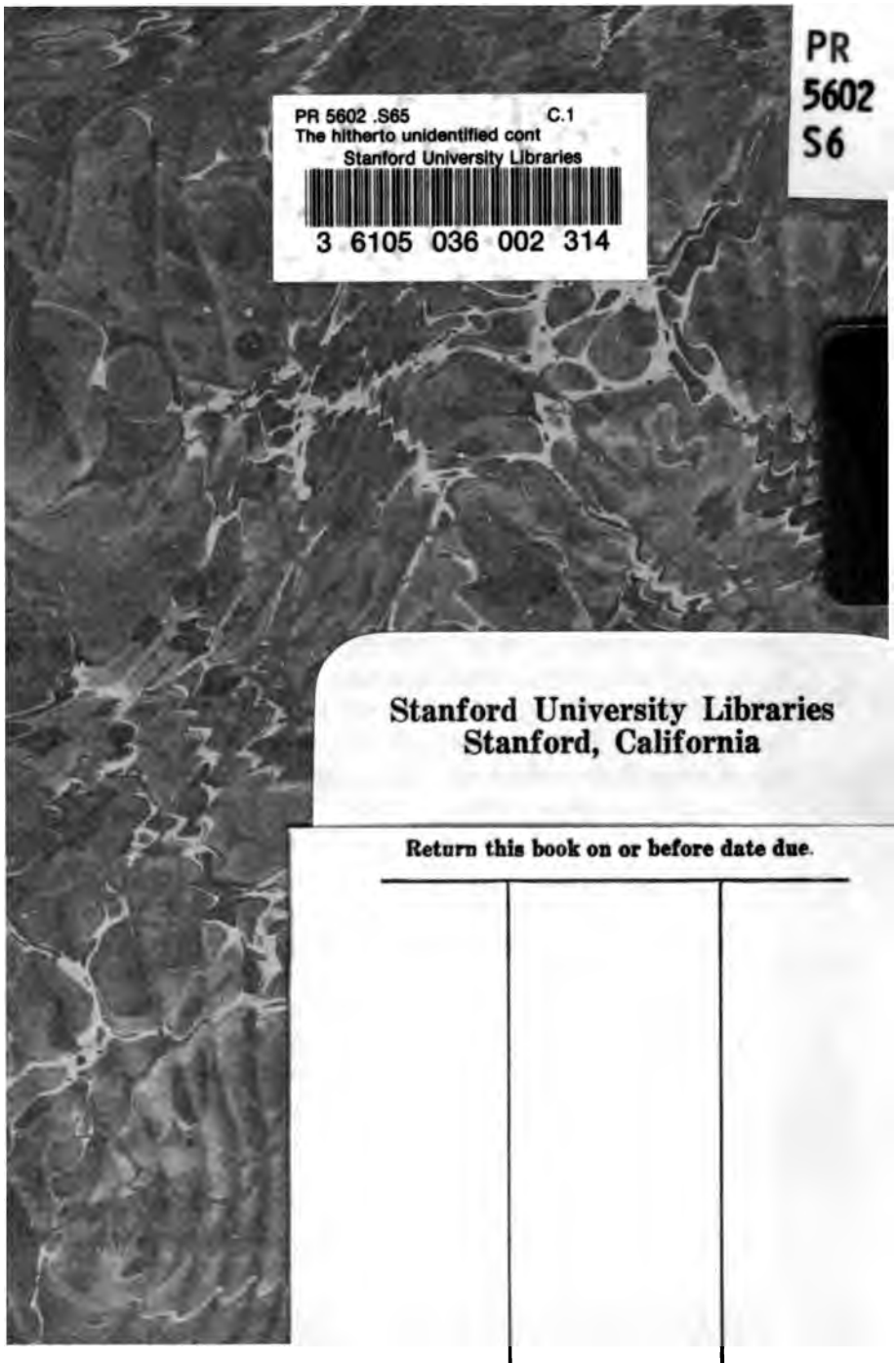
Friend! THOU, too, heardst that answer! In the loss,
And strife, and manifold agony of sore pain,
Thou hadst achieved that wisdom of the Cross,
And made thy griefs thine own, thy brethren's gain!

Was it some effluence of the mood and time,
That seemed even now to lighten through my rhyme?
Alas, that mood is o'er!—
I dreamed last night that in a minster old
One wandered with me, and I said, "Come down
Into the Charnel Royal, and behold
The ancient Monarch with his carven crown,
Where he lies stately on his sepulchre!"—
And we went down, but lo! the tomb was gone
That I remembered, though the broad flat stone,
Whereon it stood, remained; and underneath
We knew that ancient Monarch slept in death.
And kneeling down among the bones of kings,
And skulls still crowned, and gilt moth-eaten things,
That once were robes of Princes, here and there
With ruby, topaz, emerald glistening still,—
We swept aside into a little hill
The kingly dust from off that marble square,
And read the runes that in clear-chiselled rhyme
Fringed that old Empire's last gray coverlid,
Though all the words of that forgotten time
Were in the tongue that none can understand
Save the Dead only:—but the glittering sand,
Full in the centre of the stone, as though
There stirred beneath some living creature hid,
Shook tremblingly, and lo!
We read thy name there, THACKERAY, carven deep,
And knew thee, lying low,
Among thy brethren in that sovran sleep!—
Then, through the rounded window, in the green
And sunlit churchyard I beheld the tomb
That I remembered,—from the charnel gloom
Unflawed, forth-lifted into God's free air,
And marvelled that I knew not Thou hadst been
Even of old the crowned One sculptured there

O Friend!—I dare not see thee as thou art —
These idle fancies are but as the flow
Of bubbling organ-trebles, clear but low,
At dawn in sleeping nunneries, that grow
Louder and ever louder, till the white
Sisters awake to their old undelight!—
—Ay, me!—And I awaken with a start,
To feel thy cold hand pressed against my heart!

JOHN BALE, SONS & DANIELSSON, LTD., GT. TITCHFIELD STREET, LONDON, W.

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